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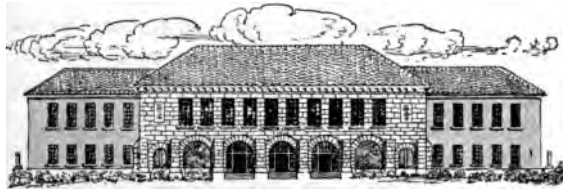
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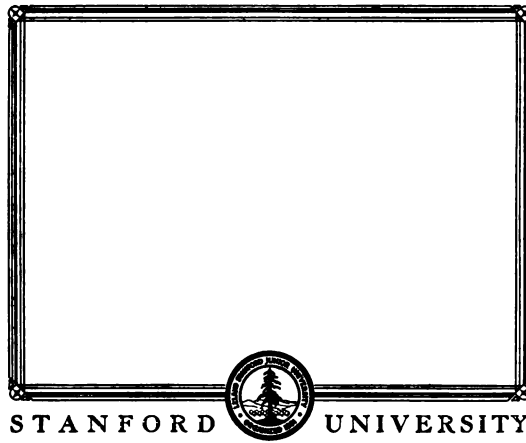
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Life of  
Baroness  
von Marenholtz  
Bülow



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BARONESS VON MARENHOLTZ-BÜLOW (82 Years).

New York.  
William Beverley Harison.

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THE FATHER

*The* LIFE of  
THE  
BARONESS  
Von Marenholtz-Bülow

BY HER NIECE  
BARONESS VON BÜLOW



NEW YORK  
WILLIAM BEVERLEY HARISON

1901

E. H.

Miscell.

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## Preface

I HAVE been accorded the privilege of reading in manuscript the memoirs of the Baroness Marenholtz von Bülow prepared by her niece and herewith presented to the public. I find them very interesting and valuable in many respects and especially in two that I will name. First they are valuable to the kindergartner as furnishing an insight into the intellectual struggles of the most gifted of Fröbel's commentators to seize in its full depths the meaning of the educational ideas of the founder of the kindergarten. Nothing that has been printed of the writings of the Baroness is so helpful in this regard as the quotations from her diary contained in the present volume. Indeed these studies on Fröbel's philosophy are made doubly interesting by the setting that her devoted niece has given them.

A second claim which this work has upon the reader, not the mere professional reader but even the general reader, is to be found in the light which is thrown upon the political and social situation that prevailed in Germany during the epoch covered by the diary. It gives us an intimate knowledge of the ways of thinking and ways of acting of a wide circle of German nobility and reflects the attitude of important people in neighbouring nations. It affords a very instructive picture of the obstacles which educational reformers meet in realizing their cherished schemes.

The idea of Fröbel like a small seed has now grown to a considerable tree and its branches bid fair to fill the whole earth as civilization progresses. The era of mechanical in-

vention has produced labour-saving machinery and with it the emancipation of large populations from the drudgery of producing raw material from the agricultural soil and from the mines by means of hand labour. The consequence has been a steady increase in the growth of cities. The urban population of one country, Great Britain, is larger than its rural population. It is fast approaching this point in the United States. While three in a hundred of the population lived in cities at the beginning of this century, now eleven times three (thirty-three) live in cities having more than 8,000 inhabitants. With the growth of the city comes the growth of the "slum." The three classes of weaklings which society furnishes segregate from the remaining population and collect by themselves in some quarter of the city which they blight by their presence. The word "slum" has been invented to describe the section of the city inhabited by those who are stricken with poverty, or by the perverse and neglected in moral education, or finally those feeble in intellect and deprived of the blessings of intellectual education in the schools. Weaklings in thrift, weaklings in intellect and weaklings in morals collect in the slums. The slum threatens modern civilization. It is self-continuing. It educates its children to become weaklings. The ordinary schools receive children at the age of six years but too late to save the children from the effects of home education in poverty, vice, and crime.

The kindergarten is calculated to reach the children two or three years earlier than the elementary school. Its humane and moral training, partly modeled on the family and partly modeled on the school, can deal with the children of the weaklings of society in a successful manner and save them for civilization. This is what gives the significance to Fröbel's invention of the kindergarten in an age of the growth of cities. The number of teachers and pupils in the

kindergartens of the United States increases faster than in any other department of education. In 1873, so far as could be learned in the United States Bureau of Education, there were forty-two kindergartens, seventy-three teachers and 1,252 pupils. Five years later, 159 kindergartens, 376 teachers, 4,797 pupils. Four years afterwards 348 kindergartens, 814 teachers, 16,916 pupils. Six years later (1888) 521 kindergartens, 1,202 teachers, 31,227 pupils. Four years later (in 1892) 1,311 kindergartens, 2,535 teachers, 65,296 pupils. At the date of this writing (November 1898) it is estimated that the annual enrollment of pupils in the kindergarten amounts to nearly 200,000 with a corps of 10,000 teachers.

In the United States should be found the largest number of people to recognize and rejoice over the devoted labours which have given to the public this piece of biography, furnishing a commentary on Fröbel's thoughts and aspirations written by his most intelligent friend and patroness. I feel that I am authorized to return thanks in the name of friends of the kindergarten in the United States to the Baroness von Bülow-Wendhausen, to whom we are indebted for this valuable and instructive memorial.

W. T. HARRIS.



## Introduction

**A**FTER my aunt's death I heard the wish expressed, from far and wide, that I should write her biography. For twenty years I had been inseparably connected with her, and I knew her best. I should have felt myself bound to satisfy this wish even if I had not been admonished to do so by letters like the following from one of her most enthusiastic pupils:—"A personality such as that of your aunt, does not only belong to *one* family, to *one* place, to *one* country, but to all countries, and to humanity at large. For the whole of mankind her picture should be drawn and given, not only in all she has wished and done for humanity, but also in her personality, her whole life and innermost being." But I was conscious both of the greatness of the task, and of the greatness of the responsibility. The task has been even greater than I expected. In writing the history of this long, great and full life, the material augmented to such a gigantic degree, that I had to work for long days and nights, in order to look it through, and to find what I thought necessary for the complete picture of her life.

What Baroness von Marenholtz-Bülów has done in her life, is known by her achievements, and by the many small biographies and numerous obituary notices which appeared after her death. The history of the family from which she came, her home and its impressions, the details concerning her childhood and youth, her education and development, her life experiences, the description of her personality, her



personal life, her whole wonderful being, and how she was led—led of necessity—to grasp Fröbel's idea with that enthusiasm which caused her to forget Self, and to enroll herself as an apostle of his doctrine—all this was not known, as she had always passed it over in silence, thinking only of "the cause," never of the person.

Her unique *Propaganda* of Fröbel's method had to be related as well as its success. Contemporary opinions concerning her work could not be omitted. They are the explanation of it and of its great success, and, at the same time, are important documents for the introduction of the Fröbel method, giving its whole history.

As regards the Propaganda, I was able to refer to what my aunt has given in her book "Labour and New Education," and to her other books, as well as the beautiful obituary notice by Frau von Calcar Holland.

I had to refer to the *literary treasures* left by my aunt in her numerous writings, in which she not only offers us the wealth of her profound thoughts, but in which is to be found *the fundamental source of Fröbel's idea and method in its whole compass*. It seemed to me of interest to add some criticisms on these beautiful works by a few well known thinkers of the last fifty years. With regard to the foundation of the *Fröbelstiftung*, which my aunt wished to make a model for similar institutions, and, above all, *the place where the real, pure, unfalsified Fröbel Method* was to be taught, I felt myself obliged to give the plan of instruction as well as a short explanation as to how she wished the method she had worked out and propagated to be taught in the training of *Kindergartners* and nursery governesses. Further I had to give the plan for the introduction of the method into the High Schools for girls, and the plan for the continuation of Fröbel's method, side by side with the school, in the *School-and-Youth gardens*.

Eighty-three years of a life in which every minute was of value had to be reviewed. My aunt's own recollections served me in the description of her childhood and youth, recollections which I heard with the deepest interest, and kept in my heart.

The "Gedankenbücher," in which my aunt, since the time of her confirmation, had written down her innermost feelings and thoughts, were at my disposal—an enormous mass in half faded writing. The extracts selected at first being far too numerous, I was obliged to limit myself more and more on account of space, and finally to take only that which seemed to me necessary in order to show my aunt's course of development, and her world of thought.

I had to tell of the last twenty years of this great life, years which I could describe from my own experience, and if I have left no side untouched, and have mentioned all those who in any way entered into my aunt's life, and worked with her, I know well that this would have been her wish, for they all belonged to her. If I have described her personality, her nature and disposition, the way in which they expressed themselves in her daily life, and her old age, and if at the end I tell of the sunset of this long glorious life, fading away in perfect peace and harmony, I hope I *have given all that was so much desired, and all that I was able to give.*

I felt the best way to do justice to the great responsibility of my task was to tell it all simply and in pure truth, as I was always taught to do by my aunt.

Yet it was with a certain hesitation that I began the description of this noble soul of woman and of this great heart filled with love, for the feelings of a pure woman are so holy and so tender, that we are reminded of the words of the Holy Scriptures:—"Take off thy shoes for this is holy ground."

In thus drawing the portrait of this beautiful life in its

whole course as it lives in my soul, I fervently hope that I have erected a worthy monument to the memory of her whom I loved more than myself.

More able pens than mine will continue the record of her achievements and teaching but her innermost feelings, thoughts and love are only known to me—and I have given them as I knew them.

BARONESS VON BÜLOW.

Dresden, January, 1897.

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When I went to America in the spring of 1897 with my aunt's mission, I brought the following book with me to the Americans.

As a last greeting from *her*, it should belong first to them. But for this purpose an English translation was necessary. I am greatly indebted to my aunt's friend, *Miss Susan Blow*, for the translation of the extracts from the "*Gedankenbücher*." The rest of the work was translated with my help.

I hope that America will accept the book in the friendly spirit with which I offer it.

BARONESS VON BÜLOW.

Dresden, June, 1898.

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THE LIFE  
OF THE  
BARONESS VON BÜLOW

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GENEALOGY AND FAMILY HISTORY

**B**ARONESS VON MARENHOLTZ - BÜLOW writes in the "Child and Child's Nature":—  
"When a human being is born into the world, his right to an individuality and to a distinct personality begins, which, once acquired, can never again be lost, but develops itself in the chain of conscious existence whose highest point reaches to God. But the species, race, people and generation, these all leave their mark on the individual. Who is able to unravel the multifariously intersected threads of descent to distinguish what belongs to race, people and family, and what belongs to the family alone? Do not many characteristic features of the ancestors live on in their descendants? No one can tear himself absolutely away from the chain of which he forms a link. No one can deny the inheritance of his forefathers whether it be expressed in his features, his bearing, or the characteristics of his soul, in good and bad qualities. The old saying, "The sins of the fathers will be visit-



ed even unto the fourth generation," remains true for ever. But virtues likewise may be inherited, and it is left to the free choice of every individual to diminish the power of sin, and to increase the power of good. The moral progress of humanity consists in the endeavour of each individual and each generation to apply well the talent inherited from a preceding generation and to increase it thousandfold."

THE blood of a long chain of ancestors, who nearly all stood on the highest level of the culture of their day, cannot, indeed, be without influence on their descendants, morally and physically. Therefore it will not be without interest if I give the pedigree of our family, and a short history of my aunt's immediate relations.

The family *von Bülow* is a very ancient one, belonging to the Abotrites (Mecklenburg). The word Bülow (büol) signifies in the Wendish tongue: "Staff of the commander," and in the Abotrite: "Coin"; from this we understand that the bearers of the name often led the army and belonged to the landed gentry. We learn from the old Bülow chronicle that in the 14th century the family possessed an enormous property in Mecklenburg. The crest of the family shows, on a dark-blue ground, fourteen golden coins or balls. According to another tradition they are said to be the eggs of the bird Pirol (yellow thrush), so-called because of its cry "Bülow, Bülow." It stands with a ring in its beak above the helmet over the crest. The motto is: "*All Bülows are honest.*" The first who called himself *Herr von Bülow* was *Gottfried III.* This first Herr von Bülow lived in the year 1154. His ancestors called themselves, after the old custom, *Gottfried I., Gottfried II., etc.*

Very characteristic is the epitaph of a certain Heinrich von Bülow in the old Bülow chapel at Doberan, of the 14th century:—

“ Wick Düfel, wick, wick vid van mih—  
 Ik scheer mi nich een Hahr um di  
 Ik bün en Mecklenbörgschen Edelmann  
 Wat geit di Düfel min Supen an?  
 Ik sup mit mien Herrn Jesu Christ,  
 Wenn du Düfel ewig dösten müst,  
 Un drink mit em söt Kolleschal,  
 Wenn du Sitzt in der Höllenquahl  
 Drum rahd ik, wick loop, rünn und **gah**  
 Efft bi den Düfel, ik to schlah! ”\*

We see here an elementary, but pronounced, pride of race, and a firm, though rude, trust in God.

But we find also some gentler bearers of the name who gave themselves up to pious thoughts. The inscription above the door of the chapel says:—

“ It is a terrible word, ‘go’,  
 But a blessed one, ‘come’ ;  
 The one is for the good,  
 The other for the bad.  
 It will be sad if the judge says:—‘go,’  
 But sweet will be his word: ‘come.’  
 The mortal lives that he may die,  
 And dies that he may live for ever,

---

\*“ Fly devil, fly; fly far from me,  
 I do not care a straw for thee!  
 Of Mecklenburg I am a Peer;  
 So why at my drink should devils jeer?  
 My Lord Jesus Christ is drinking with me  
 Eternally, devil, thou thirsty shalt be!  
 With Him I am drinking cold sweet wine,  
 Whilst thou sitt'st in that Hellfire of thine.  
 So fly, I adjure thee, fly, hurry away  
 Else, by the deuce, I will thee slay.”

## BARONESS VON BÜLOW

The world vanishes with its treasures and pomp—  
But virtue and vicious actions follow also after  
death.

Be thou therefore prudent, dear reader and follow  
my instruction

*Learn how to die that you may live for aye."*

Again in another place we find a saying that tells of good  
customs and manners:—

" No true nobleman is he  
Who, though born of high degree,  
With pots of money and barely a need,  
Can never achieve a noble deed.  
True virtue and courtesy live for aye,  
And nothing ennobles man more than they."

(This Bülow chapel at Doberan is, together with the old  
tombstones of the old bishops von Bülow in the cathedral at  
Schwerin, a splendid monument for the family. It was re-  
stored by the late, never to be forgotten, Grand Duke Fried-  
rich Franz II.)

Among the daughters of the family von Bülow, one be-  
came the grandmother of the Swedish king, the famous Gus-  
tav Adolp. *Irmgard von Bülow* married a certain Knutsen  
of Lindholm. Her daughter *Margarete* married King Gus-  
tav I. of Sweden, 1536. His sons were *John of Sweden* and  
*Charles IX.*, born 1550. A son of the latter was the famous  
*Gustav Adolf of Sweden* who fell at Lützen 1632. In the  
course of time the family spread to such an extent that the  
proverb said: "Bülows as the sand of the sea." It then  
split up into different branches which mostly took the names  
of their properties: Wedendorf, Potiemse, Gross-Simmern,  
Radum, Wischendorf, Zibühl, Garto Gato, Plüskow. We

belong to the Radum branch; its founder was called *Dankwart*.

GENEALOGY.

GOTTFRIED III. 1154.

LIDEKE. 1350. Married a certain von Rickart.

DANKWART. Founder of the Radum line. 1400. He married a von Bonsack, who brought to the family the estate of Rhena in Mecklenburg. He is said to have presented fifteen marks yearly to the church at Genzin.

LIDEKE. 1443. JOACHIM. He established a fee of 100 marks to the benefit of St. Erasmus of the church at Sternberg.

MATHIAS, who was alive in 1511. He married one von Kramon of the House of Weserin.

ENGELKE. He signed, in 1523, the so-called little Union-Document of Mecklenburg, and had to pay, in 1543, the tax levied by the Turks. Married Margarethe von Plessen, of the House of Tahmel.

REIMAR. Married Sophie, the daughter of Ditrich von Malzahn, at Grubenhagen, and Schosso and Dorothea von Winterfeld.

ENGELKE. Married Magdalena, a daughter of Christian von Preem, at Labzien and Parum, and Sophie von Reitzendorf, of the House of Bolz.

ENGELKE. Of Wischendorf and Elmhurst, a cavalry officer in the Swedish service. To him belonged Wischendorf, Velthausen, Rosenhagen, Tesdorf, Treffershagen, and other estates. He was alive in 1625, and was married to Katharina, daughter of Paschens von Negendank, of Eggersdorf, and Dorothea von Bülow, of the House of Wedendorf and Pokrent.

ENGELKE. 1666. Was married to Gertrud von Gerdes, from Lübeck.

REIMAR HANS. Danish Major-general. He fell in the battle of Gadebush, Feb. 5, 1713, and is buried in the church there. He married Sophie Elizabeth, daughter of Hardnack von Bülow, of the House of Blenko, and Elizabeth of Wiedersheim of the House of Oppenrode.

ENGELKE. Born 1691. Marshal in the household of the Danish prince Karl, and afterwards Steward in Tryggenwalde. Died Oct. 15, 1740. Married Henriette, born July 21, 1695, daughter of the Danish Councillor (Geheimrath), Vice-Stadtholder of the Kingdom of Norway, and Margarethe Lucie von Brockdorf of the House of Altenhof.

**HARDNACK HEIDENREICH.** Died 1751, as Danish Major-general. He bought, in 1728, the estate Vietzen, in Mecklenburg. He married (1st) Baroness von Gordon of the House of Dahrnkow, who died in 1734, childless, (2d) 1737, Louise, daughter of Joachim von Stisser, Freiherr von Wendhausen, of Karchitz, in Mecklenburg and Gorzig in Anhalt-Cöthen Councillor (Geheimrath) in Brunswick and of Marie Elisabeth von Wangenthien of the House of Alt-Schwerin. Died 1766.

**KARL FRIEDRICH CHRISTIAN.** Born Sept. 30, 1740; died July 1, 1804. He retired from the Danish service as Chamberlain and became Chief Captain and Councillor of the ducal treasury. On the division of the estates he got that of Vietzen. He married (1) one von Juel, from Denmark (childless), (2) Sophie Regine Wilhelmine (born Feb. 26, 1751; died Jan. 10, 1801), daughter of the Brunswick Councillor and Danish Adviser (Konferenzrath) Hinderich Bernhard von Schrader and Schliestädt, who married the daughter of the Drost von Köhler at Schöningen (died August 8, 1752, only 36 years old). He inherited after the death of his father-in-law, the estates of Schliestädt, Neindorf and Küblingen, and called himself von *Bülow-Wendhausen* (the title of "Freiherr" was confirmed in 1830 by the Duke of Brunswick).

**HEINRICH CHRISTIAN GEORG FRIEDRICH.** Born March 25, 1772, died August 10, 1840. Prussian Councillor, afterwards Director, then President of the Brunswick Chamber, with the title Excellency, Lord of Küblingen. He married, 1801, Henriette (born Jan. 7, 1779; died August 26, 1842), daughter of the Count (Reichsgraf) Wartensleben of Saatzke, near Wittstock (born June 6, 1745, died May 5, 1803), and Louise Charlotte (born Dec. 21, 1756; died June 10, 1831), daughter of the General von Wacknitz. The daughter of both was:—

#### BERTHA MARIA

Born March 5, 1810, at Brunswick; died Jan. 9, 1893, in Dresden. Married Sept. 23, 1830, Wilhelm Reichsfreiherr von MARENHOLTZ of Gross Schwülper, Warxbüttel, etc. (Hannover). He was Captain of the Castle (Schlosshauptmann) then Principal Marshal (with the title of "Excellency") of the Prince's household (Oberhofmarshall) at Brunswick, and afterwards Privy Councillor (Wirklicher Geheimrath) at Hannover. Born Jan. 15,

1789; died Feb. 1, 1865 (his parents were Viktor Wilhelm Albrecht Christian, Baron von Marenholtz, of Gross-Schwülper, etc., and Charlotte, née Countess von Hardenberg.)

MY aunt's grandfather, the above mentioned K. F. Christian von Bülow (1740-1804), was a man learned in arts and sciences, which he was always ready to forward with his ample means. He lived at the Castle of Schliestädt, and founded a good-sized library as well as a picture gallery, containing many superior works. He played the violin, and when in the last years of his life physical suffering tormented him and rendered him melancholy, he is said to have wandered during the night, through the whole castle, from cellar to garret, playing his violin. With shuddering the peasants saw his light shining in one window after another, and, on approaching stealthily, they heard sounds which appeared to come from another world. He died at Brunswick, of a paralytic stroke, on the 1st of July, 1804, leaving three sons. The eldest of them was my aunt's father, Friedrich, a man of superior mind and good heart, who rendered to his native country, Brunswick, valuable services as President of the Chamber. We shall return to this later, but here it may be mentioned that the country owes to him the splendid highroads, lined with fruit trees, towards the Harz, which immensely increased the traffic. As student, he must have been gay and not disinclined to practical jokes, and even to this day the old people on the estate tell many a tale concerning them. How the old Baron said to his coachman: "John, put in the horses, we must again go to Helmstädt, the Junker has again played some trick." An album of the time of his student days at Helmstädt and Halle shows how deeply he was loved by his friends who wrote in the stilted sentimental style of those days. For example:—"Of the three short moments of life one is a *wish*, another is *pain*, and the third

is born to rejoice us; these we often do not even feel. Farewell, beloved friend, may chains of roses entwine your heart—when I, long since, have been turned to mould in my early grave, and roses fallen from fading blossoms blow over it. Always yours with his whole soul and being.

“Your sincere friend,

“THEODORE ROOSE. I. A. K. R.”

He entered the Prussian Civil Service at a very early age, became Councillor, Minister for War, and Minister in Posen, where he made the acquaintance of the lady whom he married in 1801. In 1806 he left the Prussian service and retired to his estate of Küblingen, near to Wolfenbüttel; but in 1814 he sold the estate again, and became Vice Director, then Director, and finally President of the Brunswick Chamber. He held these responsible offices in Brunswick till the year 1836. Then, fatigued from work, he retired from public life. In the last years of his life he was troubled with an eye-complaint in consequence of which he appears to have become slightly hypochondriacal. He died on the 10th of August, 1840, at three o'clock in the afternoon, of erysipelas. According to his wish he was buried in the family vault at Küblingen as quietly as possible. Late in the evening the coffin arrived on a simple hearse drawn by two horses accompanied by two torches, and was carried into the church by the people of the estate. Here Pastor Lerche held a short funeral service, and, in the presence of only the immediate relations, the coffin was placed in the vault, whilst the bells tolled.

My aunt described her father to me as a man of middle stature, slim and handsome, with large blue shining eyes, of fresh complexion, fair-haired, and the characteristic aquiline nose of the Bülows—our line. A small pastel, from his student days, represents him with long powdered curls, in a blue

tail coat. We possess a bust of him in his last years, in which his great likeness to my aunt is very evident.

No picture of the mother, unfortunately, exists. She was a small, elegant woman with a beautiful complexion, grey-blue eyes, aquiline nose, and small mouth. Her beautiful brown hair she took with her, without a thread of silver, to the grave, at the age of sixty-two. She was always ailing, and suffered often from migraine which lasted for days. After an unfortunate custom in great families, she was obliged, very young, to marry the Count Danckelman, much older than herself. It was a loveless marriage though she esteemed her husband.

The Count was President of the government in Kalisch in Posen, and in the house of her husband, which naturally formed the centre of society, she learned to know and love Friedrich von Bülow. Too honest and sincere to deceive her husband she threw herself at his feet, confessed her love and begged for her freedom. The count was considerate and gracious enough to grant it. He took her to her mother at Berlin, and they were divorced. In August, 1801, she married the husband of her choice, Friedrich von Bülow, but she always retained a grateful and respectful remembrance of Count Danckelman until his death, and corresponded regularly with him. The little son, born of this marriage, died in his youth. Her second marriage was blessed with twelve children of whom five sons and three daughters grew up. Thus she was the mother of thirteen children. In the last years of her life she lived at Hamburg, and died on the 26th of August, 1842, at nine o'clock in the morning, at Ems, where her tomb may still be seen.

Of her children only my aunt and father were present at her decease.

A very interesting personality was the grandmother on the maternal side. The journeys to her house belong to my



aunt's earliest recollections of childhood. She was beloved in the family on account of her great kindness and generosity. She was rich, and loved to make presents, and to see joy and happy faces around her. This grandmother, Charlotte Luise von Wacknitz, was the daughter of the famous cavalry general von Wacknitz, who turned the battle of Zorndorf. He answered the desperate Frederic the Great: "I hold no battle lost in which your Majesty's garde du corps have not yet hewn their way in." The King followed the advice, and the victory fell to the Prussians. When quite a young girl Charlotte von Wacknitz became Maid of Honour to the wife of Frederic the Great, and she loved to relate with pride, how the King, who usually never addressed the ladies of his court, once said to her, smiling: "This toilette suits you very well." She first married, without love, August Heinrich, Reichsgraf von Wartensleben of Saatzke in the Mark Brandenburg; but this marriage was annulled, and she then became the wife of the Chamberlain von Rochow of Stülpe, in the Mark, a brother or cousin of the celebrated philanthropist von Rochow of Rekahn, 1734-1805. From this marriage was born one son, Rochus von Rochow. As a mere boy he took part in the French wars, and through the enormous fatigues therein, he contracted a heart complaint of which he died at the age of twenty-one. His mother said of him that his death had been the only grief he had ever caused her—a beautiful saying in memory of this short life. On his death, his nine large estates, all entailed, fell to other bearers of the name, and the grandmother retired to her own estate of Berkholz near Schwedt on the Oder. Some quite aged people of the place can still remember her, and the charity with which she made herself beloved by the poor, far and wide. She died at Berkholz on June 10, 1831 (at 12:45 in the night), of old age, deeply mourned by all who had known and loved her.

There only remain of the immediate relations, the two brothers of my aunt's father to be mentioned, as my aunt in her childhood and youth lived in constant intercourse with them and their numerous children.

The eldest brother, Julius Heinrich Christian (born 1779), married a Countess von der Schulenburg of the house of Wolfsburg. He lived at Schweckhausen, and for a short time after my aunt's father, was President of the Chamber in Brunswick. He died of a brain complaint. No sons, but five pretty daughters, survived him. My aunt had always been especially attached to his wife, and in later years, whenever we went to Schwülper, she showed me, in a touching way, the beautiful villa in which this aunt had lived as a widow, in Brunswick, near the Petri-thor.

The second brother was called Wilhelm August Heinrich, and was the favourite brother of the grandfather. He married a Baroness von Münchhausen of the house of Schwöbber. The children of this marriage were three sons and eight daughters who grew up with my aunt.

This uncle lived at Schliestädt and became later Head of the Forest Department in Blankenburg in the Harz. He died of heart complaint whilst hunting.

## EARLY CHILDHOOD

"One thing we must understand thoroughly—to love. That is wisdom enough. Perfect love embraces all capacity, and lifts us up to spiritual preëminence." (B. von Marenholtz-Bülow.)

**T**HE year 1810 was a most distressing one for Germany. Since 1806 one fearful blow had followed the other, one lost battle had succeeded the other, and one insult many former insults. Moreover, at the end of the year, France took possession of the whole north of Germany up to the Baltic and the free cities of Hamburg, Lübeck and Bremen. The sorrow felt in Brunswick was deep and bitter. The old Duke had fallen at Auerstädt, and the young Duke Friedrich Wilhelm, who had not signed the truce with Napoleon, fled with the rest of his soldiers, in the greatest danger, right across Germany to the lower Rhine, where, with a handful of followers, he took ship for England.

Brunswick also became French, and, with other parts of Germany, was called the Kingdom of Westphalia. King Jerome (Bruder Lustic) chose the city of Brunswick for his second residence. The city was crowded with French officers and officials, and everything became French. The German aristocracy went away to their estates. My aunt's parents also lived at Küblingen.

With the feeling of the prisoner who gnashes his teeth and impotently shakes his chains, the German looked at his fatherland. Wherever he looked, he saw hunger, want, distress, sorrow, and care. Thus, with no happy feelings, did

the parents of my aunt return, in the first days of March 1810, from a visit they had undertaken to their relations in Berlin and in the Mark Brandenburg. The father was full of impatience at the slow progress along the difficult country roads, and at the want of horses at many of the posting stations. The mother was ailing. Both were depressed at the bad news they had heard at Berlin, and at the sight of the devastated and deserted country through which they were travelling. Rahel Lewin (Varhagen von Ense) relates in her book "Remembrances to her friends," how beautifully mild and soft the weather became in the first days of this March, after a very hard frost. The sun shone most gloriously and filled every heart with new hope. The new life springing up in nature was reflected in the eyes of the two children on the back seat in the large coach. They laughed heartily, and their joyous voices cheered the suffering mother and made her smile. Hermann (eight or nine years old) their eldest son, and little Adelheid (two years old) had accompanied their parents on this journey. (A little Bertha and another little boy had died very young, so my aunt, when she was born, was the fifth child of her parents.)

At last, at last, on March 5, they saw the high towers of the city of Brunswick on the horizon. It was high time for the declining strength of the mother, and they decided not to go on to Küblingen but to rest at Brunswick. Number 3, Domplatz, was a very old house which was used at that time for the officials of the court. It has long since been pulled down, and on its site stands the beautiful Palace of Justice. But it lay in the very heart of historic Brunswick, quite near to the old Dom of St. Blasien, the old Löwendenkmal of Heinrich der Löwe, the Burgplatz, the old Welfenlinde, the Bevernburg, and the Castle Dankwarderode, now restored.

In this house my aunt was born on the 5th of March. (I possess a picture of the house, given to me by the former proprietors, the family Sack.)

The certificate of birth and baptism says:—" Church of the court of Brunswick and the Dom St. Blasien. On the 5th of March, 1810, at 9 o'clock in the evening, was born a daughter to Heinrich Georg Christian Friedrich von Bülow-Wendhausen, Königlich Preussischer Kriegs-und Domherrn and his wife Henriette Amalia Maria née Countess van Wartensleben. The child was baptized in the house and called *Bertha Maria*. The witnesses were:

- 1) Count Rötter von Veltheim-Harpke.
- 2) Kammenath Kramer.
- 3) Kammerherr and Hofrath von Bülow.
- 4) Madame von Kattendyke.
- 5) Madame von Veltheim-Destedt."

Besides this official record, there is a charming little story concerning my aunt's first hours:—

" When, on the following morning, the father wished to see his new-born daughter and drew back the curtains of the window, the sun shone full and gloriously into the room and, awakened by the light, the child opened her eyes. Eyes so beautifully large, blue, and sparkling, and already with such a wonderfully clear look, that the nurse, bending over the cradle, was quite taken aback and said: ' Was für Oogens!' " (what eyes! !)

Later we find my aunt on the family estate of Küblingen. She was then a charming little girl with big, clear, blue eyes, silken curls, and a complexion of "milk and roses" as her sister Emma told me.

She was the acknowledged favourite of her mother, but also the joy of her father whom she resembled.

With an extraordinary activity she combined a deep thoughtfulness, and, amongst the other children, her kind,

noble and generous feelings always expressed themselves, so that the father often used to say of her: "Bertha is such a noble creature."

Küblingen is only separated from the little town of Schöppenstädt by a small river called the Altenau. Schöppenstädt is known as the birthplace of Till Eulenspiegel, but Küblingen too has its history and was once a celebrated place. We learn from Friedrich Fröbel's theory of education how important for the child are the first impressions in life and consequently what a great influence is exercised by the first surroundings and the *individuality* of the home in which the child lives.

Now the city and country of Brunswick, the home of my aunt, have a very pronounced individuality, and they naturally exercised a very strong influence on her development. Therefore I will relate very shortly some details concerning them.

W. Görgys writes in his book: "Väterländischen Geschichten und Denkwürdigkeiten der Vorzeit," about Küblingen: "Quite near the town of Schöppenstädt, almost as a suburb of it, lies the village of Küblingen, formerly called Küpelingen, with about fifty hearths and about 450 inhabitants. In the old times of the Popes, this place was often visited by the devout, having in its church a well-known and miraculous picture of the Virgin (Marienbild). Sick persons came from far and wide to seek and find a cure for their ills. The number of strangers who flocked thither was so great, that every year many large fairs were held, which even to this day have not disappeared.

The following legend, which was found in an old Latin manuscript by the reverend philosopher Leibnitz in the library of Wolfenbüttel, gave rise to the claim of celebrity of this otherwise unnoticed place. I quote from the translation in Görgys' books.

“To increase the importance of His glorious Mother, the Lord, on looking down once from Heaven, chose a very modest place, called Küblingen. It was small but now became great and famous through the miracles of the glorious Mother of God. In the year 1291, two merchants from the holy church of Königslutter, brought at the command of the Holy Virgin, a Marienbild (picture of the Virgin) to Küblingen. At that time reigned Duke Albrecht der Fette (the Fat) who was stricken with an incurable and mortal disease. But the Virgin appeared to him and promised him that he should recover by merit of this miraculous picture on condition that he freed the place of Küblingen and built a church there to the Virgin's honour. The Duke promised and recovered. Then the inhabitants of Küblingen and Schöppenstadt left their work, brought wood and stone, and built a chapel called Clus or Klause, to put the picture in. Then the Marienbild performed many wonders. Among others, the Virgin once set free two men who had been unjustly thrown into a pit, and left to die there, by the people of the village. She appeared to them in the form of a peasant girl or shepherdess, protected from the sun by one of those large hats, worn by the women of those parts. She held out to them a little white cloth, by which the prisoners were able to climb out of the pit, as by a ladder. Then floating before them, the Virgin led them to the Klause, At the entrance to the Klause, the Virgin disappeared and the chains fell of themselves from the limbs of the two men and were kept as a remembrance of this miracle.”

Almost as near as Schöppenstadt to Küblingen, lies the other Bülow estate, Schliestädt, where my aunt's youngest uncle lived. A very frequent intercourse took place there with the children, Hermann, my aunt, and her sister Emma (born 1811). Little Adelheid died of scarlet fever, al-

though the then very famous physician of Wolfenbüttel, Dr. Brückmann, had been called in.

My aunt often told me how she and her sister Emma, in bad weather, had been carried over there, packed in hay in one of those large baskets which the women carry on their backs, and which are called "Kiepe" in that part. In Brunswick the peasant women carry their small children in these baskets on their backs. That the custom is an old one is proved by an anecdote which I found in the book already mentioned, by Görgys.

I will write it down in the patois of this country and then translate it:

"To ener Tid wölde de Hertog den Hogsholewäster Konring to Helmstede na Wulfenbüttel halen laten un schickete em to, ene grote Kutsche mit fer Lankspännern. De Kutscher kwam an, held vor seinem huse, gav den brev henin un säddte sick wedder up dem bock un de forrider blew up den voresten peerden. Konring makte sik hille toregt un wolte instigen. Da sag em de Kutscher au un frog: "Na Lütje, wil he denn ok mede? Konring de sä; "Ik bün et solven, de geheeme rat." Da schüttelte de Kutscher den kop und wollt es nich glöwen; wil dat de Konring so lüttig spugt wir. Do sädden de annern, dat et war were. Nu, sagt der Kutscher, nu, wen dat is, so have ik nig bruket mit fer peerden un wagen to komen, *deene* hedde ik wol in der "*towelkipe*" na Wulfenbüttel tragen wolde." ("Once upon a time the Duke wished to invite the honourable Mr. Konring to Helmstadt, and sent a large coach with four horses to fetch him. The coachman stopped in front of his house, gave the letters to the servant, and went back to his seat on the box. The outrider remained on his horse. Mr. Konring dressed quickly, and was stepping into the coach, when the coachman said: "Well, little one, will you too be



coming with us?" Mr. Konring said: "I am the Councillor!" The coachman shook his head and would not believe it, because Mr. Konring was so very small. But the other people said it was really he. Then the coachman said indignantly: "If that is so, I need not have taken the four horses, I could have carried *him* in a potato-basket [Kiepe] to Wolfenbüttel.")

Between Küblingen and Schliestädt there is a very small river called Sodenbach, and great flat stones serve as a bridge to cross the water and that of the larger river Altenau.

Once my aunt fell into the water when she was staying at Schliestädt. Girl's clothes were not to be got, so she was put into the coat and trousers of her cousin. They said to her in joke: "Now, you are a boy," but she in wild terror cried out: "I will never be a boy, but always a girl." The terrible fear caused by imagining this awful transformation was never forgotten by my aunt even as an old lady, and is very characteristic of her womanly feelings.

MY aunt's earliest years fell among those great days when Germany at last shook off her chains and the whole German people was, as one man, against the enemy. The *impressions* made by these events, the joy of the parents, the touching condition of the mother when she read of the Prussian King's "*Address to my people*," the delight at the news of the first German victory—these were recollections which could never be forgotten. Then came the triumphal entry into the country of the idolized Prince of Brunswick, Frederic William. On the 22d of December he passed through Hannover, and the estate of the Marenholtz family, Gross Schwülper and Oelper, on his way back to Brunswick.

This Christmas, a real fête for the whole of Brunswick,

belonged to my aunt's earliest recollection. She used to say that this was the happiest Christmas she had ever had. Her father arrived quite unexpectedly from the Brunswick political festivities and stole from the garden into the house, disguised as a mummer. "Apples, nuts, and Brunswick gingercakes fell out of his bag, and many beautiful toys."

After so many years of sorrow and depression at last hope and joy!

Never could the child forget the moment when her uncle, in the greatest excitement, came rushing (without a hat) across the fields from Schliestädt to tell of the *victory of Leipzig*. The brothers fell into each others' arms and wept for joy. Shortly before her death my aunt told me of the punch they brewed that evening.

They had to take honey instead of sugar, and the juice of the barberry instead of lemons, for Napoleon's "Continental-Embargo" had made both these ingredients impossible. "But we did very well without it," said my aunt, and even my father protested "that he had never had a better punch"—and he understood!

Twice in a space of eighty years my aunt experienced the great phenomenon of a whole nation rising to defend its fatherland, and though the first time could not fail to leave a deep impression on the small child, it was given to the matron, to enjoy to the full the great years of 1870 and 1871.

The jubilation of the first victory in Brunswick soon turned, however, to the deepest mourning. On the 16th of June, 1815, Duke Frederic William fell at Langenhof near Quatrebras. (Quatrebras is a small place of only a few houses; a signpost with four arms marks the crossway of the roads from Brussels to Charleroi, and from Nivelles to Nemours.) According to the later rumour the death blow came from a personal friend not from the French. Amidst the tolling of all the bells in the city of Brunswick, faithful citi-

zens bore the corpse from without the town to the castle, and on the 3d of July it was carried to the ducal vault in the Dom. His memory is blessed to all who knew him. Brunswick was the more deeply struck by this blow, as the new Duke was only a boy ten years of age, and, until his majority the land was placed under the protection of the English Prince Regent, afterwards George IV.

The government of a country by strangers from a distance always leads to great disasters—and here, also, for years, struggled party hatred, envy, and disfavour. Yet, if the country, during these years of the “Protectorate” nevertheless prospered, it is due to the faithful fulfilment of duty, and the ability and energy of some of its officials. The revered Duke Friedrich William had, in his short reign, laid the seed for the future prosperity of his country. A chamber was formed which undertook the administration of all the internal affairs of the land after the 17th of May, 1814. The Duke appointed my aunt’s father as one of the head officials of this chamber, profiting by the latter’s former experience in the service of Prussia. To illustrate the various different duties of this Brunswick chamber, I will enumerate the separate branches of administration:—

The supervision of general buildings, the assessment and collection of taxes, the army (not active service), the police, the promotion of industry, the inspection of cities and villages, all public institutions of beneficence, use and pleasure, financial matters, the post, the mint, the lottery, and many other things beside.

My aunt’s father entered the Brunswick service on the 9th of February, 1815, as Vice-Director of the Chamber; he soon became President of the same and for twenty-one years held that difficult and responsible position, faithfully fulfilling his duty despite the intrigues that surrounded him, and de-

spite the lamentable misgovernment of Duke Charles. Even Braun himself in his work "*The Diamanten-Herzog*," admitted that the spirit of an administration faithful to duty, such as was alive in the ducal chamber, often succeeded in frustrating the arbitrary and selfish plans of Duke Charles, and thereby had drawn upon itself his dislike. Braun relates further that agriculture, industry and commerce prospered abundantly in those times, also that the order and finance of the State were well cared for, whilst the then undivided private fortune of both the princes augmented considerably during their minority. With this narration he erects a well-deserved monument to the memory of my aunt's father—that noble, able and liberal-minded man.

In the description of his daughter's life, she who was so great and who resembled him so strongly in feature, this must not be forgotten, and I am sure it would please my aunt. She always spoke with great love and respect of her parents but the name of the father she always pronounced quite differently. Then her voice had always a soft gentle tone, her expression was touching, and with a certain reverential pride she said: "The father said—," "The father thought—," "The father wished—." The memory of him was to her very sacred and holy.

The position of affairs, the unpleasantnesses against which the Brunswick officials had to struggle, could not but cast a shadow on the social and family life of those days, and even on the education of the children. Our family also suffered from it, and principally in the results.

In 1815, the family moved to Brunswick and, from that time, Küblingen was only used during the few summer months. In 1816 the estate was let.

To my aunt's remembrances of her childhood belongs the good wife of the farmer, Frau Hut. She had white hair

and shortsighted red eyes, as she was an Albino, and she made the most delicious cheese of sheep's milk, as my aunt never forgot to mention.

Whenever Küblingen was spoken of, my aunt always mentioned an old stone table in the garden. Even then it was overgrown with moss but it is still to be seen in its place after a lapse of eighty years.

Emma, my aunt's sister, used to climb on to the table from the bench, and then jump down.

This brought her once a box on the ears from her father, and this and the table were, alas! the only recollections she retained of Küblingen when she died a few months after my aunt, an old lady of eighty-one.

## OLD BRUNSWICK

**B**RUNSWICK is known as one of the oldest towns of Germany, and is therefore most interesting owing to its historical buildings and monuments. Brunswick (Brunosweiler) was the residence of the two brothers, Bruno and Dankwart, descendants of Wittekind, who settled on the shores of the Ocker, in the year 861.

This 'Brunoswyke' is said to have been the origin of the town. It lay on the right bank of the river, whilst Dankwart's house was on the left bank. Under the name Castle Dankwarterode, 1030, Brunoswyk was a large village, which belonged to the St. Magni Church. Churches and convents sprang up in numbers, the more astonishing as so few people lived near them. In 1171 Heinrich der Löwe built the Dom St. Blasien, the bells of which had rung in my aunt's first hours, and which later rang again at her confirmation and her wedding. Heinrich der Löwe died in 1195. Shortly before his death a terrible thunderstorm struck the towers of the Dom, and in a few moments the whole was on fire and the flames raged furiously. As the chronicle relates the founders and the clergy of the place fell on their knees and prayed that God would save it. Thereupon a heavy rain fell from heaven, and the fire was extinguished.

But when the sick Duke felt that he must die, he sent for the Bishop of Ratzeburg, Ilfridium, former Provost of the convent Jericho, confessed his sins with repeated sighs of "God be merciful to me a sinner," and with great reverence

received the sacraments, upon which he died on the 6th of August, or rather as an old inscription runs: "He gave up the ghost on the eve of James the Apostle, in the year 1195, and the sixty-sixth of his venerable age, and was buried in this his church."

In 1228 Brunswick was one of the Hansa towns with a considerable commerce. The inhabitants were prosperous citizens and patricians. When Duke Charles William Ferdinand pulled down the old ramparts and towers, beautiful gardens and promenades took their place, and framed in a charming manner the old town with its wonderful gables and stone-masonry. Many old anecdotes are related in the chronicles and are known and told by the people—and it may not be without interest if I give some of them. Most of them I take from the book already mentioned by Görgys,\* and some others were told me by my aunt as we drove through Brunswick.

The first anecdote tells how the Prince and the churchwarden lived on friendly terms in old Brunswick.

"The sexton of St. Blasien, the church near the castle of Brunswick, called Bonichius, once bought an ox at the fair of St. Gallen, and brought it in the evening into the passage between the castle of the Duke and the church, having no place in his own house to put it in. He was going to have it killed the next morning, so he thought it might be left without anything to eat, as he had nothing to give it. The poor beast bore its hunger patiently till midnight, but then it commenced the most horrible sounds. The Duke, who had just gone to bed, could not shut his eyes for the noise, and could not make out what this bellowing could be. He rang for his servant and sent him off post haste to the Sexton Bonichius, whom he knocked up from his warm bed. The latter rubbed his eyes

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\*(Görgys, *Vaterländische Geschichten und Denkwürdigkeiten der Vorzeit.*)

and was very much astonished, but had to follow the servant, though he had not been told why. With a heavy heart he reached the castle and the bedside of the Duke, who asked him angrily what the noise in the passage meant. 'That is my ox, which I bought to-day—poor beast—I had no fodder for it, so I asked the sacristan for some hay. He gave me some, but now it appears that some of his church music must have got mixed up in it by mistake. This, the poor beast must have eaten, as it's obliged now to bellow off the high notes.' (The original language is: 'Dat is myn Osse, den ik fon dage koft herve. Dat arme deert! Ick hatte hein fodder darfer. Nun bate ik den kantor milk eene kipe von seine hew to laten. Dat tede he un nu sint door inetteln fon sine kirken-musiken mank wäst un de hat dat arme beest mede fräden, so dat et de sweren noten nu avblöcken mot.') The Duke laughed but ordered the ox to be taken away immediately somewhere where it could bellow its high notes undisturbed."

The second anecdote tells how the mayoralty carried on business with the citizens.

"A mayor of Brunswick passed by a house one day where he heard a great shrieking and howling. He thought: 'You are the mayor, and you should keep the peace.' He entered and saw the owner beating his bad and wicked wife. 'Stop,' cried the mayor, 'What is wrong here?' Plünecke, the owner, stopped and taking off his cap politely said: 'Well, look, Sir, this woman takes away my honour, reputation, and peace,' and he enumerated a long list of all her sins, till the mayor shook his head and said: 'Woman, woman, you should not do so.' 'Oh you,' scolded the woman, 'you need not meddle with married people.' ('Hei, Se bruget sik ok nig mang Eheluite tonstäken.') 'Yes, that may be true,' cried the mayor, 'Mr. Plünecke, beat away,' and he turned on his heel, whilst Plünecke did as he was told."



The third anecdote is a tale of the buildings of the town "Treue-Schwur." (Oath of fidelity.)

Even to the end of last century, an old house in Brunswick stood near the Dom on a cornice of which a coffin was cut in stone, out of which a woman is represented as giving her hand to the Evil One with a horse's hoof. The inscription reads:—

" Scarce was she happy as my bride—  
Betrayed by death she left my side—  
With her in the grave he meant to revel,  
But—she bolted again, this time with the devil! "

The house is long since pulled down, but the legend of this curious stone engraving is not forgotten, and is the following: " The pretty daughter of a rich brewer was engaged to be married to a young merchant. They had both made a vow that if one of them died and thereby could not keep troth, the other should go to the grave, remind him of his oath and so awaken him. Now after some time, the bridegroom went into the wide world to make his fortune. But as he stayed beyond the settled time and as even love must have its aim, and because the father too had often said that he would only give his daughter to one in his own branch of trade, she at last yielded and in despair married one of his assistants. But after a few months she died. Now when the bridegroom returned and heard that his bride had died, he bribed the old grave-digger to secretly open the grave and the coffin by night. He saw the girl, pallid but beautiful, lying in her coffin with a wreath round her glorious hair; but when he reminded her of her vow, she opened her eyes, looked at him, put her arms round his neck, and smiled at him. The old grave-digger, frightened to death, swooned away on the ground. When he came to himself, he found the coffin empty and both gone, and nobody has yet been able

to say what happened to them. The people said, the Evil Enemy had fetched her out of the grave and the widower had the tale engraved on his house."

**LEGEND OF THE ORIGIN OF THE GUELPHS.\***

**I**RMTRAUT, the wife of a certain Isenbarth, once walked down from the castle of Ravensburg, and met a beggar woman, the mother of three children born at the same birth. The poor woman began to beg, but Irmtraut refused her alms because she shrank from the three children. Then the poor woman cursed the noble lady and prophesied that she herself at one time should bring as many children into the world as there are months in the year. Irmtraut then bore twelve boys, all very much alike.

"As she feared her husband might think this unnatural, she ordered that all but one of the boys should be drowned in the Scharzbach. On her way to carry out this cruel charge, the old nurse met Isenbarth who asked her what she was carrying. 'Little Welfen' (young dogs), she answered. Isenbarth said: 'Let me look and see. If I like one of these dogs I will train it and keep it.' The old woman hesitated, but Isenbarth forced her to show him what she was carrying. On seeing the eleven little boys, he asked her seriously to whom they belonged, and what she was going to do with them. She confessed all. Isenbarth then told her to take the children secretly to a miller who should bring them up, and threatened her with death, if she ever told Irmtraut about it. The twelfth boy was brought up by Irmtraut at the castle Ravensburg.

"After six years had passed away Isenbarth invited all his kinsmen and friends, and suddenly all the twelve boys appeared before the guests, dressed in exactly the same way.

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\* The Dukes of Brunswick belong to the race of Guelphs "Welfen."

"Then he rose from the table and asked his wife what punishment the mother would deserve who would drown such noble 'Welfen.' The woman, fearing her husband's wrath, swooned away. On being brought to herself, she fell down at her husband's feet, and with bitter tears prayed for pardon and God's mercy, and confessed everything as it had happened. Then Isenbarth helped his wife to rise and forgave and forgot everything. After that time he had the boys called 'Welfen,' and, in remembrance of this, he founded a nunnery in Altdorf."

WITH the entry of the French, who ruled the country for six or seven years, the old comfortable, though somewhat heavy and sober, manners of the inhabitants of Brunswick changed to an easy "live and let live" existence. This was little to the advantage of the city.

Its old solid prosperity was succeeded by a desire for show and a certain ostentation which could not be desirable for the general welfare of the city, even without the sad state of affairs brought about by the war.

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IN the old city of Brunswick, in which she was born, my aunt spent her childhood and youth. For a short time only after her marriage she lived in the old house at Langenhof, close to the Dom; then they removed to the larger house in the "August-Thor" street, and here my aunt lived many years as her husband took it once later from his father-in-law, and only when they went to Hannover did the house quite pass out of the family. It was for my aunt quite the ideal of a comfortable house. It was situated exactly opposite the "August-Thor" and was joined to it by a splendid avenue of chestnuts. In the distance, rose the Harz Mountains and the Elm in bluish tints.

My aunt often told me of the beauty of the house, of the

thick walls "through which the drafts never penetrated," of the comfortable arrangements within, of the splendid high hall decorated all over with golden stucco, and the yellow damask sofas on which many a princely guest had sat—also, last but not least, of the immense swimming bath in the second story, "as large as a pond." She could never forget it all, and she longed to see it once more in the possession of her grandson, who should live there in the winter.

Now the house is degraded to be the "Exchange" and in the parterre we see "Darnts Hôtel and Restaurant."

It must often have been most merry in the large house in those old days, for my aunt's brothers and sisters were rapidly increasing in number. *Emma* born Oct. 15, 1811. *Hans Hindrich* born Oct. 24, 1812. *Ida* born Jan. 5, 1814. *Friedrich* born April 3, 1815. *Albert* born May 28, 1816. *Adelheid* born July 26, 1817, and *Bernhard* born Jan. 26, 1820.

When to this number were added the sixteen children of both uncles, there were as many as twenty-five small and big children together.

My aunt especially remembered the large doll's kitchen with a big fireplace in it. So large was it that "we could go into it" as my aunt told me. Cooking in this kitchen was one of the children's greatest pleasures, though it was not always easy to keep order and prevent the brothers and cousins eating up the provisions before they were properly cooked. My aunt laughingly told the story how her fat little cousin Adolf set up a regular roar on being once sent away by them from dinner for being naughty. The father was just passing by and asked him astonished. "Adolph, what is the matter?" The young cousin immediately stopped crying, drew himself up and answered quite quietly, "I am crying because they won't give me any soup," and in the very same breath he started roaring again.

In the garden they used to brew chestnut beer, rather a doubtful beverage, and my aunt loved most of all to sit on the top of the wall, right among the overhanging branches, hidden away with her book.

She was still quite young when she had her first great sorrow, which, because it was so great, made a deep impression on her. She told it me smiling, but I thought to myself, how sweet and quite like her it was, that even in her childhood her greatest pleasure was to show her love for others.

She had been told that plums could be preserved throughout the winter by placing them in a stone pot underground. As her little brothers and sisters were particularly fond of plums, she saved her pocket money and bought a stone pot which she filled with plums. With the greatest exertion she buried it secretly in the garden, waiting for months with quiet expectation for the winter to come. At last one day all the children with big eyes stood expectantly round the hole dug in the garden, but, alas! the plums were bad, and my aunt burst into tears because the pleasure of the others was spoilt.

A large part in my aunt's child life was played by her brother Hermann, eight years older than herself.

A "big brother" "always impresses the little sister, however wise," and Hermann teased and ordered them about, played with them, made them jump about and dance, and they loved him, so that when he came back from the boarding school at Schnepfenthal, to which he was sent with the other young noblemen of the country, according to the fashion of those times, his return home and his holidays were for Bertha and Emma the occasion of great jubilation and delight. My aunt says somewhere in her books: "It is a lucky thing for boys to have sisters to show they must be polite and show themselves gentlemen, but it is just as lucky for little girls to have elder brothers. They look up to them with a certain respect, they learn to yield and to be patient and to show

them the small, delicate attentions, and the little and big sacrifices, which they are expected to show later to their husbands."

But *she*, "Bertha," was the help and refuge of her younger sisters and brothers. Her ailing mother often asked her to look after the little ones and her sister Emma, when she was a very old lady, wrote me the following account of her: "She had everything, had it all—love, goodness, heart, feeling and a soul such as is seldom found. She had an extraordinary memory and learned with such facility that it caused me some sorrow, for I was a year and a half younger than she and we did our lessons together. They scolded me because I did not know as much as Bertha, and I wept. When our cousins came to see us, Bertha often used to remain alone in a corner with her book, but of course as a child, one does not notice such things much. She was very lively in all her movements and mother preferred her to me because she was so very beautiful. We slept together in one room and she often used to read in bed in the night, but, of course, I slept."

In all their troubles the other children came to Bertha, and she had to advise them in all their little and big concerns. Her charming ways, her beaming eyes and especially her eloquence took all hearts by storm and it was always the same. I saw some letters of her brothers, when they were quite old men, but she was still called in them: "My own angelic sister." Her brother Albert told me in his Viennese dialect: "Oh yes, my sister Emma liked to share in our boyish pranks, but Bertha sat in a corner and read—I do not know what. But if we wanted her, she was always there—always loving and kind—always head erect and her heart—well her heart—always full of self-sacrifice—she was like a mother to us all—a real angel—all respect."—He saluted and bowed involuntarily.

In all the shorter biographies of her, which have appeared, it has been mentioned how my aunt, as a child of nine, saved her brother Albert from the flames. Her parents were at the theatre that evening. It was bath day and Friedrich and Albert were sitting in the large bath. All of a sudden the over-heated chimney was on fire and the whole room was full of smoke. The servants lost their heads and ran away without thinking of the children. But Bertha rushed in and pulled Albert out of the water. The yelling Friedrich who was old enough to help himself a little, clung to her skirts and so with the two children, she tore downstairs from the bathroom. When the parents dashed home from the theatre, full of anxiety, they found all the children gathered round Bertha who was comforting them, and by the example of the child's tranquillity, the servants had pulled themselves together and were attending to their duties. The fire was soon put out, but Bertha's courage and presence of mind were always remembered in the family.

When my aunt was only six years old, she went with her sister Emma to their French lesson with a Ma'mselle Ruppel. Ma'mselle Ruppel was a daughter of one of the officers fallen in the late war. Later, when I drove through Brunswick with my aunt, after I had admired the splendid stone-masonry on the trades-hall and the town-hall, she showed me the little house on the old market-place where Ma'mselle Ruppel had lived—built in the old Netherland style, the upper story always projecting beyond the lower. She told me how, on dark winter mornings, the children trooped there, with hot baked apples in their muffs, to keep their hands warm.

In those days children's dress, even that of children of rank, was very much plainer than now.

They were wrapped round in large plaids, tied at the back with a knot. They wore little fur caps on their heads, green

or dark blue veils, knitted gaiters and fur muffs. This was the costume for the winter.

The rosy little faces, looking out from under the fur caps, must have been very charming and on passing the house of the rich baker, the baker's wife used to stop the girls and give them some of the Brunswick cracknels, just out of the oven. My aunt confessed with that half-ashamed smile, I always loved to see, that sometimes they had lingered in front of the baker's house, hoping the friendly woman would open her door, and sometimes they slid on the frozen gutters on their way home, although it was strictly forbidden.

On Sundays, my aunt related, "we used to wear alternately red or blue frocks and on Saturday evenings we were always very curious to see whether mother had taken out the red or the blue frock from the cupboard. We peeped through the half-open door and Emma even looked through the keyhole." "Why did you not ask her, then?" I answered quite astonished.

"We did not dare to," she replied with the same half-ashamed smile, and this shows how very strictly children must have been brought up in those days, if even the favourite daughter did not dare to ask such a simple question. Perhaps the reason lay also in my aunt's great shyness, which she retained even in her old age and which prevented her showing her own wishes and feelings.

A most exemplary order appears to have reigned in the house, and, in the many wardrobes and storerooms, everything had its fixed place. This order, scrupulous neatness, and great accuracy became second nature to my aunt, but I shall return to that later.

The domestic economy of the house was in accordance with the position and means of the father; everything was of the very best and this was considered right and natural.



My aunt's father believed in the rational economy founded on the principle that the best, although the dearest, is the cheapest in the end. But although even the spoilt Brunswickers used to say: "The Bülow family live in princely style," on the whole, it was nevertheless very much simpler than that under the same circumstances to-day, both in dress and living—though more solid and reasonable.

To the then expensive items of the family economy, belonged the journeys made in the summer. When the parents, with a portion of the children, visited the grandmother in Prussia, the father provided four horses at every posting-station. They travelled in their own large coach fitted with every possible convenience, even with a clock which struck the hours.

The parents on the broad front-seat, the children uncomfortable on the back-seat, on the box Bruns, the old footman and Mrs. Noe the lady's maid, and between the two the old terrier, "Bergmann." The postilion rode, and between waking and sleeping, the changing of the horses, the blowing of the postilion's horns, and the eternal custom-inspection at the gate of each town, and frontier, the journey continued slowly, until at last, full of expectation, they were on the sandy roads of the Mark Brandenburg impatiently looking forward to the welcome of the beloved grandmother and the kindly Uncle Rochus von Rochow "Yet, a thousand times more pleasant," my aunt used to assure me, "than the railway with its smoke, and its travelling company."

To make the time shorter to the children, the parents used to tell all sorts of little stories and anecdotes. This long being together was a great treat to all, as the father's public and the mother's social duties seldom allowed it. Again and again the mother had to tell of her life on the Polish frontier, and of the dirtiness of the people, and how she once went into the kitchen and found the cook stirring the soup with

a fox's brush. At another time the latter had beautifully rolled little dumplings of flour into balls—but on his own, well-oiled chest! Or she told of her own mother's youth, how she wore real flowers, in little glass tubes filled with water, fixed into her high dressed and powdered hair, and how this artful frisure often had to last for two balls, so that the ladies had to pass the intervening night sitting straight up on the couch, and many other things of the same sort. But the father excelled in Brunswick anecdotes, among others the following:—

Once as Duke Ferdinand stopped on a journey at Hamburg, he went into the church.

An upstart son of a merchant sat down beside him, and looked at the stranger over his shoulder, for the Duke was insignificant in stature and appearance. Then the man with the offertory bag ("Klingelbeutel") came round, and the Duke laid a dollar in front of him in readiness. On seeing this, the merchant's son thought he would like to impress the others, so he laid a ducat on the desk before him. This amused the Duke, and wishing to see what sort of fellow he had to deal with, he too laid down a ducat. The other had hardly seen this than he produced another ducat from his pocket. The Duke did the same. And so on till on both sides there lay a pile of twelve ducats. Then the offertory bag drew nearer. The merchant's son threw his twelve ducats into the bag, delighted that he had not to give more, whilst the Duke smiled quietly to himself, put the dollar only into the bag and pocketed the twelve ducats.

The same, or another Duke, once heard that the peasants in one of the Brunswick villages had left off going to church and preferred to sit drinking beer in the public house—in fact had become generally insolent and pigheaded. The Duke went to the village, and, dressed in an insignificant looking mantle, sat down amongst the peasants whom he

found drinking during the time of service. These looked at him offensively and then began making signs to each other behind his back. When the drink was brought, the large jug circulated round the table, but when it came to the Duke's neighbour, the man bowed mockingly to him and said: "You won't get any!" and with a loud voice he said to his other neighbour: "Now let it go round that way again." The Duke never succeeded in getting anything for whenever the jug came round to either of his neighbours, they promptly sent it back the same way, and thus it went on amidst the mocking laughter of the peasants. But at last the Duke sprang up, threw back his old mantle and disclosed his princely order. He then gave them a tremendous harangue for not attending church and for bullying strangers over their beer. Finally he gave the peasant on his right hand side a powerful box on the ears—saying: "Now let that go round that way." The terrified peasant did as he was told and so on round the whole table. When it came to his neighbour on the left, the Duke again boxed his ears and told him to pass it round again—and so on five or six times. Then the Duke left them and went home, but the peasants sneaked away, and, from that day, were always to be seen in church on Sunday morning.

One of these journeys to Stülpe could never be forgotten by my aunt owing to a very sad occurrence. Her father had started first with her little sister Ida, whilst her mother followed with Bertha and Emma. But charming little Ida, whom everybody loved, a merry child, with big blue eyes, was taken ill meanwhile with scarlet fever, and died just as the others arrived.

It was a dreadful moment, when, suspecting nothing, they drove joyfully into the courtyard, and were met by the father, pale and with tears in his eyes, who broke to them as gently as possibly the terrible news. The mother in despair rushed

into the house. My aunt could never forget it, and my aunt Emma wrote to me: "As we were all standing round in tears, the postilion started off, merrily blowing his horn. It chilled us to the marrow-bones, and since then I have never been able to hear a postilion's horn without thinking of that dreadful hour." Little Adelheid had already fallen a victim to this insidious illness, and scarlet fever often again visited the family. Friedrich and, later, Bernhard also suffered from deafness, due, in both cases, to taking a bath too soon after the fever. This deafness hindered them later in their careers, especially that of the army, which it made impossible.

Once the father went with Hermann, Bertha, and Emma to Doberan in Mecklenburg to the sea-side at Heiligen Damm.

It had just become the fashion to go to the sea-side, as the then Duke, afterwards Grandduke Friedrich Franz I., had founded the first German sea-baths at Heiligen Damm in 1795. It was a most lovely trip—the wonderful sea, bathing, and beach celebrated for its pebbles rounded by the waves. The father looked most carefully after the children, only on their return journey he forgot the food. The children were famishing and did not dare to say so. At last Hermann took heart, sprang out of the coach at the next posting-station and brought back some stale bread and sausage—there was nothing else to be got. The father was very astonished, but laughingly took part in the meal, but "Never again," said my aunt, "did we enjoy stale bread so much."

Another charming recollection were the trips to the Harz. The father's youngest brother was head forest-ranger (Oberforstmeister) and lived at Blankenburg, and here he was often visited, and the cheerful throng of children recalled the happy days at Küblingen. The hills were explored in all directions. Once the grateful miners arranged a torchlight

procession in honour of their President of Chambers, who had constructed the high roads which led from the Harz down to the plains. This had been his own idea, and had contributed largely to the prosperity of the country as well as facilitated the transport of all mining-products, which, up till then, had been most dangerous and arduous work. The numerous black figures with their small lanterns shining like glow-worms in the dark, made an uncomfortable impression on my aunt which sunk deep into her memory.

In the evenings, when the whole family sat together in the old Blankenburg hall, the beautiful legends of the Harz were repeated, preferably those of the "wild huntsman." (Wild Jäger.) I will tell here one of the finest, taken from Görgys' book—that of the "*Rehberger Klippe*."

**A** LONG the steep side of the mountain Rehberg winds a long path, clinging closely to the curves of the mountain. On the left rushes the small Rehberger brook confined between the large granite rocks. Above the same towers the wild mountain range, whilst the rocky mass falls sheer into the valley below, the darkness of which can hardly be pierced by the eye of the wanderer, and in the depths of which roar the wild waves of the Ocker. Foaming they dash over the precipitated boulders and rage round the pointed cliffs with thundering noise, whilst the white foam splashes heavenwards. At every turn of the way, the wanderer sees new but equally wild mountain-sights, among which the Rehberger cliff may be deemed a piece of Switzerland. Immediately behind the rushing stream, it stretches its rigid and jagged indentations high into the heavens; and the granite rocks, piled one on the other, overgrown with yellow and grey moss, and adorned with shining black berries and purple aconites, show a moving picture of the most terrible destruction. In the background rises the defiant Hahnenklohn,

covered with dark pine forests, a mighty giant threatening the valley beneath. A legend, as dark as the landscape itself, belongs to this precipitous rock of the Rehberger. In past ages, there dwelt in this wilderness a mighty Nimrod, hard and coarse as the rocks themselves among which his dwelling lay. His joy was in the chase and daily he hunted with his wild companions through the forest, so that the hills resounded with the barking of the dogs and the sound of the hunting horns, and awakened a thousand-voiced echo among the clefts of the rocks. Even the peace of Sundays could not restrain the murderous lust of the huntsman and prevent him pursuing the beasts of the forest. A pious hermit often exhorted him not to disturb the peaceful quiet of the Sabbath, but the words of the aged man found the ears of the hunter closed, and, followed by the mocking and laughter of the friends, the hermit retired sadly to his cell. The evening of a bright October Sunday descended on the mountains, the tops of the dark fir-trees on the summit of the hills were dipped in the yellow lustre of sunset, a deep silence fell on nature, and only the waves of the Ocker murmured in the distance their eternal melody.

Shyly the deer now left their hiding-places, emerging slowly and cautiously from among the thickets, in search of the fragrant herbs of the wood. Suddenly was heard in the distance the noise of the chase, the feeding deer took flight into the thicket, and with every second the noise increased. A snow-white deer, followed by the hunters on foot and on horseback, and surrounded by yelping blood-thirsty dogs, fled like the wind over the mountains. The ground shook under the hoofs of the galloping horses and the hills resounded with the wild halloo of the riders, the cracking of the whips and the jingling of the hunting-accoutrements. The hunted deer gasped and with its last strength sought to escape its pursuers.

“ Keuchend, nach den steilsten Zinnen  
 Flieht es nach dem Höchsten Grat,  
 Wo die Felsen jäh versinken  
 Und verschwunden ist der Pfad.  
 Unter sich die steile Höhe  
 Hinter sich des Feindes Nähe.”

(Schiller's "Alpenjäger.")

The noble animal stood breathless on the precipice, now called the Rehberg-cliff, and, shaking in every limb, shuddered before the black chasm, whilst louder and louder thundered the wild hunting cry. . . . And now as the dogs rushed eagerly at their prey, the deer, almost feeling their blood-thirsty breath, ventured the terrible spring. Then was seen a curious light, a blinding splendour shone round the white deer, and unseen hands bore it down softly into the valley of safety. But the huntsmen, together with horses and hounds, were driven by magic force after the animal. From the rocks above the whole tribe was dashed into the depths below, and large granite rocks and tall pines, fell on them and covered the shattered corpses with eternal night. From that time the spot has been haunted, and the feet of the solitary wanderer hurry past timorously at twilight. At midnight, when the heavy-winged owl rises from the valley below, when the echo gives back the sad legend, when fantastic moonlight transforms the dead trees into ghostlike apparitions, then the spirits of darkness pursue giantlike huntsmen through the thickets. In the dark night, the fir-trees begin to whisper, then to be boisterous, and a muffled roar is heard, like the rolling waves of the sea :—

“ Und von dem hohen Berge  
 Da zieht der Jäger aus  
 Und mit ihm Riesen Zwerge  
 Viel Spuck und Höllengraus.

Da schwanken Schreckgestalten  
Mit Schwertern und Geschoss  
Durch Zweig und Felsenspalten  
Zu Fuss und hoch zu Ross.  
Hier grinsen Wuthgesichter,  
Dort, starrt ein langer Arm,  
Hier formenlos Gelichter,  
Dort Wolf und Bärenschwarm."

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OTHER splendid days were passed by the children at Schwöbber, an estate in Westphalia. It was the home of the Blankenburg aunt and possesses a magnificent orangery and a deer keep—with "wicked deer." Once, one of the little cousins fell into the keep and was saved only as by a miracle. It gave the children a terrible fright.

One other childish remembrance, of quite another kind. Next to the old house in which my aunt was born, lived the mother of the later well-known French savant and statesman, Benjamin de Constant.

He had come with his mother to Brunswick, in the service of the French, and after the French period had come to an end, the mother remained there and lived in the old house belonging to the Dom. Benjamin Constant had later a special interest in my aunt, having married her mother-in-law the Countess of Hardenberg, after her marriage with Baron von Marenholtz had been dissolved. His mother was specially interesting to the children, as she peopled her rooms with dogs and especially cats which were treated and brought up like children. My aunt and her brothers and sisters often used to visit Madame de Constant, admire the cats, and play with them, and used to bring back with them such a penetrating smell of cats that the mother at once ordered a change of dresses to be put on and had Eau de Cologne and fumigating pastils applied. The same penetrating smell was diffused by



Madame de Constant when she came to visit my aunt's mother. Her visits caused considerable excitement amongst the children. "The cat-madame is coming." The poor lady had some trouble in taking out her pets. A dark narrow passage led through a porch from her house to the street, and when she came out of her door with six or seven dogs, and cats too, leading them on a single string, the wicked street-boys of the neighbourhood lay in wait for her, and bothered and annoyed her and the dogs and cats, till she called with French vivacity after "the slow German police-officials."

Another happy recollection of my aunt's was that of her godfather Kammerrath Kramer, her father's friend. He gave her beautiful presents, loved her dearly and always called her the beautiful little Hebe. But he was quite an original. Once he brought with him two long curved brushes and told the father that it was now the fashion to use them in the bath to scrub the back. He took off his coat and jumped about in his shirt-sleeves scrubbing himself, to the delight of the children.

Even in those days Brunswick was celebrated for the cultivation of asparagus, which together with the sausage (Schlackwurst) gingerbread and mumme (a sort of white sweet beer), went all over the world as Brunswick specialties. Every year the father drove with the children to the house of a rich peasant to have a treat of asparagus. This man curiously enough was at the same time collector of the tolls on the highroads. Then everybody gobbled asparagus "as thick as a man's thumb," such as otherwise is not to be got, and which the peasant had chosen out especially for the Herr Kammerdirektor. But the peasant never forgot that he was the inferior, and the meal was always paid for as in an inn, though he and the Kammerdirektor had been chatting together as friends. When his daughter was to be married he invited the family, and two days before the wedding took

place, they drove out to see the arrangements. "One must see such things with one's own eyes," said my aunt, "in order to believe them." In one barn the trousseau was exhibited, and in another the food for the five days of the wedding festivities.

Mountains of linen were piled up, one on the top of the other, all trimmed with real lace. The wedding dress of the Brunswick peasant was of white satin, as thick as leather, and with real gold embroidery, but, beyond that, the bride received other dresses of silk with silver embroidery, and others again of black satin. In the barn for the food, on long tables were spread hundreds of chickens, ducks, turkeys, and pigeons, and the butter stood close by in large tubs.

A fatted ox was killed, and calves and pigs hung by the side. It was like a butcher's shop. The wine stood in casks and the father said he had nothing better in his own cellar. "And of all that did you get nothing?" I asked. "Oh yes, we got some buttercakes which the peasant woman baked specially well. Only the elder people drank wine. We children never had anything of that sort, and I was thirty-two years old before I began to take a little wine, as the doctor specially ordered it."

"The peasants, and country people in general, were very fond of my father," my aunt used to say with pride, and it is not easy to impress the Brunswick peasant. But once my aunt remembered a peasant coming to ask a favour, who brought with him some partridges as a means to his end. My father showed him the door, highly indignant, and then some ducats fell out of the partridges—the peasant had wished to bribe.

"In his anger, my father took his riding-whip and whipped the peasant down the passage out of the door, to our greatest horror."

The brothers also made the acquaintance of this riding-whip, although on such occasions they often used to hide in the most peculiar places till the father's anger had evaporated amidst the stress of business.

Unfortunately I have never been able to find out, if my aunt ever had lessons with any other children besides Emma. She was educated entirely at home as was the custom in the noble families.

Probably most of the lessons were given by the tutor of their brothers, as well as by private teachers. This instruction did not satisfy her great abilities and extraordinary desire for knowledge. She did not accept, like other children, all that was told her, but reflected long over it and deeply, and numbers of questions filled her brain, the solution of which she earnestly desired. The instruction she received does not appear to have satisfied her in this fervent quest of knowledge, and thus it happened that in the religious instruction, which was particularly inadequate, agitating scenes took place between the un-thinking teacher and the deeply-thinking pupil. Such a pure, loving, and noble nature as my aunt's, could not for example understand such stories as the sacrifice of Abraham. To her God was all love and endless fatherly goodness, and the indirect replies of her tutor, such as: "Whatever God does, is right," and "terrible things happen and God allows them," could not quell her inner anguish about these unsolved problems. After long reflection, she answered him: "The evil in the world is a consequence of sin, and of the perversity of humanity, and God in His wisdom permits it for they are the natural consequences. But here God directly commands murder. He never could do that, and you know that murder is forbidden in the fifth commandment." Then ensued a lively dispute in which the tutor usually had to give in. I conclude this from the rage with which he threatened the disputations

child with hell and all its horrors. My aunt expresses herself on this subject later in her "Gedankenbuch" of 1828.

"Because, in my childhood, they did not give me my religious ideas in a suitable and intelligible form, I myself had to vivify by individual reflection all the dead letters and apparent hieroglyphics, and hence perhaps I attained, later than others, to the most important conceptions of revealed religion, which alone can and must complete the Natural in us. One advantage, however, I have thereby, that I have never accepted anything dead, nor any sort of formal dogmas, but only that which had real life from the fountain source. Thence the little that is clear and light (and which will always become more), and dead stories or letters can never do that, else they would have to crystallize themselves by transformation. Many years later my aunt wrote in the aphorisms of her book "Gesammelte Beiträge," p. 131; "How can we be surprised that most human beings ask so little of themselves, in order to explain the cause of things, and that mere *curiosity* preponderates a thousand times over the desire of knowledge. All the questions which the child's soul brings with it into the world, which questions are originally aimed at the fundamental cause of all that exists because they proceed from it; all these questions which tend to break through the shell of all the existing—in order to find the kernel—as a child breaks his toys to investigate the workings—these all remain unanswered. Instead of this, their attention is directed to superficialities, the mind is distracted by false appearances, the most intimate questions, which still remain unanswered, are forgotten. The distraction caused by external things, the intrinsic value of which remains entirely hidden, becomes a need as eating and drinking are a need to the body. A new humanity must arise if the first fundamental questions are to receive the right answer; since, by this, the education of the young soul will

be led on the right path of truth from the very beginning, which, once taken, will not so easily be lost. But still the preposterous error prevails that only the developed and mature reason can accept Truth and Truth is forced upon the young soul when the path of error and falsehood has long since been struck, and Truth has become an unaccustomed food; it is no longer relished, and cannot penetrate to the innermost parts, there to become flesh and blood—but it will only be accepted in an outward form. The longing of the child's soul after Truth is indeed dimly suspected, and the will exists to satisfy it through offering the child religious truths in the form of Christian dogmas. But this is the second and more terrible error! This truth, clouded and enveloped for centuries by the school-wisdom of the Pharisees of all times with their sophistries, which have so hidden the original nucleus as to disguise it almost beyond recognition—even of the teacher himself—this truth is brought to the unripe child, brought to the soul so ripe for the reception of sensuous impressions. This truth so enshrouded, is thus presented to him, and it is demanded that he shall receive it as healthy and life-giving food. To the child, this is unquestionably straw with corn, which lies so heavily on his brain and heart that when later the possibility arises for him to penetrate to the understanding of its deeper meaning, the soul of the child is already filled to its limits, and is not able to allow scope for the free movement of its organs. After this we are astonished that youth remains indifferent, and that the heart of youth is so little to be won to the highest truths. But the same result would follow when that abuse is avoided, and when nothing is done, and nothing given. If the mother-soul, led rightly by primal impulse, does not look into the soul of the child and implant there the deepest truth, she is obliged to quench the thirst for this Truth with new froth and empty show."

As my aunt could not receive from her surroundings any response to her questions in her desire for knowledge, and as she gradually felt that no one really understood her, she resolved to study the Bible for herself, in which, as she firmly believed, all truth was to be found. In the stillness of the night, when everyone slept, the child, by the light of a candle end, taken from her mother's candelabra, read the Holy Scriptures and wrote comments on everything. It is a great pity that these notes have not been kept, but an observation written on her twenty-sixth birthday, in her "Gedankenbuch" diary of 1836, gives us a clue to her childish feelings of that time. She complains:—"For the most part, after first childhood, my life passed away in unconscious longings, endeavours, and dreams, only moved by the storms and divine sensations of the soul in its innermost depths. Great glowing intentions, conceived in holy enthusiasm, took form, but only indistinctly and indefinitely. Even then, I fought with my own imperfections and with my surroundings, which, as evil spirits, disturbed the harmony of my ideal inner world. With bitter and unending repentance, I atoned for the smallest faults. Then first awoke in me that fulness of strength which desires to take active part in life and must see itself in some external form. The greatest things seemed to me achievable. Against this struggled an extreme, excitable, and easily wounded sensitiveness, together with an unconquerable shyness lest even the smallest feelings of my inner self should be seen by the world at large. Early in my life I ought to have had the clear insight into this inner struggle of the soul for which, alas! I had to fight later with so much pain. My education and all my external impressions exercised a prejudicial influence on my individuality. For want of expressing itself, this extreme sensitiveness was not observed, and therefore was always wounded to the very depths by all sorts of external circumstances. *Even as a*

*child, I learned to find pain in everything and to understand pain thoroughly.* This capability I developed to the full. I was never able to show the fulness of love within me, never understood and never desired, and which had perforce to consume itself in bitter anguish. Even then began this discord of my inner being with circumstance, which will always remain. As I was never really understood, I was always placed in a false light, and the outer world brought, and brings, so much dissonance with the inner—and *assonance* with my surroundings has been, and is, so rare.

“But if I found even the smallest harmony,—ah!—I was happy—beatified. And yet how often have I felt this, felt it with many a person, silently, without expression or communication. In this way precisely do I feel spiritual contact in all its nuances.”

Now we can understand why the child loved to sit alone, and sought in books nourishment for mind and heart. Reading was my aunt's passion, and she herself said, and her sister told me, how she used to take flight alone to the garden to read undisturbed under the shade of the trees. She read all the children's books of her day, German and French. Most of all she loved: “*Les veillées du Chateau*” by Madame de Genlis, and in her old age she loved to remember how: “The young aristocratic lady of the town was brought by the doctor down into the country as she was ill and had to live in a cow-stall and be waited on by the milkmaids till she was brought back to her astonished mother, well and happy and quite a new being.” She read with delight our great German poets, and in the circle of her playmates, she declaimed Schiller's “Song of the Bell.” She preferred historical works, and her favourite heroine of antiquity was Arria. With what expression she used to say: “*Paetus—it does not hurt.*” Of course she read Jean Paul.

In order to form an idea of how my aunt probably read

as a child one must have watched her as she read in her later years. During the time which I can remember she loved above all in summer to read sitting in her garden quite hidden under the shrubbery. Rapidly as she thought and wrote, she read very slowly. It seemed as if she pondered each sentence and was determined to absorb its thought before reading further. Often she gazed long and fixedly upon the page of her book with a thoughtful introspective expression which always interested me deeply. Sometimes I would ask: "Are you reading?" "Yes." "But why then do you always look at the same page?" It seemed as though she awakened out of a deep dream as she answered "Ah this interests me!"

It was because from her early youth my aunt so thoroughly assimilated each and every fact and thought, that her knowledge was so extensive and so completely under her command and that her insight was so penetrating and inclusive. Of all this she herself was quite unconscious and what seemed to others so extraordinary appeared to her perfectly simple and natural. The contrast between her incredible vivacity and the quiet deep meditation which distinguished her even in childhood must have been remarkable. The following extract from her "Gedankenbuch" of the year 1834 is characteristic of her striving towards complete development, towards ripeness of intellect and of heart and towards the culture of her whole nature: "It has always rejoiced me and comforted me in view of many errors to recognize in myself from youth a deep interest in the spiritual nature of man. Always I yearned to fathom in myself and others the secret springs of aspiration and whenever possible to discern with my feeble eyes the heights to which such aspiration impels. Hence my love for philosophy which was born with me and which has been nourished by my isolated introspective life. Perhaps I should have followed less strenuously this inner



impulse had there been in my life more of external stimulus. On the other hand the entire lack of such incitement and the fact that all the external influences of my life tended to withdraw me from intellectual striving, doubtless impeded my spiritual development and made it one-sided. For although it is easiest for me to do right under the impulsion of feeling I nevertheless crave and need insight. To be blindly good is impossible for me and yet it is far easier for me to do the good when an ardent emotion impels me than simply from the dictates of reason. My true conscience lies deep down in my feeling for the good. The least deed which conscience so called commands but to which feeling does not impel is more difficult than a supreme but ardent generosity. This does not arise from a lack of self conquest, for those moments of my life in which I have acted from magnanimous impulse and in which I have been most content with myself are precisely those in which I have risen to the highest self-sacrifice. Self-sacrifice indeed is implied in generosity, and in my supreme moments I have followed generous impulse and not conscience, for I might have thought and acted differently without failing in the requirements of duty. Whatever has the semblance of spiritual nobility is dearer to me, easier for me even though it involves the greatest effort, than the merely commonplace. Hence it is hard for me to be always watchful and to attend to little things. I long to soar above all trifles and often believe that my nature is adequate to greatest and noblest things. Yet in the fact that I so imperfectly fulfill small duties I recognize the proof that I am far from able to conform adequately to the noble imperatives of my own soul, and that I must first conquer small obstacles before I can hope to overcome great ones. The impulse which moves me arises I believe from a lively imagination which would attain the highest good and also perhaps from a secret pride. I

recognize this pride not in my relations with others but in my relationship to myself. It is a power in my inner life and makes me think myself sometimes better, sometimes worse than I really am. Often the craving to be exceptionally good makes me expect of myself more than I am able to perform; often too I exaggerate the evil of my ruling impulses and from time to time discover that I am better than I had supposed. I hope at least that all baseness is foreign to my nature, for when I have unworthy sentiments and thoughts I condemn them and at once oppose my ideal to my actual self. But that I must so often war with myself, *this* is the dreadful fact which at times deprives me of all courage. The combat with imperfection never ceases, but alas! we are often faint-hearted in our struggle and through lukewarmness lose the results of earlier battles. I can conceive that this forfeiture of attained good might throw me into despair."

Further on in her "Gedankenbuch" my aunt continues her lament: "This incessant slackening of effort, this weak surrender, this being forever dragged down and under, is an assault upon my spiritual force and involves me in inward doubt and gloom. It affects me now however less than formerly for all these things shall and must improve. My own weaknesses can make me far more impatient than those of others."

## EARLY YOUTH

### EXTRACTS FROM DIARY—RULES OF CONDUCT

**A**T fifteen and fourteen years of age my aunt and her sister Emma were confirmed in Brunswick by the then acting Abbot Wolf. Upon the same day my aunt wrote on the first page of her "Gedankenbuch" (diary):

"My Mottoes: 1. Moral perfection. 2. Love for all and sacrifice of self. 3. To fight valiantly until the end.

"My Aspirations: To be content with myself and with all things. Peace of soul. To be good is to have peace of soul."

Further on she continues: "My Endeavour: Strenuous fulfillment of all my duties here upon earth, continuous improvement in order to attain this end, and the perfecting of all the powers of my soul for a higher state of being. Unless we keep this final goal always before our eyes the effort to perfect ourselves for this earthly life would be infinitely hard, since its results are generally so unsatisfactory. Heavenly wisdom, however, permits us to attain both goals and to attain each through the other, if we are able to find their spiritual connection. Our aim should be always in the particular act, no matter how trifling, to keep the great and final end of all action before our eyes. To act without some conscious aim is either folly or frenzy. There are however moments, wherein we are conscious of an immediate aim but forget the master aim of all reasonable endeavour. This master aim should always be remembered. To keep it in

mind would save us from much folly, deliver us from much evil."

With this infinite striving for goodness, for ideal perfection, for love, my aunt emerging from childhood into maidenhood entered upon a life which brought her little of what her yearning heart so ardently craved, but which became rich, great, and blessed through what she accomplished for others. Like all gifted persons she experienced from time to time the lively need, the inner longing for intellectual communion. Throughout her youth this was denied her. Therefore she had recourse to written self-expression and in the journals she called "Gedankenbücher," which she kept from the time of her confirmation until the end of her life, she wrote all the thoughts which greatly moved her.

In her first journal my aunt expresses herself as follows with regard to her object in thus writing her experiences:

"To write in this journal will be useful because in expressing my thoughts and feelings they will grow clearer to me and I shall learn to know myself better as I analyze them and seek their motives. It will also be a refreshment to me when the petty details of my material existence have dragged me down and my inner self is discordant and out of tune; for through descending into the hidden depths of my consciousness I shall uplift my soul, distract my attention from vexations and annoyances and thus gain clearness and contentment. Finally it will enable me to hold fast thoughts which go through my head, to build upon these thoughts and deduce their consequences. Such a journal is a partial reparation of the loss we feel when it is denied us to promote our spiritual development through communion with sympathetic and comprehending minds and when therefore we are deprived of the highest intellectual joy."

Though in the course of the following, I often quote extracts, as I have said, I revolted from the idea of making

my aunt's journals public. It seemed to me almost a sacrilege to unveil to others these so secret and sacred thoughts; yet how could the process of her intellectual development be more clearly revealed than through her own records. Again and again I said to myself that I had no right to withhold from others these self-revelations. It is interesting and elevating to trace in its own recorded utterance the developing process of an uncommon mind and a rarely noble soul. As we follow the journals we behold the writer through the struggle for perfection, through the yearning for happiness, through anguish of soul, through the pang of misconception in people, where she had the right to expect comprehension and sympathy, ascending to ever higher planes of development. We read the words Resignation—Self-surrender—Willing Sacrifice. In four short years, 1836-1840, there is attained a depth of feeling, a quietness and clearness of thought (shown both in the form of expression and the handwriting) and a ripeness of mind and character which fill the reader with astonishment. Then follows a period of reflection upon the problems of the age, and upon the nature and right of man. Finally out of reflection is born conviction and an insight into the inviolable, irreversible rights of man is attained, never thereafter to be lost. If I may permit myself to express this insight in my own words it is as follows:—

“All men have a right to the help which makes possible the development and perfection of all their God-given spiritual and physical powers. This help should begin from the moment of birth. Its aim should be to make man full possessor of all his powers, so that even upon this earth and in the midst of physical and spiritual defect the individual may live himself out fully; and through the tranquil and unimpeded development of creative activity may be able to do the work to which in virtue of his special capacities he was destined

by his Creator, and in the performance of this divinely appointed work may achieve happiness."

I hope that my aunt will pardon my publication of passages from her journal. I am encouraged to believe that she will because in her book of Collected Essays\* she herself has published many extracts from her journals under the title of Aphorisms. A second selection of extracts made by her philosophic friends von Fichte and von Leonhardi has also been ready for publication for many years.

The next winter the parents travelled to Berlin with both daughters to present them at the Prussian court, and in the house of their mother's cousin, Count Wartensleben, my aunt's first ball took place. She remembered it very well:

"We wore white silk dresses with garlands of roses and had wreaths of roses in our hair. These roses were quite beautiful, but we were very unhappy, as we were not allowed to have little curls on either side and a high frisure at the back, as was then the fashion, but my mother wished for us girls to brush our hair simply back, and do it up in a plait behind, as usual. Emma cried about it, but it was very much admired by everybody, and it was called the 'Bülow fashion.'" At this ball, my aunt danced for the first time with Prince William of Prussia, afterwards Emperor William I. the Great. "Later," my aunt said, "I often used to dance with him in Berlin, in my father's house and also in our own at Hannover, and at the court festivities. He danced very beautifully. At that first ball at Berlin he said to me: 'These roses look like real ones.'" At the same ball another prince was present to whom my aunt took a distinct aversion. On his asking her to dance, contrary to all etiquette she refused, and much to the indignation of her relations. Her aunt Wartensleben reproached her severely for this "irresponsible behaviour," but she, in tears, replied: "I *can* not dance

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\* *Gesammelte Beiträge.*

with him." The sisters were presented at court and excited considerable interest by their still half childlike beauty, their freshness and unaffectedness, their charm and tasteful elegance. The old King William III. used often graciously to speak to my aunt.

MEANWHILE Duke Charles of Brunswick, the eldest son of the late Duke Frederic William, in October, 1823, had been declared of age when only eighteen years old, and had made his entry into Brunswick. The people, who had been so long without dukes, received him with the utmost enthusiasm. But those who knew him intimately, and knew of his defective education, looked forward with secret dread to the future. My aunt told me how often her father had expressed himself strongly to Count Munster on the subject of this perverted education of the Prince. Count Munster was the Brunswick ambassador at the English court to which he had to refer the Brunswick political affairs and those of the guardianship of the princes.

My aunt's father particularly desired, as so many others, the dismissal of the Upper Governor at the court (Oberhofmeister) von Linsingen, and the Councillor Eigner. Both were hated by the Prince, and hence could not influence him for good. But in vain! Duke Charles freed himself at last from this Governor by forcing him to jump out of the window to save his life. The consequences of this wrong doing, pursued for years, had to be borne, and the unfortunate Duke suffered his whole life from them,—indeed they were the cause of his wasted life. The Duke ruled in Brunswick for six years. Out of this six years, he kept for three years comparatively quiet as he had only won the desired declaration of his majority by a promise made secretly to Prince Metternich: to enjoy to his twenty-first year the possession of the throne without actually ruling. Thus in the court

circles, he followed his own bizarre caprices, a sad example to the young cavaliers and society in general. This could not fail to influence prejudicially the state of morality also amongst the middle-classes.

My aunt described the Duke as a slim youth of fine middle stature, with an intelligent and almost beautiful face, light-blue eyes, and dark hair, a combination of colour often found in Brunswick. He had an aquiline nose and a small mouth with a mocking expression. He was restless in his movements, always shifting his position, always desirous of showing a different expression, and continually coquetting. He had extraordinary small feet, of which he was as proud as of his curly hair. (In later years he was called the "Diamond Duke," but besides this passion for diamonds, he possessed a mania for wigs.)

He went tripping about, sometimes almost skipped, and with a red silk pocket handkerchief he drew attention to his beautiful white hands, resting them upon it. This red silk pocket handkerchief belonged to his eccentricities. He waved it about, and when he wished to appear excited, he beat the air with it. In short he was without dignity and eccentric in every way.

In Braun's book: "Der Diamantenherzog," it says: "He was very fond of actors, and was himself, through and through, a comedian." The town of Brunswick which had received him with so much love, he treated with contempt, and called it the "dull little nest." It is worthy of note that he called himself not only "Duke" but "Sovereign Duke," and laid great stress on this. He spoke of his officials with the same contempt as of the residence, and he looked forward to the time, when, no longer prevented by his promise, he could show his true face, and could instill respect and terror into his subjects. As an excuse, it may be said that during his minority his officials had not all been too respect-



ful. After his entry he had expected homage—but only the old minister von Alvensleben had presented himself before him, and then only to beg for his dismissal, which he at once received. The Councillor von Schmidt-Phieseldeck now took his place at the head of the government, and he went so far as to assure the Duke that he had only to give account of the guardianship to King George IV. until Duke Charles attained his twenty-first year. The celebrated old Baron von Stein is said to have said “the Duke gave him the impression of an immoral, impudent, and rough young fellow.”

As the Duke was still “prevented from carrying out in Brunswick the intentions of his mind and heart,” he quitted the country for a time, and only returned after an absence of three years. Meanwhile there had been a period of comparative peace in the administration of the country and in the Brunswick society. My aunt could never speak of Duke Charles without expressing her regret at his fate, and never forgot to point to the enormous error and sin of those who had corrupted this blossom on the tree of mankind, which might, in the end, have brought forth fruit, strange as the Duke’s nature was.

My aunt’s father was compelled by his position to keep a large house, to give balls, and to entertain generally. The eldest son Hermann was now a perfect courtier and had become Chamberlain to the Duke. He had a talent for arranging fêtes, and had brought back many new ideas from his travels. In 1828 he married Marie, Countess (Reichsgräfin) von Wartensleben, of the house of Caro.

Amongst other things acquired at foreign courts, he had learnt a new dance, the “Mazurka.” He taught it to his sisters and as Duke Charles knew it also, the two couples used to dance it at all the balls and festivities, whilst the Duke was in residence. My aunt danced charmingly, she

was the pride of her old dancing master, who always deeply regretted that he was not allowed to have her for his ballet.

Sometimes the Duke would dance this dance indefatigably, and he danced on, now with one sister, now with the other, without intermission. Once my aunt's father appeared from his "L'ombre" card-table, and said solemnly: "Highness, I must beg that the dance may end; my daughters are not tennis-balls." The Duke bowed, smiling, but whispered to Emma "The old growler"; and he probably never forgot or forgave this interference of the "Old Bülow." And in the midst of it all, my aunt was like a rose-bud—fresh from the dew—in her sweet purity and thus she was remembered by all that knew her at that time. "She was the picture of perfect grace and nobility of soul," an old lady said to me, and the son of a very old playmate of my aunt's wrote to me: "My mother remembers your aunt as a very beautiful, talented young girl, whose genius and generosity delighted everyone. And thus she remembers her when still a young married woman." All her contemporaries, whom I could ask, agree in the description of her external appearance. She was of middle stature (162 c. mt. high). Her figure was delicately slight, and yet full. Her arms and throat beautifully modelled, her shoulders rounded and with a beautiful slope. Her waist was very small, though she later confessed to me, laughing, that often, even at balls, she did not wear stays in order to move the more freely. Her carriage was naturally erect and proud, but most graceful and elegant, and though she was *extraordinarily* active and quick in her movements, these were always within the limits of feminine delicacy. Two characteristics of the old blue blood in her veins were hers:—the little blue mark between eye and nose, and the sloping curve of her back—a carriage which can never be acquired but which is inborn. Hands

and feet were beautifully formed and especially her ankles, which allowed her to dance so charmingly and to spring easily and gracefully over hedges and ditches on her walks. As an old lady of seventy years she used to laugh at us young people who were not able to follow her as easily and quickly. Her hair was specially beautiful, as fine and soft as silk, chestnut-colour but with a reddish tint when seen in the light, such as Titian loved to give his dark beauties. She wore it nearly her whole life long, in curls. The shape of her face was more round than long; her lips were small, her nose aquiline and her large clear blue eyes wonderful, shaded as they were by peculiarly long eye-lashes.

Later she burnt these off by accident, but the beauty of the eye did not suffer thereby, and its expression became only the deeper and clearer. But the most beautiful thing of all was her forehead, with its wonderful modelling. This, together with the whole face, was the delight of the phrenologists (more of that later). Her colour also was wonderful, like milk and roses, as her sister said, and transparently white with a delicate tinge of pink on her cheeks. Her favourite colours were white and blue, and, later, her furniture and her window curtains were always blue. Her voice was pleasant, very clear and gentle, her speech was *very animated* and naturally very rapid, but always very distinct. She spoke the beautiful Hannoverian German, and only sometimes a little touch of Brunswick dialect escaped her; in her old age I used to tease her whenever she pronounced *a* like *ö*.

Once at the theatre a very distinguished personage sat by her, when suddenly the whole theatre was plunged in darkness, one of Duke Charles' jokes. My aunt felt a hand upon her shoulder. In the greatest terror and disgust she hit at it with her whole strength, so that the blow resounded through the theatre.

The hand was withdrawn immediately and when the light was turned up again, the distinguished personage sat at her side with a very bored expression and pretended the greatest repose. She, however, with burning cheeks was impatient to get home and rub the shoulder which had been touched. The same personage spoke of her afterwards as the "sensitive little Mimose."

A very charming little story is told of the youngest brother Bernhard—which shows how very highly she was esteemed by her brothers and sisters. One evening the family were sitting together and amusing themselves by asking riddles. Little Bernhard got up and said:—"What is beautiful and white like snow; what glows like evening red; what is as cold and clean as ice, and yet is hot within?" They guessed and guessed, but at last the little poet bowed to my aunt and said to her blushing: "That is my sister Bertha."

I found later in the Schwülper garret a portrait in oils, which had been stowed away up there as quite unlike, and which represented my aunt in her twenty-second year. I took it with me. It is true it is badly painted and without much expression, but sometimes when I put a light beneath it and light it up from below, its features become like life, and I have an idea of how my aunt looked in her youth.

At that time both sisters were presented at the Hannoverian court—and with them the sister-in-law Marie. At one of the court balls they appeared all three in the same toilettes of "*drap d'argent*," the front of the dresses and the hair ornamented with silver ears of corn. They enchanted everyone with their appearance and from that time they were always called the three graces.

Social life, however, and everlasting dissipation, and all that admiration and worship, could not fill my aunt's heart for very long, although she was never indifferent to pleasure nor to all the other joys of life, particularly travelling.

But she had soon felt the hollowness of all this society. An endless longing for higher, nobler, and ennobling joys filled her, as well as a desire to meet people who thought and understood as she did and at one court ball the young girl, then in her seventeenth year, melted into tears over the miserable vanity of life.

She was physically very delicate, and from earliest youth she suffered from violent facial neuralgia, the so-called "tic-dououreux," which sometimes even drove her to lie down on the floor in order to press the aching cheek against the cool floor. "But always patient and faithful to duty," an old servant of her mother's described her: "She was always ready to forget her own sufferings. She nursed her brothers and sisters in illness, and her mother in her constantly recurring sick headaches. Only Bertha could prepare for her the invalid broth, made of bread, water, and parsley. Only Bertha could make the father's salad as he liked it.

"Even as a young married woman he used to send for her to make the lobster-salad for his 'L'hombre' parties. She made the most beautiful sauces and creams, and it was a great happiness to her to show her dexterity in the art of cooking."

Even in her youth my aunt read much, and all that appeared in the way of new and good books. An old lady told me, still with astonishment, how she had once come to see her in great enthusiasm over a new book on education, and how she herself could not comprehend her interest in such reading. At that time she used to play the piano and had a very beautiful voice. She sang with passion the airs from the then modern operas. She was very musical and had a wonderfully fine ear. She had the good fortune to hear during the course of her long life nearly all the great singers of our century and most of the other musical celebrities. When she sang the airs from Weber's "Oberon," which she

especially loved, and her favourite one "O, Hüon, mein Gatte" ("my husband,") her brothers teased her and sang "im Schlafrock von Watte" ("in a padded dressing-gown") from the other side of the door, or struck up some popular song of the day. They also excelled in the "Mummelied" (a beer-song). This famous song, I found in Görgys' book, and it runs in its rather rude simplicity:—

Brunswick du liebe Stad  
Von vel duseud Städen,  
De so schoene Mumme hat,  
Da ik Worst kann freden,  
Mumme smekt noch mal saus fiel  
As Tokay un Moslerwien.  
Slakworst füllt den Magen,  
Mumme sedt det Nierentalg,  
Kau de Winnen ut den balg  
As eu Snaps verjagen.

Wenn ik gnurre, kiefe, brunm  
Sleppe mik mit Sorgen,  
Ei so gevt mik gute Mumm  
Bet taun lichten Morgen.  
Mumme un en Stümpel Worst  
Kann den Hunger un den Dorst  
Ok de Livesgrillen  
Krick Poede un Täne pien  
(Sup ik tein half stöfken in)  
Ogenblicklich stillen.

Hinrich mog de Voggelfang'n  
Drosseln, artschen, Finken  
Lofen mit den Liemenstang,  
Ik will Mumme drinken.

Vor de Slakworst lat ik stahn  
 Sinen besten Uer-hahn!  
 Kann ik Worst geneiten,  
 Seih ik mik nach nix mehr um,  
 Lat derop fif Stöfken Mumm  
 Dorch de Kehle fleiten  
 Sa Sa, du ehrlich Braunschweiger Mumm  
 Du Stärkst das Herz, Machst den Kopf gleich dumm.

Brunswick, thou most lovely town,  
 A thousand cities with thee vie;  
 Tasty Mumme I drink down;  
 Good sausages me satisfy;  
 Mumme is more good and fine  
 Than Tokay or Mosel wine.  
 Good sausages make round the tummy,  
 And gay and merry makes us Mumme.

When I'm sulky, cross and scold  
 Bowed to earth with sorrow  
 Bring me Mumme, I'll be bold  
 Drink until to-morrow.  
 Mumme and a sausage end  
 Pangs of thirst and hunger mend  
 Small pox, toothache make me shrink  
 But if ten pints of it I drink  
 All my sorrows vanish.

Harry may hunt the birds so gay  
 Blackbirds, thrushes—if he will,  
 Round the lime trees he may play  
 I will Mumme swill—  
 Sausage with me doth higher stand  
 Than finest woodcock in the land—

Then give me but a sausage and,  
I will wish for nothing more,  
Except for pints of Mumme a score  
Which down my throat I'll send—  
Then Brunswick Mumme, I'll ever thee bless  
For thou mak'st the heart more—though thou  
mak'st the head less—

But the "angel-like" sister forgave the brothers all their impertinences which had no real malice in them, and when the young brother Albert, as cadet, happened unfortunately to be on duty when entertainments were going on at home, she was his only hope, and as he used to tell his comrades in misfortune:—"Bertha will send me something of everything good to eat," and his hopes were never disappointed. It was she, too, who finally obtained for him the father's permission to enter the Austrian service.



## BRUNSWICK UNDER DUKE CHARLES

### ENGAGEMENT AND MARRIAGE

**I**N October, 1826, Duke Charles returned from Paris. The three promised years of non-government had elapsed and he was burning to "procure order." The minister von Schmidt-Phieseldeck at once resigned, but as he gave out that he had for some time been in negotiation for services with Hannover, Charles interpreted this as high treason for having planned for entering another service whilst still in that of the Duke. Schmidt-Phieseldeck escaped in time across the frontier in the first carriage he could hire, taking his family with him.

But in Brunswick proceedings were taken against him, as a betrayer of his country, and a warrant of arrest was issued.

The Duke had the Schmidt-Phieseldeck arms torn down and burnt on the public market-place of Brunswick (this in the year 1826!) by the public executioners. The libels against the "vanished" Schmidt, as well as on the "late" guardianship and Count Münster, together with the replies they had called forth, flew backwards and forwards and kept "Europe in a ferment." At last the Duke sent Count Münster his challenge, but, as it had been published first in the papers, King George IV. had time to forbid the favourite to accept the duel. Charles cooled his ardour by having a life-sized figure of Count Münster put up in his park at which he shot with pistols.

Meanwhile he wished to become Grand Duke. Not only

the Diet and Prince Metternich, but Hannover also felt prompted to meddle further in Brunswick affairs. The Duke was so vexed at this, that he once seriously thought of arming the 200,000 inhabitants of the land and a "*levée en masse*"—to attack Hannover. He would not have had far to go as the frontier lies about an hour from Brunswick, near to the village of Olper.

Braun in his "*Diamantenherzog*" writes: "The whole of Europe looked with a smile at the old Welfen city, and one can imagine how the officials of the Duchy felt and suffered during these events. But things did not improve. Charles surrounded himself with favourites of the worst sort, and a terrible period of government by favouritism set in. The Duke only cared about "adventures and adventures," and the keynote of it all was "money and money alone." Then came a pillaging of this or that cash-box, the officials being told that the Duke had a "sovereign right" to it. The favourites are said to have even forged signatures. The officials were horrified at the sight of their signatures to documents which they had never seen before. My aunt's father, as Director of the Chamber, had to protest many times "most submissively and most obediently," and to ask for "remedies." To the honest officials, grown old in regular service, it seemed as if they had been suddenly transplanted into a lunatic asylum.

On his last birthday in Brunswick, the 20th of March, 1830, the Duke summoned all the ministers of state to the castle, to take the oath of allegiance. Among others, appeared the Member of the State, von Cramm, who, as ambassador of the Brunswick State, had made complaints of the Duke at the Frankfurt Diet. Herr von Cramm did not appear to take the oath, but to resign his position as high bailiff of the country and the other offices which he held. The Duke now vented on him the whole of his "elementary"

wrath, and even went so far as to sentence him to the "Great Excommunication." No official was to have intercourse with him, or even be allowed to speak to him, and he was not permitted to enter the park belonging to the castle, nor the ducal theatre. But it went still further. Frau von Cramm, née von Marenholtz, and, later, my aunt's sister-in-law Julie, was expecting her confinement. The Duke forbade Dr. Grimm to render her any services whatever, and, in a manuscript which was found after the Duke's flight, all the doctors, midwives, and sick nurses throughout the country were forbidden to render Frau von Cramm any assistance. In another "brouillon" by the Duke's pen the measures are given which should be taken against "penitentes canailles," viz.:—officials were forbidden to communicate with them, and they were not to be allowed to enter the park; to challenge through a third person was enjoined, the challenges to go on until all were shot; police supervision, quartering of soldiers in their houses, indictment through the attorney, bribery and refusal of leave were also ordered; besides which, the officials were to let them wait for hours in the ante-chamber and then to say it had been a mistake. For the punishment of the uncompliant, the Duke established an upper court of justice and a general court-martial. Letters were no longer safe. The master of the huntsmen, von Sierstorpff, is said to have remarked at table in Hannover, that a governor at court was needed in Brunswick. This was at once brought to the ears of the Duke. Von Sierstorpff had hardly returned to Brunswick, when he was dismissed from his post and made "governor at court," but without an office. Herr von Sierstorpff declined this honour. He was then threatened with the "great excommunication," but he went to law. The high court of justice at Wolfenbüttel decreed that it was impossible to ratify that order. The Duke had this decision of the Wolfenbüttel court torn to pieces and

thrown before the feet of the judges, who were told that there was a supreme right of police beyond the supreme court of justice, which belonged to the "sovereignty." All this and more happened within two years. In July, 1830, the Duke left for Paris to amuse himself, and to recover from all "the chicanes in his states."

Matters looked very bad in the country. The officials were all more or less wounded personally and officially. The army felt neglected. The landed gentry began to feel anxious about their privileges, as the assembly of the states, for instance, had not been summoned constitutionally. Amongst the country people a sort of fermentation prevailed, as in many places famine and distress had been caused by the inundations and bad crops.

In July, 1830, the Paris Revolution broke out. On the 14th of August, the Duke returned to "his states"—but with the threat that he would leave for England should the revolution touch Brunswick. On the 6th of September placards were found posted on the castle walls, entreating him to stay in the country, not to go to England, to have mercy on the sufferings of the people, and to send away the "Frenchman" (one of the most hated favourites), and "all the other wicked rascals."

The Duke then had his four cannons brought out, in the middle of the day, to an open square. The people looked at them placidly, though in some streets plots began to hatch. In the evening the Duke inspected all the gates of the castle, as well as all the sentinels and officers on duty. By the 7th of September, the thing had gone so far that an uproar took place among the mob in front of the castle, and a deputation of citizens begged for the removal of the cannons. The cannons were then transferred from the square to the front of the castle. Moreover, the Duke granted a thousand thalers to the poor. Perhaps the whole thing would have

blown over if a new influx of country people into the city had not followed. Black masked figures were spoken of, who had been seen inciting the populace to riot. Meanwhile the Duke was informed that the people wished to shoot him. Everything was made ready for his flight. In the evening, as the riotous mob struggled at the closed gates of the castle, he escaped from the back and managed to reach the PetriThor unobserved. From there he saw his castle in flames—and is reported to have said: "Nonsense, the people will have to build it again for me." With his Adjutant Sommer, he left the city in a carriage, and went to England. The mob demolished the castle in a fearful manner. Many treasures were missing, but many were found later in the possession of Duke Charles, among others the costly Mantuan vase, the celebrated vase of onyx, made in one piece (now again in the Brunswick Museum).

On the 12th of September came the news, greeted with great joy, that Duke William, the younger brother of Duke Charles, had arrived before the city. He entered the city on horseback. All that happened later, as well as the further doings of Duke Charles, are well-known. As Napoleon once more returned from the island of Elba, he also returned once more and tried to enter "his states"; but the affair was a poor one, and ended disastrously. One officer with six or ten men scared him away, and Duke William took possession of the throne of Brunswick. And though for many years an endless course of litigation and legal proceedings with Duke Charles dragged out its length, peace and order were at last restored to the country so heavily tried.

And in the midst of these remarkable events, my aunt and her sister became engaged, both in the same month, my aunt to the Baron von Marenholtz of Gross-Schwülper in Hannover, and Emma to Louis, Count von Görz-Wriesberg of Wriesberg-Holtzen.

This latter marriage proved very unfortunate and after a short time was annulled. The poor young wife lived some time longer in Brunswick, and then went to France. There she lived in the house of her friend the Countess Laroche Jaquelin, till she married Leopold Viscount de Puysegure of Castle Cheniers near Azay Les Rideaux (Tours). This marriage was childless. She died a few months after my aunt, nearly eighty-two years of age, of inflammation of the lungs. Up to her death she wrote with a very steady hand and in good German, although she had seldom heard her mother-tongue for years, and had never returned to Germany. The little she remembered of her childhood and youth she told me, for this sketch, at my request. She also kept her beauty and great energy till her death.

One can hardly imagine two sisters more directly opposed in their whole being and turn of mind than my aunt and her sister Emma, and this is the more remarkable as they had enjoyed precisely the same education and instruction, and in childhood and youth had shared everything in common.

I possess a flower-glass with the Marenholtz crest on it, bearing the date 1830. It was given her by her husband when they were engaged and my aunt always kept it with care as something very precious. The wedding of both sisters took place in September, a few days after Duke Charles' flight from Brunswick. My aunt was married on the 23d of the month in the old Dom church. In the Lavater poem, she treasured so much, I read on that date the following words:—

“ Grace, all foreseeing, never misses her purpose,  
Even her longest way is the shortest of all ways—  
Without daily trial, can progress never be thought of,  
Without looking inward, true self trial can never be  
thought of.”

It seemed to me that my aunt never cared to speak of those days, although she remembered everything very clearly and always answered my questions; but that time had brought much sorrow and trouble to her father and to her friends, and she did not like to think of it. Perhaps she was less interested in the political events of that time, because her heart was engaged with other things, hence they all passed her by as in a dream, although she must have heard so much about them. She really never spoke about her feelings and the affairs of her family of that time. Many things happened at that time which touched her soul very deeply; she never spoke of her engagement, nor of her marriage. She belonged to those who never speak unasked of that which, in joy and sorrow, touches them most closely. Not from any extreme reserve, but from shyness and the feeling that this was sacred to herself and should remain an inviolate sanctuary. And *I felt that it must be so*. The love of a true and pure woman is something holy which cannot be touched by inquisitive fingers without being profaned. The words which she—oh! so beloved and unforgotten—said to me in this connection on other occasions, from the depths of her incomparably chaste heart, are engraved on my soul for all time, as something most noble, holy, and beautiful; but they do not belong to the forum of publicity. But if we reflect how deep a nature my aunt's was, how warmly, yea, passionately she felt, and what a longing for love and community in spirit expressed itself later in the "*Gedankenbücher*," we can well believe that she could only love truly, fervently, and with her whole soul, and that when she surrendered her heart to another, this she did wholly and absolutely, hoping to find in her marriage that for which she had longed.

Thus, unfortunately, I can tell nothing about my aunt's engagement, and very little about her betrothal. But she

told me that her father, despite the excitements of those evil days, provided for her trousseau with touching forethought, and often, when she showed me in Schwülper this or that article belonging to her former trousseau, she used to say with delight and emotion: "The father had this table-top made for me in the marble-quarries of the Harz," or "The father wanted me to have eiderdown in the beds"—and so on.

My aunt's husband was forty-one years old, twenty-one years older than she. He was a slim, handsome man with blue eyes, dark hair, a perfect cavalier, who had begun his career at court as a fourteen-year-old page at the court of King Jerome.

When my aunt married him he was a widower for the second time. His first wife was a Fräulein von Gustedt, who left two sons, William and Gebhard. His second wife was a Fräulein von Hanstein, who left three daughters, Sophie, Pauline and Marie. William was ten, Marie two, and my aunt herself only twenty when she became a mother to them.

The family von Marenholtz is a very old Hannoverian one. It has only settled in that country, and consists of two lines with few representatives—Gross-Schwülper and Dickhorst. Primogeniture is the rule in both. The name Marenholtz is said to be derived from the word "mare" a wild rose, and the crest shows a wild white rose on a red and black ground. The first historical documents concerning the family go back as far as the year 873. In these the "Marenholt" are called "*militas*" (knights) and "*ministeriale*" (vassals) of a Prince von Lüneburg. At the end of the seventeenth century the family received the title of baron of the empire (Reichsfreiherr) from the Emperor Leopold.

In the summer, the family lived a good deal at Schwülper, but in the winter they had to reside in Brunswick. Here my



aunt lived during the first years after her marriage, in the so-called "little Burg." Her husband soon became Upper Marshal of Duke William's household, and my aunt, as a young woman of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, already bore the title of Excellency. When Uncle Marenholtz became a "real privy councillor" in Hannover, she was given the title "Excellency" for the second time, so to speak.

In later life, when aunt thought so little of all these titles and honours, the reason lay quite naturally in the fact that every false pride was foreign to her nature, and that she was accustomed to all those things.

Her parents, her relations, the whole circle in which she grew up and lived, possessed these titles, so that they seemed to her natural and nothing out of the ordinary.

Later, when I lived with her, she only allowed herself to be called "Excellency" on official occasions, whilst travelling, or when we went to court. But if ever I had to write down her titles in any way, she always used to remind me: "Do not forget to put the wife of the 'real' councillor. There is a little difference. We have plenty of councillors."

From this I concluded that she had felt a certain gratification when the King of Hannover honoured her husband with this dignity. My aunt was a thorough aristocrat, in the best and truest sense of the word, from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, in her feelings and in her appearance. Also in her habits and in all her doings—briefly, in her whole being, and as something perfectly natural. In every condition of life, at every hour of the day, she was always the "refined lady." It was not necessary for her to remind people of her titles. Man was man to her. She talked with the simplest workman or peasant, and valued him according to his intentions and his doings. She did not expect nor desire anything else from him but that he should *fill* his own place in the world.

Had such people pretended to be more than they were, she would have reproved this presumption with a shrug of the shoulders, and with an astonished smile, as something very strange and much to be regretted. She expected everyone to act according to his position, and when she met, for example, with incivility, non-refinement, rudeness or presumption, she knew how to accent her position as a lady of rank, and was able to repulse all want of courtesy in a masterly way.

The simplicity of this time is seen in a recollection of Pauline, the only daughter, then four years old. The children were allowed on the evening of the wedding to sit up late, to receive the new Mama—and as a treat were given pancakes with bilberries.

The three little girls had remained at Schwülper, but William and Gebhard had been allowed to be present at the wedding and had occupied the back-seat in the coach, when the newly-married couple arrived at Schwülper.

The peasants welcomed them here with a torch-light procession, and had a feast with beer and a dance.

Uncle Marenholtz presented his young wife to them, and my aunt danced with some of them the customary dance of honour. She told me how an old peasant had come to her and begged her to take off her large round hat, so that they could see her, and of course she did so.

Here, I will give an extract from a letter written by one of the inhabitants of Schwülper, the daughter of the then preacher and the wife of the steward of the estate, Frau Müller, née Lehmann. The letter is in answer to a friend, and shows, in a touching and simple way that my aunt knew how to inspire love and admiration in everybody: "I have received your kind letter. . . . As far as I remember, I will tell you it all.

"The Baroness Bertha von Marenholtz, née von Bülow,

came to Gross-Schwülper in 1830. I was not then ten years old, but I remember very distinctly the first time I saw her.

"I was invited with my sister, then five years old, to play with the three little Baronesses, and as we passed the Baron's windows, Madame the Baroness stood playing at the window with the little Baroness Marie, then two years old. She said to her: 'There come the children, now you can all play together.' The footman showed us in; the Baron was resting on a couch and shook hands with us saying, 'How do you do?' Madame the Baroness was charming and most kind to all of us children. She looked very pretty in her blue dress. Briefly, there was nothing wanting. She was delightful and most amiable, as she always was. She looked after the children with the greatest care, led their games, and always tried to prepare some little pleasure whenever she could. The Christmas arrangements were magnificent and charmingly managed. She did it all herself, when Christmas was spent at Schwülper. The soirées which took place alternately at the Baroness', at my parents', and at Frau Hönickes' in Warxbüttel (the second estate of my aunt's husband), were always delightful, and at supper the master of the house had always to be present. This seemed to give the Herr Baron the greatest pleasure. Often ladies from Brunswick used to come, Baroness Olga von Biamm, Fräulein Molly von Brandenstein, Fräulein von Wachholz, Fräulein von Stutterheim and many others.

"And the hunts were grand in those days. The Duke of Brunswick was there, also the Duke of Cambridge (from Hannover). Thus things were done in grand style.

"The children were devoted to their Mama, and the Baroness was always most loving and kind towards them. She was very charitable. Whenever she could be of assistance, there she was to be found immediately with counsel, consolation, and help. Food was always sent from her kitchen to the

poor and infirm. She gave endless help to the wife of the pastor, who was very ailing. And the 'hospital'! How often used she to go there and visit the old people, bringing them help and comfort. She was exceedingly pretty. I see her now in sky-blue silk—blue suited her so well. I saw her again in blue in 1840 when we had a 'visitation of the Church', and when a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen were in our house. How very sympathetic was the Baroness at the death of my father, who died on the 11th of December in that year. How often she came to see my mother and to console her, and how hearty and kind she was to us when we moved to Brunswick. I remember it all. *She was so very good.* My father had to give some instruction to the two elder Baronesses; she was always present and she took part in all that concerned the children. All the children loved her dearly."

On the 14th of June my aunt's own son *Alfred* was born. He was her only child. Pauline Marenholtz described him as a fine boy with large blue eyes and brownish hair, "a true boy", a little unruly and eager in his childish impulses, a little obstinate and self-willed, but with a very good heart which always showed itself again.

Many duties now fell to the lot of the young wife, for beyond those as wife and mistress of the house, as well as the many claims which society made on her, she threw herself heart and soul into the education of the children.

Many small and greater neglects of an earlier time had to be made up for. My aunt was made to feel how neglects of to-day cannot be quite made up for to-morrow. Already she saw how wrong the point of view is, that the mind of the child needs individual attention only when it begins to go to school, and that physical care is all that is required by the small child. What trouble it gave her to teach one of the little girls the simple verse: "Dem kleinen Veilchen

gleich das im Verborgenen blüht. ("Like the little violet growing in its hiding-place.")

Nevertheless this child it was who showed, later in life, a very good memory in many different directions. But mental discipline—the concentration of thought—was neglected. A certain nervousness was added as soon as she began to do lessons with the new Mama—unfortunately to be attributed in part to foolish people having thoughtlessly awakened a fear of the stepmother.

Pauline von Marenholtz remembers for instance that on the night of my aunt's wedding, she would not go near the new Mama, but sat crying on the lap of the strange lady's maid. When in later years Mama was "the angel of help in all the difficulties and troubles of the children and young girls", it was surely the best sign that *this* stepmother had entirely gained the love and confidence of the children, whom she had always loved as her own.

With regard to the physical care of the children, much had been overlooked or neglected in the preceding years. In 1835 my aunt had to take her youngest daughter to an orthopædic establishment at Lübeck, owing to an injury caused by a fall from a window, shortly before the arrival of the new Mama.

How my aunt then thought about education can be seen in the following extracts from the "Gedankenbücher," most interesting in their bearing on her later activity in the Fröbel cause (1835): "Man is not born with virtues, vices, and weaknesses, but germs exist in him which can be developed all to good, exactly in accordance with the destination of his spiritual nature. But his earthly nature and the manifold influences of the material and spiritual life on earth, oppose this. Hence so many develop themselves in a wrong direction, towards evil. Education can operate strongly against this, and can contribute largely to develop the good.

But the primal development of these germs is still too much in darkness, since it must first have knowledge of the individual organization of these abilities and can only retain the same by expression. By this expression, a degree of development is already reached;—hence a direction is already taken; to guide and to keep this direction on the path of virtue must be the endeavour of education. But unending difficulties oppose this, particularly in the consideration of the different abilities and individual propensities of the educator, as well as of the pupil, together with the above-mentioned internal and external influences which are beyond our power. For this reason education in this respect remains so imperfect. The Creator also gives man the most efficacious education through life, with its vicissitudes, its misfortunes and happiness, its impressions and struggles. To make use of these as far as means for the purpose of self-perfection, and thereby to educate self, is the best way of *enabling man to conquer and to use the circumstances of life, and this should be the object of primal education.*” And further; “Stability of character should not lead us to come to a standstill with our once concluded opinions and ideas, but we should endeavour to perfect and classify them still more, and only to hold fast to that established principle of the morally good—”

And then follows the beautiful prayer:

“Oh, my Father, let me but gain a little of that which I strive after with all the powers of my soul. Let but a little good spring from the seed which I sow in the hearts of these children, for their prosperity, with fervent love. Oh, help Thou my weakness. Thou, my Father, Thou seest I have no one to counsel me, I have so little insight and strength. Let me choose the right. Illuminate, and strengthen me to all renunciation. Take every earthly happiness from me, let tears of blood fall on my day’s work, but let but a little

of that succeed in which I place my whole life. Let me do good where I can with all the powers which Thou gavest me. May I once stand before Thee, my God, holy and pure, so that I may render account with quiet conscience before the judgment-seat of Thy mercy. Oh! I have desired, even as a child, and earnestly longed to do hard things, to sacrifice myself for good. Be thanked, my God, that Thou hast fulfilled my wish. Let me not succumb; let me fight victoriously. Before Thee, the weak efforts of the worm even towards good have their value. Thou seest the pure will; let it come to action. Grant the fulfilment, Father. Amen. Thy will be done."

But as willingly and as indefatigably as my aunt devoted herself to her serious duties, her position as wife of the Upper Marshal, as well as the social duties of her father's house which augmented after the beginning of Duke William's reign, laid many claims on her. In the house of her husband, and in that of her father, she saw many an interesting guest from far and near. Sometimes also the Prussian princes, William and Charles and the Duke of Cumberland. The splendid ball-room near the Augustthor, witnessed many brilliant fêtes. A memorable recollection was that of the young Countess Wriesberg, a cousin of Emma's husband, who was staying with my aunt's parents in 1832. She danced away gaily, quite unconscious of the fact that her mother, the Countess Wriesberg, had been brought the same night from the Hannoverian frontier, as a prisoner to Brunswick, and was detained in the guard-house near the Augustthor, exactly opposite to the house, where the daughter was dancing.

The Countess was accused of having conspired, for the return of Duke Charles, with his two favourites, Dr. Klindworth and the former "clerk" Bitter, whom the Duke had made Chancery Director and later Baron Andlau. At the

same time, a number of other persons had been taken prisoner, and some of them were condemned to severe punishments, but the Countess had to be acquitted for want of sufficient proofs. These were the afterthroes of the times of that strange Duke Charles; and they were still felt by the officials in those endless and exasperating cavillings between Duke Charles, the Diet at Frankfort a. M., and the Parisian court of justice, to which the Duke, who lived there, had appealed for protection. My aunt's father's anger naturally increased from these chicaneries, which absolutely undermined his already wasted health. Duke William overloaded him with favours of all sorts, but the decision to retire from his post was gradually ripening.

In the year 1831, the venerable grandmother departed this life at the age of seventy-five, and my aunt remembered her death with sorrow. After the death of her son Rochus, she adopted her grandchild, my aunt's brother, Hans Hindrich, not for his happiness, my aunt said, because he was too spoiled by her kindness. After the death of the grandmother, the young man soon went to Africa, founded a colony there, among the Arabians, and planted coffee. But a terrible home-sickness drove him back to Europe.

He landed on the coast of Spain, just as a great battle was about to be fought. He plunged adventurously into the fray and—fell.

I do not know if this sad event took place in the year 1836, but at all events the father's sufferings had progressed so far by that time, that he retired from work. And wishing to withdraw from all social life, except from the pleasure of his beloved "*l'homme partie*," he took a little house near the Pettrithor and close to his brother Julius's villa, and my aunt's husband took over the beautiful large house near the Augustthor. The uncle Julius now became President of the Chamber, in the place of his brother, but he died after a few



years. Only one letter we have from my aunt's father. It is touching in its kindness, and was written to Norderney, 1834, where my aunt was staying with her husband, who was in the Duke's suite. It was intended to relieve my aunt's anxiety about the little flock she had left at home; it relates how Alfred sprang joyfully and affectionately to meet him, with his little horse; how Gebhard had caught the measles at Schwülper, but how the Doctor gave the most satisfactory reports; and, after relating in a very characteristic manner some other family and city news, the letter concludes with the words: "Do not interrupt your cure, you owe it to yourself and the children. We are on the watch!"

On one of the frequent visits to Norderney, my aunt made the acquaintance of her best friend, with whom she concluded an enthusiastic friendship which lasted for many years. In the year 1841 my aunt visited her with her daughters. It appears that this friend died in 1860, after a long illness. She was called Sophie von Semenoff, and was a Swede. Her stepfather was a very rich Englishman, a Mr. Brouton. They lived at Hamburg. Joyfully my aunt writes in her "Gedankenbuch," of 1836: "I have now found a being (Sophie) in whom I feel that sympathy and that accord which we can bring to full harmony by intellectual communication, and thereby recognition, of our Self." She had found the heart of a friend for which the soul of the child had already thirsted, and on the 7th of March, in the same year, she writes: "My greatest wish is to deserve and keep Sophie's friendship, and to have her always near me as a comfort and support. This lies probably in the great domain of impossibility."

During these years my aunt's soul was stormed by ceaseless difficulties and many griefs. In the journal for 1832 she pours out her heart in the following beautiful prayer: "Father, grant me strength to bear all the pain that life

brings me. Give me power to renounce all my dearest wishes and hopes. Yes,—self-renunciation and pain have been all my life hitherto and must continue to be my life until I pass into the fairer land. There joy shall blossom even for me, there shall my yearning be stilled, there shall I find the love which here I have sought in vain and which yet beats so warmly in my own heart. Ah! forgive me, Father, if I make moan when I have so much to be thankful for, when above all I have the great joy of my life,—my child. But sometimes the overflowing heart must pour out its sorrow. To no one on earth but only to Thee, O my God and Father, do I flee for comfort. Grant me only to know that those I love and who are committed to my care are happy, and if my own love is neither understood nor returned let my heart remain loving.”

## EXTRACTS FROM 'JOURNAL'

I SHALL now give a series of extracts from the *Gedankenbücher* of the years 1832-1838, in order to show my aunt's development during the period between her twenty-second and twenty-eighth years. There was such a mass of material that it has been difficult to decide upon the selections best adapted to this purpose. For I could not permit myself to publish more of these pages than was absolutely necessary, though it was a sore trial to cast aside so much that was beautiful and inspiring.

In 1832 my aunt writes: "Without the inner life the outer would be unendurable. . . . How many comprehend each other? How many comprehend themselves? And alas! how few are capable at the same time of a great passion and of its mastery. Yes the heart must be capable of this ardent flame, but he in whom the flame burns must also be capable of controlling it. Passion must be held in the leash of reason that it may not run into mad extremes but be consecrated to the high and holy. The good, the ideal good, we may love with passion or better with enthusiasm. Thus do I love it. If only this life were not so unfruitful! If only I could prove my passion by my deeds! . . . I can love others who have the weaknesses I recognize in myself. In myself, however, I cannot tolerate them . . . Oh! if with one hot fight we could win the victory! Unimpeded freedom of soul! But alas! how can the spirit succeed with such feeble and imperfect instruments as we have become! And yet it must be possible, since things are as they are. Sometimes I think

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\* *Gedankenbücher*

that had even the feeble measure of insight which I have attained been helped by physical strength and favourable relationships a whole world would have been too small to satisfy the stress of my spirit in its yearning for self-expression.

"What might have been acquired had not my innate shyness again and again deprived me of so much . . . . How I have inwardly glowed and flamed! What was there which I did not feel it possible to achieve, before I knew the world, mankind and alas, myself and my own weakness! In and through myself I can never be satisfied; therein lies my weakness. A stronger nature to which I might have clung with infinite fullness of love could have raised me to the heights for which the energies of my soul aspire. But to be always alone; without support, without love, without any incitement save my own inner impulse, without the help of higher insight! By these lacks has my power been lamed, and the soaring flight in search of higher energy been checked . . . ."

1834. "I love the good wherever I find it. When I ask myself why I have had to suffer so much, why I have had to know sorrow in all its many shades and tints, I find that aside from my inborn depth of feeling, and particularly my inborn capacity for grief,—aside also from the occasions of sorrow which life has thrust upon me, I was predestined to anguish through my native yearning for the ideal. Even as a child I imagined ideal conditions of life. Thence the aspirations and the hopes to which followed such bitter disenchantment. This dissipation of my illusions was accompanied by a protest of feeling as strong as had I been worthy of the ungranted joys, and by a conviction that never upon earth should I attain, or behold attained that which I could call happiness.

"In these moments when I surveyed my condition and realized that the yearning for happiness (that of others as well as my own) was destined to remain unsatisfied, I wrestled

with anguish in its fullest power. I experienced a kind of joy in penetrating to its inmost depths; I exposed the most vulnerable spots in my heart to the darts of grief. I can conceive no agony greater than I have already experienced—save one only—the agony of losing my child . . . . Now I have more self-command, I no longer yield myself readily a prey to grief. He alone is blessed who blesses. Yet despite the thousand-fold experience that all finite and transitory joys deceive our hopes, and fail to correspond with our expectations we continue to seek them only to be deceived anew. The joy man dreams always exceeds the joy he possesses. Since our imagination thus paints all things fairer than they are we must be created to enjoy a higher type of blessedness. Of this blessedness our nature in its present state of development is not capable, but we shall hereafter conquer it. No aspiration of our souls can remain forever unfulfilled. Phantasy alone lends charms to finite joys and it does this by lifting them out of their finitude. What were this life,—this world,—without the life, the world of thought!”

1835. “Our endeavour is always to win peace of soul, yet we are always missing the direction in which it should be sought. This peace is only to be found in work, in the right and lawful employment of our powers. *To perform with strenuous endeavour the work for which one is created, this is rest.* Never should our spiritual powers be inactive, Yet how often we deceive ourselves and call inactivity longed for rest. Such rest is indolence of soul; its ground is often physical indolence and we should never tolerate it in ourselves. True rest can be only momentary during our earthly life. It follows accomplished work and consists in the survey of completed achievement. Rare are these moments of contentment. I believe they are particularly rare with me because, from of old, my insight outruns my power of deed.

Therefore contentment in its high sense comes to me only after incredible effort—and the renewed feeling of dissatisfaction can be stilled only by renewed spiritual exertion. Notwithstanding my solicitous effort (made with full conviction and power of will) imagination persists in painting for me a possible satisfaction;—not indeed a satisfaction of the heart (here I have made infinitely greater renunciation) but a satisfaction of intellectual needs. Gazing on the picture there surges within me a longing which under the conditions of my life can only be satisfied in infinitesimal degree,—and which even in the most favourable conditions could be satisfied only in part, for conventional life and all the prejudices which are incident thereto oppose a thousand obstacles. It is an unspeakable joy that these obstacles must fall away in the life which follows this—"Goodness is rest of soul."

On her twenty-sixth birthday, March 5th, 1836, my aunt wrote a retrospect of her life and made confession of the weaknesses which in her great modesty she claimed to observe in herself.

"Twenty-six years of my life lie behind me. The greater part of my life, so I hope. As I look backward upon the travelled path I find it brightened by few blossoms of earthly joy (of what to me would constitute real happiness there is a'most nothing). Instead of happiness there is nameless pain, unutterable sorrow, unceasing revolutions of the inner being. Passing out of my childhood I entered upon my life with infinite depth of feeling, with an inflammable imagination, with surging enthusiasm, with a mind yearning for complete unfolding yet not capacitated by education to meet its own organic needs and having no definite trend. Reason dominated by feeling and imagination wavered and reeled. It was guided indeed by a sensitive conscience but lacked all consciousness of a definite goal of endeavour. Thus with-

out clear insight into my destiny, without any reliable guide, with many faults of earthly nature (faults of soul I hope I never had); yearning for the fulfillment of overwrought expectations; craving satisfaction for my aspiration; demanding an adequate field for my alas! so poorly disciplined powers, I was delivered from dream to dream, each rose-coloured illusion being dispelled only to be succeeded by another. At the very entrance to life sorrow and pain confronted me, though their source was at first rather in my imagination than in my actual conditions. Still pain is pain be its source external or internal. To these sorrows of the soul followed bodily pain and illness which did not permit me to share in the joys of youth; forced me to renounce life with its wishes and hopes (and intensified the desire for death which had been born of childish griefs) into a consuming longing. O, how beautiful death seemed to me!—(How beautiful it seems yet.) . . . Awakened again into life I looked once more into the future, with as I believed a complete renunciation of my individual happiness, longing only to live and work for others. Laying my joyless youth upon the altar of sacrifice for the good, I would find in this sacrifice the fulfillment of my own hopes. Life offered to me a sphere of work. I entered upon it, but without the preparation which would have fitted me for its duties and without any true understanding of my fellow men. My hopes of personal happiness again emerged above the level of consciousness; I was full of pride in the feeling of personal power, which was not yet fully developed; I was excitable to the point of impatience and passion. Vanity too was mine, though perhaps not in its petty feminine form. Confident of my power I claimed too much for my own personality, demanded that everything should conform to my opinion. From these faults followed last of all, easily aroused discontent, too little meekness, pliancy and self-sur-

render,—a lack of full insight and of pure unadulterated longing for the good. To each sacrifice (even when made with resolution and conscious will) I joined too much sensitiveness and resentment. I had too much egotism and was irritable under censure. (This censure was indeed perhaps exaggerated.) I had also the spirit of contradiction and was obstinately tenacious of my own opinion. (This perhaps may have arisen in part from the lack of convincing advice.) In addition to these faults I was wanting in persistence, in resolution and effort,—was defective in worldly wisdom and power of deed. Doubtless too I had other faults which I do not know. When I came to understand my faults I was too much cast down and lost too much courage. On the other hand I ardently loved goodness, I tirelessly strove to develop and ennoble myself; I craved the privilege of doing useful work for others; I loved humanity;—was generous, capable of all that was good and great and had resolved to consecrate my life to my duties, and to accomplish much, very much. Such was I when I entered my sphere of activity. Unutterable sorrows fell to my lot; disappointments and deceptions which plunged me into hopelessness and momentary despair. Religious faith alone sustained me. I felt the full force of sorrow in the inmost depths of my soul—the abysses of feeling were stirred, a moral power began to develop which had formerly been wanting in me. I found strength to endure, but not until with passionate excitement I had fought and conquered my agony in a series of battles, each followed by that depression into which undue tension reacts, but from which I emerged with the new power born of higher, truer, insight. At last I recognized clearly the destiny of man; strove with illuminated consciousness for moral perfection; renounced all earthly happiness; wished to use this life only for the good and as a preparation for the higher life; was reconciled to my fate; learned sub-



mission and self surrender; attained some degree of gentleness; was able to freely pardon each personal affront;—learned to offer myself on the altar of duty, to value life lightly, to recognize and perform my obligations although alas very imperfectly! Now I hope I am moving forward with steady step upon the path of goodness, and dare no longer despair of attaining at least a certain degree of moral greatness—I dare to hope that I shall not live in vain though much stands in the way of my right and sure development—much particularly in the way of my intellectual unfolding. Of the great things I dreamed few will be accomplished. Not wholly wasted have been my twenty-six years but I have not become what I hoped nor what with my powers I might have become. I have begun to work for the good; God will give me power to continue working and with greater results. I have learned to know my God and Father better than of yore; I have recognized in gleams of light His overruling Providence,—have felt His love, His tenderness; have almost learned to love the sorrow which flows from His fatherly grace. I am content with my fate and welcome the pain, and in bearing it I hope to become good and pure. I am learning more true piety and greater modesty and have a clearer sense of my own imperfection. I have still infinitely much to learn. I know men and the world better than formerly, I have awakened from many illusions, given up many prejudices, gained more insight *i. e.*, a ray of light from the great sun. I have recognized suddenly as it were my own nothingness and become aware how little is attainable by human wisdom. Neither must I forget that I have had great joys and that great hopes and purposes have glowed within me though often they had no visible incarnation. The joys and sorrows of life spring not from events but from the kind and degree of feeling with which we meet events. The most blessed moments of my life have been those in

which I first felt mother-love for my child; those in which I believed myself truly loved; those in which I have been content with myself and have freely made great sacrifices for the good, and last of all the moment in which was fulfilled my longing to find a being who could understand me and become my friend. Of the other joys of life I have had little experience;—of the so-called joys of youth I know almost nothing. To abstain, refrain, renounce, has been my lot in life. With the free choice of enjoyment or renunciation I have often gladly embraced the latter.”

With regard to the various feelings above described my aunt expresses herself in other parts of her journal as follows:—

1836. Upon Sacrifice.

“O it is a heavenly joy this unreserved self-surrender to the good even when purchased by a thousand pains. It is blessedness, with bleeding heart, with hot flowing tears, to give all one has, all one is. Such sacrifice is what virtue demands.”

Upon Forgiveness.

“I must be thankful that I have received and still receive so many wounds. For if my heart has been torn by pain I have been granted the opportunity to pardon, and to go on loving when my self-love was trampled in the dust. Yes, I have been able, am able to do this. I have kept my word,—have held to the resolution I formed in early youth, to forgive those who took from me my all. I dare to hope there is no injury (I have already had the sharpest injuries) which could be inflicted upon me that I could not with my whole heart forgive in the very moment of its infliction. Even in such a moment I can still love. May the base and repulsive feeling of hatred remain forever unknown to me. To practice self-denial is to behold God. For this self-denial I shall continuously strive and I will practice it in those little things

where we are helped by no enthusiasm for the high and good."

With regard to the misunderstanding from which she often suffered my aunt expresses herself in the following very characteristic manner :

"It is unfortunate for me that in those too rare moments when genuine convictions are honestly discussed, the convictions of others so seldom coincide with my own. The cause of this disagreement is that I am entirely self-developed and my point of view self-attained. I have had no one to help me; and up to the present moment have lacked nearly all opportunity for the interchange of thought. A person developed in this way remains true to native individuality, but must I believe be one sided and suffer arrest upon a plane of development lower than that attained by those who have had the privileges of intellectual challenge and intellectual communion. O, to what a high plane of development I might have attained! Rarely do men in cordial interchange of thought defend their own views. Rather do they fight deadly duels. There is no one who would more gladly have learned through interchange than I. My soul thirsts for light, but it is impossible for me to surrender my individual vision or to accept blindly the dictum of another. At times indeed one gets to the point of believing one's nature different from what it is, and this imagined nature may be either better or worse than the real nature. Such a condition of mind however can only arise when everything in the environment is foreign to the nature, when nothing assimilates with the instinctive trend of impulses and intellect, when brilliant flashes of thought fall like sparks in the ashes of commonplace existence—and the miracle is that they are not wholly extinguished. Only through innate power can the person thus placed keep individuality inviolate. Shall I think myself mad, or at least eccentric as others think me when I have

allowed some thought to flash forth from the depths of my inner world? No, from this error I am protected by my clear reason. I trust this reason all the more because whenever I seek to draw from the eternal fountain of Light it declares to me how poor is my own nature how feeble is my own thought,—how infinitesimal is the truth which my spirit can really make its own. When I express the few insights which I recognize as true, when these valid insights are scoffed at as absurd and ridiculous by those who do not understand me,—then I keep despite of pain my holy enthusiasm for individuality. Then I am aware of my independence; then I feel no affront; then I know no pride. Rather am I possessed by a calm patience because I understand that it is natural that such men should scoff at me. Yet I feel no arrogant superiority; I am modest in the conscious possession of an inner treasure of which their disapprobation cannot rob me. It seems to me as if there were something in me which could console me for the disapprobation and misunderstanding of the whole world. And yet it surges in me; longs to communicate itself; longs to be felt and thought by others. The approbation of those who could not understand me is indifferent to me. Otherwise I like to satisfy every one (except the evil); to help every one and to serve where I can."

Do not these sentiments remind us of that ancestor whose story was told in the beginning of this biography? Are we not hearing an echo of his proud words uttered in the Bülow chapel, but translated now into the more sensitive feeling of a highly cultured rarely-gifted woman of the same race, in whom feminine shyness and modesty shine forth with such childlike grace and charm!

In 1836 my aunt writes further:—"He who *feels* much *thinks* much. Though the thought does not come immediately, it must and will unfold."

In another place she writes:—

"It is the pure and steady willing of the good which gives me self-respect, not the petty results achieved. To lead human souls to goodness! That is blessedness! Can there be a greater bliss than to bless men? Never! To serve the Creator by becoming the instrument of His work, to sacrifice self for this work, is to behold God."

With regard to the faults of the best men my aunt writes:

"Great and noble souls can only err when they are not conscious. Never can they be untrue to themselves save when the spirit momentarily loses the mastery. So soon as the soul again feels and recognizes itself, it is once more great and noble; is lifted high above passion, above defects of temperament. If in those moments of passion, wherein such a soul feels or acts contrary to the good, its earthly nature could be stripped off, the soul would shine resplendent in its purity. Good men have faults of temperament, defects of physical nature, but never faults of soul. The soul remains pure in its depths though the surface may be clouded. Wrestling with its antagonist it becomes all the purer because it grows stronger. Delivered from its antagonist, nothing longer enchains it, and it is free to soar towards the illuminated height of spirit. Death liberates us from evil and defect. Death makes us pure and free. Death is our deliverance. So long as our soul has its physical husk, it must in virtue of its own embodiment be surrounded by other bodies. Thus embodied it remains until it can become pure spirit. Nevertheless the body grows fairer, finer, more transparent. It becomes easier for the spirit to shine through its body, rule over its body. The more completely we subdue the body here upon earth, the more completely our spirit triumphs over matter, the finer and more translucent will be our wrappage in the state which follows, and nearer will our spirits stand to pure spiritual being and perfection. How many soever may be the deaths which we must die before

pure spirit is attained, then deaths must always be more beautiful, because with each new death the battle must be less strenuous, and the physical foe more easily overcome. Even the moment after our deliverance from this world must be divinely beautiful unless indeed it is disfigured by stains of earth. Unspeakable sorrow however must it be not to know one's self-identity! Alas! for those in whom the beautiful harmony has been disturbed through the mastery of matter! What a struggle awaits evil doers! What pain must weaklings endure before they can wash themselves clean from sins of soul. The sheath of such souls will be still strong and will often have to be torn in pieces. Where however the will has always rendered homage to the good, the weaknesses which remain after death must soon disappear for then nothing longer impedes the soul from becoming perfect in goodness. The escape *from* repeated deaths is our true reward; the condemnation *to* repeated deaths is our true punishment."

Beautiful Aphorisms:

"How happy are those who leave behind them on earth a worthy memorial of their pilgrimage!"

"Each spirit should stamp its signet upon the forms which have once surrounded it. The memorial of that state of being which we here leave behind us is the tie of memory which in future ages shall bind us to the earth as to the cradle of our infancy. The sweet pictures of infancy will entrance us even when we are perfected spirits, if our divine nature can behold in them the proof that even when bound by the fetters of earth it was not faithless to its celestial source. O! to leave behind me some slight memorial when I pass onwards to my heavenly home! This earth may have given me nameless pains—but she has left with me notwithstanding, many beautiful memories. Here for the first time the soul finds itself; here she begins her progress towards the

eternity which stretches in darkness before us all, and which is illuminated only by the light of that faith wherein lies the revelation of truth. Though the path may be dark and difficult, we touch the guiding hand of the all-loving Father. With this guidance we may move steadily on despite our blindness; until it is suddenly withdrawn and we find ourselves in the eternal light. Sweet is it in darkness to be guided by a loving hand. Through self-surrendering trust we gain more peace than if we could see with our own eyes. Guide me, thou loving hand, I will follow Thee through dark chasms, over steep mountains, across foaming streams for I know that Thou art leading me safely through the storm of life to the land of peace. The rougher the road here, the sweeter will be the rest there, and the greater will be our power of enjoying that blessedness, which demands of us that we deserve it and conquer it; which cannot be given which must be *won* by effort and by work."

On another page we read:

"All the rays of love stream from God and return to God as all heat proceeds from and returns to the sun. As the sun needs no single heat ray because he possesses them all, so God is independent of all love because He includes all love.

"Our thought unites us with God, our feeling guides us towards Him. In great sorrow and great joy we always call upon Him even without willing so to do. The strength for which we pray is developed in us through our confidence that it will be granted us. It cannot be given to us from without, it must therefore proceed from ourselves. Consequently it lies in us and is developed through faith in the succour of God. Without such support it could not develop. Strength is born of trust in strength."

With regard to activity my aunt writes:

"When for a time I have ceased to read I have the most new thoughts, and among them are some which I am not able

to grasp. Then I am filled with eager longing for help from without. But I get none, for rarely do men help each other with their inner light. Therefore is it that there is still so much darkness in the world."

With regard to the faith of woman and the vocation of woman my aunt expresses herself as follows in 1836:

"We women perish through excessive ardour of feeling, unless through an aroused spirit of investigation and a disciplined understanding we learn to see more clearly. Only by the power of insight can we oppose a dam to the torrent of impulse or give it a safe outlet. Only by means of insight can we divert our turbulent longing from this life to the higher life where sentiment is consecrated and the piety of the heart completed in a piety which includes feeling, thought and will. In such piety alone lies the strength of woman. It is the powerful support which enables the weak to defy danger while the strong who lack such support perish. The aim of woman's education should be to lead to a recognition of and dependence upon this support. To capacitate her for such recognition the strengthening of her mind is absolutely indispensable. And who needs this powerful support more than woman upon whom the petty details of life press most sorely; who is often delivered a helpless sacrifice into the power of cruel and evil men and who in her misery finds strength to be upright and faithful only through faith in the perfect guide and disposer of all events and all destinies? Shall the path to this fountain of consolation and strength be closed to her in order that she may (as most men desire) lose herself entirely in the petty material occupations of her so-called feminine vocation? Shall she permit her reason to sleep,—her feeling to be dragged to the ground, each flight of the spirit to be checked, in order to serve her lord and master? O how false it is to conceive this the vocation of woman! and what an ideal vocation it is when truly



conceived. The vocation of woman is the vocation of bliss-conferring Love. Love alone should be woman's life, woman's aspiration. But no one understands true love without deep feeling and deep feeling brings deep thought. And yet we are told we must not seek nourishment for our thought; we must starve the spirit whence alone loving service can proceed! No! not to man alone belongs the right to seek expansion of spirit! Still less should he claim it as his exclusive prerogative because his vocation is itself more broadening. Woman needs expansion just because her vocation demands of her such constant attention to an infinitude of petty details. This necessity of her vocation cuts her off from mental activity unless through illuminated love her spirit is able to ennoble homeliest services into instruments for highest ends. How shall the woman whose mind is not developed, and who is consequently not able to apprehend her life in its relationship to the future, fulfill with the requisite self-sacrifice her work of love? How shall she choose renunciation rather than enjoyment, submission rather than dominion? How shall she turn a smiling face to the beyond when bitter sorrows oppress her here; foster the human souls committed from the womb of nature to her care, and develop in them the divine humanity? How shall she accomplish all these ends, if she choose false means,—means which hinder rather than promote the purpose of her calling. Intellectual endeavour can be blamed only when instead of seeking to fill the whole soul with high enthusiasm for ideal good, woman is content to cram her finite understanding with dead knowledge. Dead knowledge must be made alive; it is a means only, not an end. Apprehended by the heart, seized upon by the total nature, it becomes alive. We women must make all things our own in and through feeling. Feeling uses all knowledge to do the works of love. Specific knowledge in its practical applications belongs to the woman of

man. The heart of woman is dried up by empty knowledge because the glow of emotion does not transfigure it. Woman's specific acquirements should be only means of attaining that development whence distils the dew of love, causing buds to burst into blossom in the garden of her activity. She who has capacity for such love will scorn no service however menial, no manual work however mechanical. Love scorns nothing. Love makes small things great, for love dwells in the spirit and the spirit is always great. Where shall man find the tenderness his strength craves unless the soul which is to complement his own is adequate thereto. To be capable of such tenderness the soul must mount to its greatest heights for tenderness belongs to the upper realm and is not found in the dust of the earth. Again where shall man find that warm affection which heals the wounds he receives in the fierce battle of life? Where shall he find force to help him bear the burdens of life, where shall he seek refreshment of soul, where the expression of guileless joy? Must he not find them in the soul which is companion to his own? Must not this soul be able to bring them forth out of its love, and that it may do this must not their seeds be nourished? O, only in the spirit may true love be found, love which gives all out of love for love. Only a voluntary subjection of the soul to its companion soul is worthy of the soul. Never should woman be a mechanical willess tool, tossed hither and thither by the waves of life, appropriated and used by each chance hand. This were a defilement of the august vocation of woman. Woman's love should be rooted not in weakness but in strength of soul. True love is *strong*. The soul of woman no less than the soul of man must be granted the highest development of which it is capable. To this development nature has given us a right equal to that of men. Let *us* have this culture and may men keep their masses of information and dead knowledge. Our

culture must however be true culture, must lead to the right end, must give us so far as possible a true view of the invisible, super-sensible world. Such a view of the invisible world will make woman faithful to her calling, will lead to the fulfillment of duty; will stir the spirit of love and self-renunciation; will confer that childlike trust which is the highest earthly blessing. How shall I thank Thee, my Father, who hast given me this childlike unquestioning trust which illuminates my inner world, which has never failed me,—which is ever deepening into clearer and stronger conviction. It is the one inalienable good. It is the one power which brings us content. Not for the whole world, would I have missed this faith, which is my highest, my holiest possession."

In 1837 we read the following beautiful words with regard to the nature of manhood:

"Manhood is clear to me and I seem perfectly to understand it though never yet has any man been truly bound to me in spirit. Once however I seemed to recognize the possibility of this relationship. A pure ideal of manhood glows in my soul. To this ideal I feel myself allied as the tiny candle is allied to the great sun. Infinite strength and self-reliance; noble ardour of feeling; heroic courage, endearing tenderness, reverent apprehension of the beautiful; willing self-surrender for the good; a resolute insistence upon the individual ego, a loving embrace of the whole human brotherhood. Such is in outline the image which dazzles my inward vision. Wherever I see the separate features of this ideal I love them;—love in them the stamp of that higher humanity which expresses itself most clearly in noble manhood. In accord with her nature woman must feel that she was created to blossom in the shadow of this noble tree, to cling to it with perfect love, and clinging climb to air and light. As the tree supports the vine, so the vine protects

the tree. In like manner woman may cling to and yet help man. Thus man and woman reciprocally complete each other. Lacking strength of its own the vine-stalk shaken by the wind must find strength or be destroyed. Separated from its natural support and seeking to hold itself upright, it loses its fairest blossoms. . . . That which we lack of being complete humanity we must attain. It can be attained only in and through perfect spiritual union. Never can it be developed by the isolated individual out of himself. Somewhere in the universe the goal for whose attainment we unite must be realized by each individual. During our earthly life we often lack insight to divine this goal. Were our vision once free to sweep through infinite space we should soon discover it. Then sympathy of aim would lead to trustworthy spiritual union. On earth sympathy too often misleads. Wherever we find it, we must cherish it as prophecy of and preparation for the eternal fidelity. In this life our loyalty is still somewhat capricious, yet even here we shall be loyal in so far as we choose the good. With clear recognition of the good loyalty becomes involuntary and indissoluble, as the covenant of truth all loyalty promotes goodness, even though it be loyalty to a phantom-idol, for it brings forth nobility and constancy and confers purity of soul."

On another occasion my aunt writes:

"The majority of men achieve a false self-dependence at the expense of feeling. Most women attain no self-dependence, because not distinguishing between mere sentimentality and spiritual emotion they are wanting in freedom of soul. Self-dependence is the highest freedom."

In 1837 we find a charming passage on the feelings of childhood:

"I still feel in me the child of my earliest years. Vainly does life seek to bury the gladsome elf beneath its cares. Out of their midst springs forth the child to see once more the

sun smiling as of yore ; to watch the clouds build fairy castles ; to hear the breezes whisper bliss ; to behold tree and plant changed into living companions,—to see all things breathing forth love and pressing forward towards the beating heart and into the arms which formerly hugged the rough trunks of the trees while loving eyes poured forth the dew of glad sweet tears. How divine is it to be a child ! Though life may submerge the child and the world of childhood, though it may efface the fair pictures of early years, silent hidden in its own depths the heart can still cherish the child. We may blush and smile at ourselves for cherishing this childhood, but both blush and smile are innocent and painless.”

With regard to youth she writes :

“ In the dawn of youth the spiritual ideal flashes into vision. Then it is either crushed and destroyed in the storm and stress of life or purified into a clearer light. That which in youth phantasy is mere *appearance* must come into actual *being*. The bud of youth is a prophecy of future blossoms and fruit. Rarely however do the latter fulfill what the former promised. Harmony enchants us in youth, because it is the manifestation of that which we should become. The ideals of youth have not true being for we have not yet been tried in battle. Because the spiritual nature has as yet asked no sacrifice of the carnal nature, we imagine that the latter is readily and gladly subservient to the former and wills the same deeds, whereas in truth the carnal nature is only obeying its own behests. Not until the moral law demands something against inclination can we recognize the strength of soul which overcomes natural propensity, leads us to the highest good, and is faithful to the ideal self. Through voluntary subjection we attain at last true harmony. Spirit rules freely when the battle has been won, and when in so far as is possible for human nature egotism has been repelled and the pain of sacrifice overcome. This conquered

harmony is the only true harmony. Untried youth gives us not its reality but only its image. . . . When our deeds fail to correspond with the inner ideal self the result is discord and pain. . . .”

And now I shall not withhold thoughts about love which in their sublime purity and beauty read like a holy anthem :

“ The noblest intoxication of life, the divine frenzy, unutterable blessedness, are found in love alone! Only pure love knows the flame of inspiration, the overflow and inundation of feeling, dissolution in a bliss and rapture so intense that they become pain. Pure love is lost in physical sensation and enjoyment. In pure love men are holy children who revere in their beloved ones the greatness, the goodness of the creator who formed them for blessedness. A supernatural glory irradiates earthly life, the spirit spreads its wings to soar to the heights. Embracing its beloved it embraces the whole world. Power to create the good stirs in the loving soul just as God through love created the world. A delicious fragrance intoxicates the spirit. The ideal self knows itself for the first time. In the holy and loved one we revere the spark of divinity in humanity, which only love fully awakens. Pure and holy, this love is elevated beyond the touch of earthly passion. She floats above the earth in ethereal space and the gate of heaven stands open to her. All her feeling, all her thought is a devout hymn which soars upward to the throne of the Godhead who therein reveals himself in all his majesty. A sacred life stirs in nature whose breath of love is now first understood. Man awakens to the full consciousness of his being; every fibre thrills with fullness and joy of life. Celestial melodies sing in the soul and celebrate the nobility, the divinity of man. Infinite pride inspires the spirit in the consciousness of the fullness and force of her love, yet with infinite humility she confesses herself unworthy of this crowning rapture. With childlike artlessness love

confides herself to life, little dreaming of the thousand dangers which (until their future eternal union) threaten to separate loving souls (unless they possess the talisman which protects and preserves true love). This talisman is adherence to eternal goodness, self-surrender to duty, obedience of finite man to the divine laws, and finally freedom of soul. Loving souls have no presentiment of this giant struggle of duty for which often their strength is not sufficient! Yet only through this conflict is constancy of pure love possible. When earthly barriers prevent a union in time and space, the spiritual love must separate itself from earthly passion in order to persist without sin. Then from the ashes of the heart will rise the phoenix of spiritual love, which capacitates for, and leads to, eternal blessedness. Men will become angels even upon earth, and death will bear them lovingly into the land of fulfillment.

"Women must love most, love best, and yet they are called weak!! Is love then not the greatest strength?"

Of her own stage of development in these years my aunt says:

"It is mainly through continuous self-sacrifice that I have attained my spiritual point of view."

"It is strange that although I have known no one whose spiritual state wholly resembled my own,—and who shared my innermost convictions with regard to the super-sensible,—and although I have never found my views thoroughly confirmed in books,—nevertheless they continually increase in strength in their own peculiar form. I could never abandon them, for in my inmost self I perceive them to be true and right. No doubt of them stirs in my soul, and forth from the chaos of feeling truth emerges more and more clearly.

"To attain wholeness of being each individual must be true to himself. In my feelings I remain true to my own nature. Granting that they depart from conventional standards, *for*

*me*, the path into which they lead is right, for it conducts me to the good, fortifies the peace of my soul, capacitates me for endurance, clarifies my inmost thought and assuages the passionate strife of emotion. He whom the creator permits to choose his own road must have received from that creator strength to reach the goal. Only he must not doubt his own strength, for to believe in one's strength is to possess it."

"I know many things as it were through inspiration."

"I often torment myself to be as temperate as others seem in order that I may be approved by them. But I cannot long persevere in this moderation, there is something in me which revolts against it."

"I stand upright—independent of men—nothing but my love to them binds me."

"The spirit can soar high above the boundary lines which separate the realm of necessity from the realm of freedom. Then is she herself free despite all bonds."

"I cannot truly believe what I do not feel. All that I believe, I feel with my whole heart."

"To be always humble towards God and towards men; to be always too proud for unworthy deeds—this shall be my motto."

I will complete these quotations from my aunt's journals with the following beautiful extracts:

"After all why do we weep? . . . A little while and all will be over. If we turn our gaze towards eternity what signifies this quickly passing time? If we conceive the Infinite Whole and the sublime destiny which shall be attained through our earthly existence what sorrows can merit inexhaustible tears? Our worthiest tears are shed for the sorrows of others. The truest sorrow for ourselves is sorrow for our own wrong-doing."

"The high and holy hours of this life will shine even more brightly in blissful remembrance when hereafter we celebrate



our reunion with our loved ones. Then first shall each fully recognize the other. Then will come the final consecration of what in this life has been lived truly, done nobly, felt devoutly,—then will pure love be recognized, conceived, and sanctified. Ineradicably they stamp themselves upon the soul, these beautiful, these supreme moments of earthly life in which our purest, our fairest selves, wakened by love, come forth into the light ! ”

And the woman who experienced, thought and wrote all these things was not thirty years old !

In the middle of the thirties, my aunt had a dreadful shock which she could never forget, and the remembrance of which still caused her pain many years later. Her husband was then in England with the Duke. Little Alfred was playing in the garden at Brunswick and by accident came too near one of the hounds with his spade. The infuriated dog jumped upon the child, and bit him in the cheek. In the first terrible alarm, they all thought the dog was mad, which fortunately was not the case ; but Alfred bore the scar on his right cheek all his life.

About forty years later, at a lecture at the “ Fröbel-stiftung ” in Dresden, on Fröbel’s : “ Mother and Cosset Songs ” (Mutter-und Koselieder), my aunt told us the story of a little boy bitten by a dog, and how a heroic courage was instilled into the child, who was beside himself with pain and terror, when his wound was sewn up and bandaged, by representing to him that he must be a brave soldier, and show courage ; and above all by telling him of the grief and anguish of his mother. The child held out with extraordinary courage. From love to his mother he showed no fear. My aunt’s voice broke whilst telling us this little story in her simple way—so marvellous—so fascinating and so touching. Nobody could ever forget it. We were all moved—but I felt that here the mother was speaking of her own child.

## LIFE AT SCHWÜLPER

### EDUCATION OF THE CHILDREN

**I**N the year 1840, my aunt's husband retired from his position as Upper Marshal in Brunswick, and the family went out to Schwülper for a year and a half. The house near the Augustthor was let, and afterwards sold. These times, in the quiet of the country, seemed very solitary to the young woman so accustomed to society. Her health had considerably suffered by all that had befallen her in the last years, for nothing indeed injures physical strength so much as grief and mental anxiety. Even at that time she used the new Homeopathic method of Hahnemann, as her mother had done. She remained true to Homeopathy till her death, and even in her old age she liked to relate the sayings of the well-known Brunswick Homeopath, Dr. Mühlenschein.

Gross Schwülper is situated in the Kingdom of Hannover, but very near the city of Brunswick. Close behind the village of Öelper, where Duke William erected a monument to his glorious father in memory of the battle of Öelper, lies the village of Wadenbüttel, where Hans Jürgen invented the spinning-wheel. This is where the Hannoverian frontier lies. Schwülper is situated on the banks of the Ocker. The little rivulet running between bulrushes looks quite harmless, but in spring it often causes great inundations. The landscape at first sight appears unattractive, but it is nevertheless not without charm, principally in late summer and

autumn, when large stretches of land are covered with heath, which delights the eye with its brilliant pink and violet tints. On the banks of the Ocker reed grass and willows alternate, and between the dark patches of fir-trees, corn-fields and meadows afford a pleasant aspect. Unhindered by overshadowing mountains, the sunlight can play freely over it all and over the characteristic red village-houses, with their blue-green doors and windows and the gardens with their cabbages and appletrees. Asparagus-fields, surrounded by brown cabbages are still to be seen, but not as many as near Brunswick, where they cover vast plains. Not very far from Schwülper, in the Lüneburger Heide lies Giffhorn. According to Görgys, Giffhorn was still in the thirty years war a strong fortress, due to its position in a flat, well-watered and marshy district, which formed, ages ago, a lake, and where the rivers Ylse and Atter join. Various ponds are the cause of many fogs. Tilly's well-known saying refers to this place when he was commanded to take Giffhorn, he said: "Let the ducks swim!" As a peculiarity of this northern district, it is mentioned that Giffhorn, at the time of a Duke Franz, 1525, possessed a vineyard on the sloping side of the town, the damp climate being much milder than on the other side, where the rough winds of the Lüneburger Heide sweep over the plain. Moreover it is said that in the ditches and canals of the Papenteich there are many vipers, against the bite of which olive oil is used as an antidote. Schwülper profits slightly from the milder climate of Giffhorn, and is fortunately spared the vipers.

At the end of the large peasant village lies the castle, in a park, which is separated from green meadows by the Ocker. The house is a large two-storied building, with a gable in the centre, and has something grand about it particularly in the inside. The large and high apartments have old chimney-places, reaching up to the ceiling, which are covered in

their whole length with white polished wood, with gilt rims, and old family portraits, as large as life,—some of them exquisitely painted, look down from above. The windows are old-fashioned with small panes of glass. A double staircase leads from the large high hall upstairs, and two marble statues stand on the landing. The ceiling of the staircase, as well as that of many of the rooms, is painted with oil paintings by the hands of the grateful French artists in the taste of those days when Schwülper, as many other German places, opened its hospitable gates to the French emigrants. The old Greek mythology is depicted here, part of it still in brilliant colours but other portions bearing marks of decay. The costly gobelins in some of the rooms are most beautiful and in one room the wall is hung with an embroidery by one of the former Baronesses in the tedious "petit-point" of by-gone ages. The cool rooms and the shady park made Schwülper very pleasant for the summer, but in the autumn and winter it is very cold. My aunt could later only think with shuddering of the winter there, particularly as no stoves helped the open fires at that time.

When the storm raged over the plain, and flocks of rooks swarmed in the high trees round the house, filling the air with their cawings, when the wind blew in the chimneys and rattled in rivalry with the mice, behind the loose wallhooping, and when snow stretched away as far as the eye could see, the young wife seemed to herself often as the bewitched Princess in the fairy-stories. But she loved Schwülper, and in later years she liked to be there for some weeks in the summer, and I have never seen her in any other place so heartily happy and contented as there, among her children and grandchildren. A beautiful and very long avenue of oaks was her work, a lasting remembrance of her creative spirit. The adjoining land with old oaks belonged to the peasants, but my aunt entreated her husband till he allowed

her to buy it, and to do with it what she liked, and now she made that beautiful avenue of giant trees by planting other oaks between them. It stretches far away, and, quite in the distance, the Ocker can be seen in its blue-green wreath of bulrushes.

There is no actual farming connected with the castle of Schwülper. This all belongs to Warxbüttel, the second estate. Schwülper lacks the gay busy life which farming always brings with it. It lies in majestic quiet, and only the large orchard and vegetable garden have to be looked after. It was my aunt's joy to make little presents of its rich produce, and even in my day the old people of the village remember how the old widows who had no gardens had been made happy so many times over with a little fruit or even with some vegetables. My aunt possessed the grace and the charming talent of giving; she had the ideal way of making her little presents with the purpose of affording pleasure in a manner which never wounded any sensitive feelings, shows itself so plainly and graciously, and which sometimes awakens in the recipient the feeling that he obliges the giver. She gave a charm and sanctification to the simplest and most unpretending gift, sometimes by a flower laid on it, sometimes by a loving word or by her kind smiles.

No other estates are near Schwülper, and there is no society. They are dependent on Brunswick for visits, and on friends or relatives staying at the house, and in the autumn and in the winter, large hunts take place, for Schwülper possesses large forests—unfortunately the very beautiful Hundsholz lies so far off that it can only be reached by carriage. Then there was a great deal to be done by the lady of the house, and the growing daughters did not mind helping in the arrangements. When the Duke of Brunswick came to hunt, he brought his own cook with him, and the ducal attendants made much more worry, as my aunt used to

say, than the guests themselves. The Duke's valet used to call out of the window, impatiently for his bouillon, even at ten o'clock in the morning. Frequently the supplies did not seem good enough to the cook, and when he dipped disrespectfully into the tub of fresh butter, placed there for his use, my aunt's old cook "die Osen" left the kitchen indignant.

Once, when the Duke was with them for a great hunt, my aunt escaped shortly before dinner to the village to look at a new altar-cloth in the church, presented by herself. She finds the church open, but hardly is she inside, when the sexton, having no idea of her presence, locks the church door and she is a prisoner. The dinner is at four o'clock and my aunt is not yet dressed. Darkness is already falling, and, from the tower above, it strikes half past three o'clock, and she hears the first carriages, returning from the hunt, dash through the village. With all her strength she knocks at the church door, she calls as loud as she can—all in vain. In the darkness, and even in the twilight, the people avoid the path across the cemetery which leads past the windows of the Marenholtz family-vault below the church. At last my aunt climbs up the steps to the choir and calls out of the window. A deadly fear comes over the old messenger-woman, who was just hurrying home from Brunswick and had taken the shorter way past the church. With difficulty, my aunt makes it clear to her, that she is not a ghost, but the Lady. Now the sexton is called, and, released from her captivity, she arrives at the gate of the court yard, just as the Duke pulled up before the porch. And whilst the gentlemen change their clothes, she hastens also to dress, and, with the ringing of the dinner bell she appears in the dining hall. My aunt often related this little history in later years, always laughing heartily over it.

Sometimes visitors came from the Marenholtz family. My

aunt had three sisters-in-law, stepsisters of her husband, Madame de Lauingen of Linden-Wendessen, Madame de Gadenstedt of Gadenstedt and Madame de Cramm-Semtleben, who all lived on their estates, and the brother-in-law, Theodor, who was also a step-brother of her husband's, and then in the Prussian service. One of the brothers-in-law seems to have been rather a pedant. When my aunt was with them the whole family had to appear simultaneously when the hour struck for dinner. At two o'clock, four doors opened, and in one doorway appeared the gentlemen; opposite to that door the lady of the house, at the right hand door the tutor with the boys, and at the left hand the governess with the daughters, and, with two or three steps, they had to gain their chairs and sit down "a tempo."

My aunt's mother-in-law (née Countess Hardenberg) was then Madame de Constant, and lived at Paris. In early years she had often visited Schwülper, and had even caused the rumour that the house was haunted. For in hot summer nights, she used to sit on the windowsill in her white flowing night-gown, and was seen over the fields and from afar. My aunt was always sorry only to have known this extraordinarily gifted woman through correspondence. She left behind her an interesting correspondence with Benjamin de Constant and Madame de Stäel. To her daughter-in-law she sent beautiful things from Paris, and my aunt mentioned the Parisian flowers which she gave her for the court festivities, coloured pinks and blue convolvulus. Many years later, when the mother-in-law had already met her sad death, my aunt recovered her fortune for the family. During her stay in Paris, she heard by accident of the fortune "without an owner" of the late Madame de Constant, and took steps immediately to secure it to the family.

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(Note :—I do not know to what particular circumstance it was due, that this had not been done before by the family lawyer in Hannover.)

Madame de Constant caught fire one evening sitting in front of the fire. A red hot coal fell on her white dressing-gown and was not noticed. In a minute she was in flames and before her footman, who was waiting in the ante-room, could hurry to her assistance, the lady, already advanced in years, was burnt so badly that she succumbed under her great suffering.

My aunt devoted much time to the education of the children. William and Gebhard were at school, but the three girls and Alfred were taught at home by private teachers. We can understand how my aunt, who took her duties so seriously, and who had already reflected and noticed so much during the education of her younger brothers and sisters, applied her thoughts now to the education of her children, and busied herself with the manner and mode of their instruction. Even then, the *one-sided education of the intellect was a thorn in her soul*, and later I have never heard her speak of it but with real aversion. If she complained about the endless instruction which Alfred received, she was answered that he must go through the course in the customary way, in order to be able to enter the Ritter academie at Lüneburg at the right time. But if, in later years, my aunt suffered so indescribably from the thought that the right bringing up, and the right instruction was not available for Alfred, she did herself a great injustice—for she had seen the defects, though the means for improvement were lacking to her then. Alfred was a difficult child to bring up with his tremendous vivacity, and his thoughts were occupied always with deeds, not with learning; so that his lively and wandering imagination could not be fettered by the dry mode of the instruction which his tutors meted out to him. As he had a good heart, he took great pains to fulfil his duty at my aunt's admonition. But in the long run, this iron subjection of his own nature to duty can not be de-



manded from a child, but the grown person must take care that the fulfilment of duties should be made possible to the child. In one of Alfred's plans of study, in his thirteenth year, we find him occupied nine to ten hours a day with lessons. Beyond that one hour remained for a walk and one for meals! Only one hour in the week was given to gymnastics; and this was the usual plan of instruction of that time. In addition to this, the poor boy was taught *alone*, without the impulse given by competition and ambition, which community in work with others affords. When my aunt was present at the lessons, she found Alfred in a room full of tobacco-smoke, quite exhausted, leaning over the table, with round shoulders, and chest pressed in, with limp arms, and heavy eyes which only lightened up when she procured him, by a commanding word, half an hour's fresh air. She then had to hear that she spoilt him, but nevertheless, with maternal severity, she kept him as well as the other children to the fulfilment of duty—often with a sad heart and against her own better judgment for their good—merely because she did not know how to help: and how should she?

When Alfred stayed at the sea-side or at Schwülper, whilst my aunt was visiting other baths even in the holidays, he had to work five hours a day, although more time was set apart for the gymnastics. My aunt gave him little books of injunctions, in which his attention was drawn to all his duties, with the admonition that he should read them every morning, so as to be reminded of them.

It is so touching to see, how she, in her love and maternal anxiety, thought of everything. She tells him to lace up his shoes properly, and to be dressed coolly in the heat of the day, and warmly in the evening, to be polite and obedient, to eat slowly, not to be violent, and not to forget to study regularly, and then the book concludes with the request, written in large letters: to write to Mama every day, to send the let-

ters to the post himself, and to have them ready rather on the day before. Directions are also given in case of illness. Thus I find one in the event of Pauline and Alfred getting the measles during my aunt's absence. Here also is everything thought of from the green shutters to the food. The advice is given not to have the bed near the door, to spare the eyes for fourteen days, not to wash at all before nine days, and the first days with warm water, and so on. I found letters of Alfred written in those years which show him a true child. He calls Mama "dearest little Mama," or "Kuckuk-mama," and signs himself: "Your gluttonous boy." To my aunt's sorrow, he appeared to have eaten almost abnormally in those years. He tells her of the hunts, and the whole letters breathe an atmosphere of passionate joy of life and liberty during the holidays. The hunt is the Alpha and Omega of all real country gentlemen, the most important matter which was spoken of with serious faces, where, as my aunt used to say later with a light shrug of the shoulders, "the circumstance whether some partridges, or deer, more or less were shot appears as important as if some great political events were at stake." This passion for the hunt was also born and bred in Alfred, and in his letters he communicates fervent wishes in this respect—often expressed in a rather commanding tone. The longing for Mama can still be seen in a very childlike and charming way. He still had his childlike ideals, and, when these appeared unfortunately, to have been laughed at on all sides, the mother's heart was seized with a deathly fear, lest these ideals, his most sacred and precious possession, should be taken away from him.

In the journal of 1843, my aunt writes:—

"Nothing is more injurious for youth than to ridicule its inborn tendency to idealize all objects and circumstances, and to prove that its ideals can never be practically realized. The

young must discover through experience what is impracticable in their ideals; never should we invade the holy realm of youthful dreams; never should we ridicule enthusiasm for the noble and beautiful, or profane it by calling it an unreal vision. For it is no unreal vision;—no, and never will become one, no matter how impossible may be its realization in this world. How base were man, without this glowing enthusiasm which seizes upon him in youth! He who in the period of soul-awakening feels no such enthusiasm for the ideal, makes no effort to actualize the fair vision, belongs to the baser order of humanity. Our age, given over to materialism and to barren understanding does all that it can to convince the young that enthusiasm is a useless and self-destroying fanaticism, or, on the other hand, turns it either into visionary or polluted channels thereby prostituting healthy sentiment into a sickly excitement which is really injurious and which interferes with all practical activity. True enthusiasm demands activity and all noble and great achievements spring from the fountain whence flows this sacred stream.”

Who can read these words without being reminded of what was in later years my aunt’s favourite motto in Fröbel’s Mother Play.

“Therefore disturb not the child in his sweet dream.” \*

The education of her daughters was as carefully ordered as Alfred’s. My aunt was often present at their lessons and every week signed the reports which were made upon each study hour.

For pleasure also careful provision was made. From the time of the French emigration a room in Schwülper had been fitted up as a theatre. Here upon a pretty little stage plays

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\* Motto to *The Little Boy and the Moon*.

were often acted. Pauline Marenholtz has a lively remembrance of a play called *The Ball Gown*, composed by my aunt for Sophie's birthday. My father, my aunt's brother (Frederick), won great applause in this play as a hermit in monk's attire, and when encored danced a ballet in this costume to the delight of all the spectators.

The Christmas festivities have already been described, in the letter from Frau Müller. "In weather which was always bad," relates my aunt, "I had to make the Christmas purchases in Brunswick. Once the coach was overturned when coming home on a dark night and all the Christmas presents were buried under snow in a deep ditch. The next morning they had to be dug out. Many however were found later in Spring when the snow had melted."

In 1841 my aunt's husband went to Celle to the Ständetag and the family passed the winter in this place. In this year my aunt's beloved father died at the age of sixty-nine years and was deeply mourned by her.

In 1841 my aunt's brother Albert (of whom she often said that he never gave the family a moment's anxiety) was married in Vienna (he was in the Austrian service) to Marie von Ratschitzburg who sprang from a family in Mähren. My aunt, her mother, Frederick and the youngest sister Adelheid all journeyed to Vienna to attend this wedding. In the memory of the then bride my aunt's mother is pictured as a woman already bent by illness and by the weight of sorrow, in her bearing inclining slightly to one side, but without a single white hair, and very kind and affectionate. Frederick she describes as a finished gallant, very sprightly and attractive; Adelheid as rather pale and delicate, and my aunt as full of youthful freshness and charm, and captivating in her liveliness and loveliness. My aunt herself told me that when she first entered the church, the janitress insisted upon conduct-

ing her into the sacristy because she took her for the bride, and would not believe that she had already been married eleven years.

On the 26th of August of the following year my aunt lost her dear mother. She died at Ems. My aunt was with her and she passed away in the arms of her favourite son Frederick.

## LIFE IN DRESDEN

### FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES

**I**N the winter of 1840 my aunt for the first time visited Dresden with her whole family. The two elder daughters, Sophie and Pauline were confirmed at Easter in the Frauen Kirche by Pastor Käufer. They still continued to receive a certain amount of instruction. The family occupied a house in Moritz Strasse which was at that time a very aristocratic part of the city. The rooms were large and high, but rather gloomy. My aunt showed me the house later. When I saw it there was a carved head over the entrance door. The number of the house I have forgotten.

During this winter in Dresden my aunt enjoyed that intellectual stimulus which she had so sadly missed in little Brunswick. She met many old friends, among others the family von der Decken who had assembled around them a charming social circle. She also made new friends among whom were Miss Elizabeth Atcherley who later became Countess Krockow-Wickerode and to whom my aunt remained affectionately attached until the death of that lady. Another friendship formed during this winter in Dresden was with Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn, who was at this time at the height of her literary career and had not yet begun to use her talents in the interest of Romanism. The Countess dedicated to my aunt her novel "Two Women." The dedication is in the following words:—

"When from time to time I look up from my thinking and

writing and gaze about me in the great world—from a multitude of beings some unknown, some friendly, one image stands out distinct and vivid. It turns to me a thoughtful glance; it beckons to me with friendly hand, it seems to say to me: Yes, I understand thee. Write and still write, in your writing I rejoice. While writing this book it was your image dear Bertha which I saw when raising my eyes I looked away from the inner towards the outer world. Under this constellation was my book born. Therefore I would fain have your name shine over it like a star forever. With what love I here inscribe it, you can never divine, though all other things you understand so readily.”

In later years my aunt ceased “to understand” Countess Hahn-Hahn and their friendship gradually died as must all friendships between souls who can no longer find each other. But in 1841, during the time of her sojourn in Dresden, Countess Hahn-Hahn wrote in my aunt’s journal the following words:—

“There are human beings, though very rare ones, who seem to me to stand as by accident upon the earth. It would seem just as natural did they float in the air. When sorrow comes to them I observe that their wings only expand.”

Further on she continues:—

“It is frightful to sin against the feelings of a woman for therein the wanton offender kills her God.”

I cannot forbear the reflection how great must have been the violence done this woman’s heart.

In 1843, two years after her sojourn in Dresden, my aunt wrote of Countess Hahn-Hahn in her journal as follows:—

“There are things which must only be uttered under the influence of loftiest passion but which when thus expressed do not shock the most sensitive delicacy because from the eminence on which the spirit stands nothing paltry is visible. Thus it happens that passions of this lofty kind, permit the

expression of facts which uttered from another point of view would indicate coarseness and lack of delicacy. . . . Hence it is that so many artistic products are condemned as vulgar when judged from a base point of view, whereas they were conceived by the artist on that sublime height whence to the pure all things are pure. These remarks apply in part to the works of Hahn-Hahn and the false judgment of them arises from the indicated reasons."

Even in later years after she had long severed her intimacy with the Countess my aunt could never hear her name without lively interest.

Ida Hahn-Hahn was an extraordinary woman and had exceptional talent. During the period of her literary bloom her novels were greatly admired by the higher classes of society. Later she became a convert to Catholicism and until the middle of her eightieth year lived in a cloister in Mainz. Her novels became instruments of Catholic propaganda. She thus drew upon herself the hatred of the Protestant church, which sharply attacked her and her books. During the closing years of her life a foreign influence is frequently traceable in her writings. Her father was the well-known Count Hahn, whose passion for the theatre developed into a positive mania. He travelled as theatrical manager with his troop, from place to place throughout the country. In early youth Countess Ida was married to her cousin Count Hahn-Basedow. The union was soon dissolved and she was never re-married.

Apropos of authors I will quote here from my aunt's journal (*Gedankenbücher*) a fine and characteristic judgment of George Sand:—

"The spider carries in itself the pattern of its web, since it forms the web according to its own indwelling laws. In like manner mankind bears within it all future conditions and the forms of all human development. In the most exalted



spirits,—the true seers—there dawns upon consciousness a vision of the new world which is ready to be born. At the same time there lies in them (indeed in all humanity) a presentiment of a future state after this life. Hence it is possible to confuse the future of this world with the future of the next and thus obliterate the clear outlines of each. This appears to be the case with George Sand in whose mind the pictures of the terrestrial and the celestial futures seem to blend and whose expectations therefore exceed the limits of what is at present attainable. The present however undoubtedly bears within itself the germs of what it is seeking to realize.”

My aunt's journal also contains the following appreciative judgment of Rahel Lewin (Varnhagen von Ense):—

“Rahel is an inexhaustible mine of thought for those who are able to orient themselves therein, but to those who are not initiated into the mysteries of deep thought and feeling she is only a tangle of heterogeneous ideas mixed with folly and extravagance. . . . This latter aspect of her personality I know only through the criticisms of others. I myself should never have discovered it and should have supposed it impossible that pure transparency could appear opaque.”

In Dresden my aunt became acquainted with many artists, among others with Radens Allé the painter of many celebrated pictures of lions. She also met the interesting Ashantee Prince,—the ebony African with glowing eyes and melancholy features—who plunged into the culture of Europe in order as he himself said “to buy delight with life” “for should I” (he explained), “return to my home, my people who cannot tolerate anything foreign, would kill me.”

Two portraits of my aunt were taken at this time. The first was drawn in 1841. It represents her in a gown cut low in the neck, and with a lace band. Her face is lovely in its frame of silken hair and her eyes have an introspective

expression, which is pensive indeed almost sad. The second portrait is a miniature painted in Dresden. It represents my aunt with roses and with a dark veil over her long curls. Her expression is even sadder than in the other picture. When in after years some one inconsiderately asked in my presence why she looked so melancholy in this picture. My aunt, raising her eyes sadly, replied: "At the time that picture was painted I had just lived through a very sorrowful experience." Then she turned silently aside.

Very rich in intellectual enjoyments was this first sojourn in Dresden, and ever after this time my aunt cherished an affectionate remembrance of the city.

In the journals for 1841 we find an outcome of her Dresden experiences in thoughts on Poetry and Art:—

"Poetry belongs to the leisure hours of life. When we have performed our practical duties, done our day's work, then the spirit needs activity and refreshment. Such activity and refreshment it wins through retracing the spiritual development of other minds, through appropriation of their knowledge, culture and insight, through reflection and the evolution of original ideas and thoughts; through portrayal of the pictures of phantasy; through comparison and synthesis; in a word through the flight of thought into that celestial world which is found in the heart of man. Refreshment comes to us also at times in blissful dreams and reveries, but these must be the dreams of a strong and healthy soul and must never degenerate into sentimentality which poisons all pure feeling. All thought, all reveries, all dreams should make the spirit clearer, the heart firmer, the feelings purer. They should not unfit but capacitate for practical work. They should elevate moral force and make it more capable of all good. Poetry must not distort, but idealize the actual. Poetry without practical work is a useless dreaming away of life without fulfillment of the serious destiny of man and can

never lead us to our ideal goal,—the goal of true and total humanity.

The inspiration and enchantment which create art and which through art work so powerfully upon the soul arise from an immediate quickening of the divine element in man. The exaltation of the spirit through art is as beautiful, as sublime, as devout as its exaltation through religion. The rapture which bears the soul to heaven and makes it conscious of its divine origin is the same whatever may be the means through which it is aroused."

"Only in nature and in art do we breathe freely. In nature we find God. Art, music, poetry teach us to find and understand ourselves; teach us that flight to the above and beyond in which once more we feel a prescient sense of the divine and rejoice in its nearness. Art also discovers to us our own creative power and declares our descent from the supreme Creator."

## COURT LIFE IN HANNOVER

### MORE EXTRACTS FROM DIARY

**I**N 1842 we find my aunt in Hannover where from this time Uncle Marenholtz had his winter residence. At first the family occupied a house in Wall-Strasse but later they moved into their own beautiful residence No. 19 Lange Laube. The King of Hannover appointed my aunt's husband to the Privy Council.

And now again the whirlpool of aristocratic society surged around my aunt. Her two elder daughters who were exceedingly pretty were presented at court. The old King Ernst August distinguished my aunt by his attentions and both the King and the Crown Prince greatly enjoyed her conversation. Nor was it only her powers of giving intellectual entertainment which they so highly appreciated. They honored my aunt and on many occasions expressed their high regard.

A sister-in-law of my aunt's writes as follows of this period of her life:—

“ We spent fourteen days in Hannover with Bertha. She had a magnificent residence. Her daughters were still unmarried. Alfred was between nine and eleven years of age. He had a great scar on his cheek which had been torn by a dog. He was at the ‘silly age.’ He always took tea with us and Bertha often said to him: ‘Alfred don't lounge about so.’ The word struck me for in our part of the country we use a different expression. Marenholtz was doubt-

less very amiable, but to me he seemed a little pedantic. We saw him seldom. We received many invitations and Bertha went to many soirées with my husband. I stayed much at home. The King and also the blind crown prince were always demanding Bertha's presence. Wherever the old King was there Bertha had to be also."

This incessant social demand was often a trial to my aunt. By the order of the old King, the drawing-rooms were kept oppressively hot and a very rigid etiquette was prescribed. Ladies were never permitted to appear without the high head dress of three plumes customary at the English court. Often my aunt would be moving around the room in lively unconcern and engaged in eager conversation up to the moment when the King was expected to enter and often she was anxiously called upon by the master of ceremonies to return to her place among the "Excellencies."

During this period of her life my aunt formed the acquaintance of many interesting personages. Princes and nobles of all lands visited her house and danced at her balls. Among them was the Grand Duke Constantin who lost his diamonds during a dance and thereupon fell into a raging passion. The Arch-duchess drew my aunt into the dressing-room where she detained her with an easy chit-chat, while *she* sat as it were on coals knowing that she had been withdrawn for an unseemly time from her duties as hostess. Another acquaintance of this period was Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale. Many a little song she sang for my aunt with her sweet voice in the drawing-room of Langen-Laube. Many years later in Florence Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt showed me a simple little bracelet set with turquoise which my aunt had given her and said in her brusque manner but with moist eyes: "This has always been my dearest keepsake, because *she* gave it to me." One of her best friends of that time was Madame de Scripicin (née von

Schulte). On account of her feeble health my aunt had already begun to withdraw so far as possible from society and often excused herself from court. Her husband became the chaperon of his daughters and went with them to most large entertainments. The daughters were obliged also to assume their share of duty in conducting the house. Many sad events moved my aunt's soul at this period. In 1845 she lost her youngest sister Adelheid canoness of a chapter at Steterburg. After pining away for a long time she died in my aunt's house at the age of twenty-six. In the year 1846 the eldest brother Hermann died in Braunschweig. During the building of the new castle while stepping backward, he fell from the high scaffolding and died from the consequences of this fall. My aunt was with him at the last. Her brothers and sisters were now widely scattered over the world or had been carried off by premature death. Of those still living Emma was in France, Frederick in Mecklenburg, Albert in Austria (at one time near the Hungarian boundary at another in Italy, at another in Poland), and the youngest brother Bernard in Australia. The last named was always my aunt's great and loving care. He was a gifted child, but did not receive in his home a wise nurture. In the educational institution to which he was sent he fell into the company of frivolous young men. He was also greatly hindered in his studies by an incipient deafness. In his youth he was forestry-referee in Blankenburg but soon after this he left Germany, went to America, returned home and finally settled in Australia where he devoted himself with energy and persistence to sheep farming upon his extensive estates. From Australia he wrote touching letters to my aunt, letters replete with love and longing for home. He also sent her charming poems. He made a large fortune and with the intention of returning to Germany, the land of his longing, deposited his capital in an English bank which failed while he was

on his voyage. Broken in spirit, weary of life and almost stone-deaf he arrived at his sister Emma's home castle Cheniers in France. From this time he lived with her. In the summer of 1889 he died from the consequences of an unfortunate fall. My aunt often said to me with deep sadness: "He was by nature an attractive and gifted man,—had a fine talent for poetry and a wonderful gift for wood carving. Because of a false education he lived a solitary, unhappy, abortive life."

My aunt visited in Mecklenburg her brother Frederick to whom she was particularly attached. He married Henrietta von Heise Rotenburg and thereafter lived at Stein-hagen. In later years I used to make my aunt tell me again and again about this visit to the home of my birth. She was accompanied by her husband and his two elder daughters and hospitably received at the country seat of Frederick's father-in-law. Vollsrathruhe is situated in a most beautiful region, the so-called Mecklenburg Switzerland. In describing her visit my aunt said:—

"We lived in riot and feasting; and every day were in lively intercourse with the neighbouring castles and country-seats. Twice we visited the Hahn's in Basedow. Count Hahn-Basedow made quite a stir in Mecklenburg at one time, first through his immense wealth (he was lord of one hundred estates), second through his beautiful proud wife, née Countess Schlippenbach, and third through his so-called 'cabinet order' which he promulgated for all his 'subjects'; these unhappy subjects had to say 'good morning my lord' in dress coats, white tie and gloves; this soon went the round of the theatres as a very good joke.

"The Countess treated me affectionately. I had taken no mantle with me, so the maid was told to lead me to a room where in many closets all kinds of cloaks and mantles hung side by side as in a mantuamaker's establishment. I was ex-

pected to be greatly impressed. Often we visited the charming Countess Bassewitz in Burg Schliez. Sophie and Pauline were blissful in the midst of all these kind and friendly people and in raptures over so much that was novel, beautiful and stately. The gentlemen always appeared at dinner in dress-coats, the ladies in full toilette as is customary in England. The girls enjoyed running about in the barns and admired the fine cattle, the peacocks, the turkeys and the ducks. They haunted the rooms where fruit was laid up and devoured 'Grafensteiner apples' (a delicacy of the north) the fragrant odour of which was wafted through the whole immense residence of Vollsrahsruhe. In general we could never make way with all the good things given us to eat." At this remembrance my aunt always laughed heartily.

In the fall of 1846 came the trying moment in which my aunt was forced to allow Alfred to go out of her arms and her sight. He was sent to the Ritterakademie at Lüneburg where the Hannoverian young noblemen received their education. He was a lad of fourteen years, tall and slight, mentally aroused, physically already rather delicate, and still retained the volatile spirits of childhood. His first letters are very artless and breathe a childlike longing for his mamma. My aunt sent him from her with overweening anxiety. Her state of mind is shown in a letter which she wrote to the head master of the school. This letter breathes her great love, but also indicates that her judgment of Alfred was rather too severe than too mild. This judgment savouring of harshness is explained by her circumstances. Her husband like so many other men appears to have had no comprehension of the needs of childhood and youth. The atmosphere he created was, as has been already mentioned, a frigid one. He did not understand Alfred's nature. In a different kind of family Alfred might have developed more satisfactorily than under the rigour and pedantry of the Marenholtz home

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where his wild spirits, his impetuosity and excitability were apparently too severely judged.

My aunt writes:—

“ Alfred was endowed by nature with very good qualities of heart and mind. In his early childhood he gave promise of achieving great things and justified many hopes which however have as yet unhappily not ripened to such fulfillment as his age warrants us to expect. His is one of those intense and passionate natures which go to evil or to good extremes according to the incentives brought to bear upon them and which must fight many battles before their hostile elements are subdued, and they attain a substantial, independent development. Levity and fickleness particularly stand in the way of his favourable development, and turn the scale in favour of a life turned to realities—during his youth. In general he will probably develop very gradually, because there is in him so much raw material to be wrought over. He has always been more easily led through gentleness and kindness, through reason and conviction, than through force. To the latter he opposes the greatest obstinacy. He is seldom willing to do good blindly; he wishes to know why it is good; he insists upon understanding the reason of things. For such understanding he lacks not capacity but self-command. At present he has an ungovernable feeling of freedom and independence which resists all pressure and very often opposes law and order. He is lacking entirely in punctuality and in any kind of order. His extreme levity has thus far baffled all efforts to hold him to these virtues. To all injustice he opposes himself with force, and will endure none of it, but in his opposition he has always manifested an impartial spirit together with a sound reason and a well balanced judgment. In his childhood he proved himself to have warm and deep feeling, a clear understanding and capacity for great will power. Since entering the critical

period when childhood passes into youth, the strife between the better and the worse has assumed a glaring form and too often the latter gets the upper hand, without, however, it is to be hoped, destroying the hidden germ of good. Since this period his will power seems to have diminished, and he has less tenderness and liveliness of feeling. Of his touching childlike simplicity he retains few traces, though he continues very childish, particularly in his shocking rudeness which, from time to time, even degenerates into unbridled lawlessness. Through this lawlessness his easily aroused impetuosity is increased and he falls into many faults he might otherwise avoid. Of late years these faults have brought upon him many punishments, which reacting upon his character have made him somewhat cross and spiteful. As the nobility which really lies at the ground of his nature is now much suppressed by his levity and lawlessness, it follows that his conscientiousness which in earlier years was great, has likewise diminished. His moral weakness, is increased by his physical constitution, for his excitable nerves betray him into many things he ought not to do, as for example, falling into excessive rage. Through rapid growth his body has been weakened. Indeed he has never been strong and has needed much care, and particularly a restraint in diet, his natural tendency being to indulge himself."

To this letter follows in parenthesis a prayer to look upon the boy in every way, as he does not know how to take care of himself, and an account of his physical condition, which speaks of "great physical indolence and a mental effort out of proportion to physical development," and adds, "that the imperfect balance of his powers makes him morbidly self-conscious and reserved."

In another passage my aunt continues:

"A guidance which is intelligent devout and paternally kind is indispensable to him, and must be accompanied with

strict watchfulness. If he is treated kindly, and if then his first wrong act receives the customary penalty it will have an excellent effect in arousing his own watchfulness." She desires for him the companionship of other boys. She believes that there is in Alfred a mass of material needing to be wrought over. She says that the education he has received from his tutor leaves much to be desired. In a word it is evident from the tone of the whole letter that Alfred was a gifted child, full to overflowing of life and will power, —(that he was sensitive despite the rudeness mentioned) that he was frank and truthful; that he was capable of independent thought, and that had he had a different education, and particularly had he been associated with other children and had his physical and intellectual development been better balanced, he would have been a very different boy at fourteen years of age from what he actually was. The reports of the Director of the Ritter Akademie for the first year, which my aunt treasured with motherly satisfaction, were favourable alike with regard to study, to conduct and to order, and the boy's remarkable memory was mentioned with praise. The zest for learning seems to have increased and remitted with Alfred's health, which after awhile began visibly to fail. In his letters there begins to be evident about the end of the year 1847 a certain nervous vehemence (which may have been increased by certain unfortunate family events and relationships), and a thirst for enjoyment is revealed which from time to time is morbid in degree. His wishes are not expressed in their former inoffensive manner. As early as 1846, whenever his mind was completely occupied with any one idea, his desire was vehemently urged. He wished, for example, to make a pedestrian tour from Lüneburg to Schwülper, but his father thought the exertion too great for him. Thereupon he wrote most appealingly to his mamma, conjuring, almost

commanding her to make clear to his father the fitness of his desire! He had anticipated all her objections and answered them very clearly and cleverly. Finally he rejected all comfort with the words: "To say to me next time you may go on foot is no consolation to me." In 1847 begins the troublesome question of pocket money. He generally limits himself to asking for the modest sum of two thalers. From time to time he says he will repay it, but the desire for money twists itself now like a long black thread through all his letters. Their childlike unaffectedness vanished, and their tone becomes vehement and sarcastic, though deep tenderness for mother and home continues ever and anon to shine brightly forth and the heart still triumphs over the vagrant mind.

## MORE EXTRACTS FROM THE GEDANKENBÜCHER

**I**T is most interesting in the journals between the years 1839-1847 to observe the spiritual and intellectual fruition of my aunt's powers. I will cite some of her ideas with regard to the duties, the rights and the culture of women, will add some significant thoughts on philosophy and conclude by giving her own judgment with regard to her then attained state of development.

1838. "Upon emancipation. Woman may obtain independence of mind and also an independent moral point of view, but not the independence of a man of the world over against practical life. Against such practical independence feminine sensibility bars the way. It would be too much wounded. Moreover social and civil relations and the instinctive feminine point of view also oppose such independence. The independence of woman cannot consist in leaving her own sphere and forsaking the path which nature has traced for her. The truer she is to nature in every respect, the higher may she ascend intellectually;—whatever is contrary to nature is either a by-path, or a roundabout road to the ideal goal of life. Since woman is farther removed from the world than man and less influenced by its prejudices it is easier for her than for him to retain an instinctive view of spiritual truths and thus to preserve her pure freedom of soul. If she is capable of sifting her thoughts and does not yield herself blindly to external impressions she will be less subservient to the opinion of the hour than man who

from early youth receives his impressions directly from objects and events, while woman receives hers indirectly through him and consequently in a less compelling form. As her sphere of activity is narrower than that of man it is easier for her than for him to make a total survey, and as her nearest interests are not so directly connected with and influenced by what goes on in the great mart of life, it is easier for her to judge dispassionately and impartially of the questions of the hour. Out of her instinctive point of view she may easily develop a rational judgment, if she loyally recognizes in this point of view the essence of all that is most vital and therefore subordinates and refers to it all minor considerations. Through such a procedure she may attain to independence of judgment, without departing for an instant from her womanly sphere. So too she may achieve strength of character without surrendering delicacy of feeling or becoming masculine. Her strength lies precisely in her moral emotions, in the piety by which her whole soul is penetrated. From this source flows the active energy which through the recoil of deed becomes strength of character. Never should the education of woman be masculine; her culture should, however, be such that the thoughts of men and women might blend, and each through the other attain to equal height in their respective spheres. And if in the sphere of woman these are impediments in the road to intellectual eminence, there is compensation for this in the fact that her path to the highest goal is more level than that of man, because it is a more natural and direct path and avoids a thousand by-ways into which man is forced by the exigencies of practical life, and the demands of his sphere of work. Only through the right degree of true culture can woman become womanly in the true sense of this word; only by a development conformed to nature can she be prepared to fulfill her mission."

Who does not hear in these words the voice of Fröbel? Yet this was eleven years before my aunt came to know Fröbel.

1839. "Woman and her education. Women must be more developed mentally if they aspire to take possession of a higher place in human society to realize their divinely appointed destiny as educators of the human race, and to live not in a degrading but a legitimate state of dependence. But to women educated to accept this point of view and to fulfill their divine destiny there are on earth no corresponding men! Not until men relinquish their ancient prejudices and voluntarily concede to woman the position which is hers by right divine and wherein alone she can work fruitfully and beneficently can the highly developed woman fill and bless her sphere. Then man, if he had become what he ought to be, would really find in marriage the happiness of which he dreamed. Then too he would first attain his highest possible completeness through a wiser nurture of his infancy, and through the beneficent influence of the delicate feelings of woman. The mastery to which man is called by nature would then be one productive of blessing, for it would be free from injustice and mere force. Then at last might there be truly happy unions. That the thought of attaining their ends through mere force should not cause noble men to blush with shame would be incredible, were it not that habit and ancient prejudice had blunted their perceptions. By a woman conscious of her own honour love will be freely given, and a due submission freely yielded. Only such voluntary subordination is worthy of her dignity.

"In all those critical questions which require a high sense of the universal, the decision should rest with man."

As early as 1840 my aunt writes:

"There should be open to unmarried women all such offices as Superintendent of Public Charities, Poor Houses,

Hospitals, female houses of Correction. Many other institutions for the benefit of humanity should also be founded, as for example, schools for the training of persons wishing to enter domestic service, schools for preparing governesses and teachers. In all these schools the poor should have free scholarships. In such establishments there would be many positions which could be filled by unmarried women from all grades of social life, and which emancipating them from their present subservient, useless and despised condition would give them an honourable place in civil society."

"Nothing is more base and contemptible than that petty feminine desire to please, whose final object is—to win a husband. Yet it is more natural because so seldom found out, and because the position of the unmarried woman is so unsatisfactory, and her circle of activity so limited. It is for these reasons that woman often forgets her dignity, flatters the prejudices of man, bows in apparent humility to his sovereign yoke and shows a slavish subordination. The majority of women are themselves responsible for the fact that their lot is not better, and that their dignity and true womanly pride are not more respected.

"Women must cease to look upon love in one special form as their only duty and destiny, and their sole source of happiness. They must become less one-sided, must expand themselves, must grasp the universal, and through such grasp must learn to apprehend love *in its universal* sense as their chief end in life, and as the inspiration of all their activity. They must think more of how their own love, their pure spiritual love—may rule and work, than of the special love they wish to inspire. So doing they will suffer less in and through love in its restricted sense. For the time is short in which they can enjoy the so-called happiness of love, but the working of their own (universal) love should continue throughout life." . . . .



1847. "The sole true and righteous emancipation of women must break its own path. It consists in the restoration (or establishment) of their original human rights, in the expansion of their womanly work, in the recognition of their effective power in the intellectual sphere, in the conquest of a higher moral purity, and in the reverence for and protection of this fairest blossom of life and love.

"With the conditions under which marriages are at present contracted, and with the views too generally entertained about marriage, this mysterious union loses the holy mystery which should make it the sanctuary of humanity, sealed by an oath which despite all attacks would insure its perpetuity, since perjury is justly reckoned the worst of sins. For such a bond, however, men are not yet morally capacitated. Marriage, as conceived by a pure heart,—the marriage of souls—is not possible on this very imperfect earth, and secret infidelity to the marriage bond is too common. Therefore the present need is to discover laws which tend to prevent unfaithful marriage but do not presuppose the ideal marriage. As things are now they cannot remain. Our mock marriages must cease unless all true happiness, particularly the happiness of women, is to be wrecked. The necessary changes are attainable only by a higher morality, and if men are still so unenlightened and undeveloped as to be incapable of voluntary surrender to the moral imperative they must be constrained thereto by legal enactment. Greater independence and self-reliance in the lot of women is indispensable to the elevation of marriage, for only where moral rights are equal, where justice reigns, can harmony and order be found. The position to which nature assigns woman would remain the same, and in many respects would be a subordinate one. The natural tendency of woman is to accommodate herself to others, to seek protection, to subordinate herself to strength. There is therefore no cause to fear a misuse of her

freedom. It must, however, be moral strength to which she submits herself, and no mere brute force must be suffered to usurp its place.

"The emancipation of woman is justified by the highest considerations, since aside from its specific bearing upon woman herself, it is the indispensable condition of a true humanity." . . . .

Here follow some striking, profound, and in their conception and expression, very coercive and beautiful thoughts upon religion and philosophy:

1847. "All that we ever accomplish which is truly beautiful, great and good, springs from the spark of divinity in the soul. This divine spark is God in us. Hence orthodoxy truly affirms that all good is the result of the grace of God working in us. Evil proceeds from man, that is from the sensuous self which subordinates and crushes the God in man. To strive against this sensuous or carnal man in order that the God in us may freely assert His presence, is the merit of virtue. It inheres in the divine nature of man which of itself would never be or do anything contrary to virtue. Our feeling is two-fold and changes according as the divine man or the carnal man is uppermost in us. Hence, perhaps, arises the fact that some thinkers, considering the carnal nature exclusively, set all men down as merely miserable sinners, and refer the good which springs from man's divine nature to the power of God himself. Other thinkers, on the contrary recognizing the divine element in the soul declare this alone to be truly human, and are blamed by their opponents for claiming the stamp of divinity for man." . . .

"The highest virtue is always the highest love. Its final outlet is God. It is that love for the highest good, which energizes to actualize this good in the world. Whoever feels the divine love active *in* him must desire to behold it active *about* him.

“The power of Christianity arises from the fact that its fundamental truths are *absolute* and eternal truths, and its doctrine being thus universal it is adapted to all mankind, to all ages, and to each and every individual. It is the sublimest instinct of humanity, which has recognized in Christ, the purest, highest, most august of thinkers and of men, the *ideal man*; and which has thus incarnated for all ages its own archetype. Through the knowledge of His own ideal Self for which Christ struggled and to which in His transfiguration He attained as no other has done, we have received a revelation of the deathless truth that man is born with a quenchless longing to incarnate his ideal self, whether or not during earthly life this longing wells up into the form of consciousness. Whenever this inner longing becomes conscious there is bound up with it a sense of unworthiness and of alienation from God, because the ideal self which is the true self is itself of godlike nature. The total mystery of Christianity, conceived in its highest splendour as transparent spiritual truth, is that man must feel the pang of remorse, must sacrifice his natural inclinations to the compelling demands of the ideal (or the divine law) before the carnal creature can be born again a spiritual creature and, discovering in his divine essence the fullness of creative power, may, through this power, and after the natural man has been crucified, celebrate his resurrection to the higher life and finally the transfiguration which elevates him to heaven and to God. (Ascension.) Of this regeneration, crucifixion, resurrection and ascension, Jesus, the first Christian, set the example and thereby disclosed to humanity its inmost need, its peculiar destiny, its highest goal. In Christ’s life history each son of man may discover his own. At first human instinct seized these sublime truths in symbolic form as revealed in historic fact. The Son of God became man, *i. e.*, the ideal man became conscious of himself. Next the sublime spirit-

ual truth penetrated into men's hearts and working therein emerged more and more clearly into spiritual consciousness which rising above symbol must find and recognize the revelation of God in itself. For this discovery our age is ripe but the old mode of conceiving the truth cannot as yet free itself from scholastic statements. Christendom is not as a whole ripe enough to grasp and hold the pure Idea in its complete universality and most dangerous is it to retain the concealing husk of form when its kernel of truth cannot become spiritually assimilated. Thus to cling is to lose all. But the spirit of humanity working first in the minority, then in the majority, must always and forever learn to apprehend revealed truth in its universal scope as an idea. To this adequately apprehended and assimilated idea will then follow a new idea, again clothed at first in symbolic garb in order through sensible perception to win later spiritual recognition. All these successively revealed ideas will find their solvent in the pure, absolute basal truth upon which Christianity rests and which can never be superseded but is capable of an eternal, and infinite expansion until its goal is found in its point of departure—God!"

1847. "As ungodliness or sin alienates us from God so that it *seems* as if He were angry with us, so only godliness can turn us again towards Him, reconcile us with Him. The sun shines always but the earth through her own movement makes it appear to rise and set. So the light of God's countenance shines ever upon men and they fail to behold it only because they turn away from it. As the divine is incarnate in Christ, as He, through His life, His doctrine, His death, teaches us how we may be reconciled with God, so it is only through Him, and through the path He has prescribed that we can be redeemed from sin and united to God. Since in and through Christ the spirit of humanity became again divine, the union with God and the bond of that union which

sin had destroyed are restored. As the climax and seal of the work of redemption which Christ as archetypal divine man wrought in and for all humanity, His death was necessary to the consummation of our redemption and salvation. Only in this sense can I understand the doctrine of the atonement.

“God has made each man the bearer of certain truths and of a certain proportion of truth, in order through Him to bring these truths to light. He who sluggishly evades or postpones his appointed work must expiate his offence. Some persons have an intense consciousness that they are called to labor in the kingdom of truth. Such souls can find no rest until the germinating life within them has worked its way into the light. Truths imprisoned within the soul rage there like goblins, until they are set free. Like nature, spirit must act according to its own instinct. Instinctive bias shows the direction in which free will can best work. This spiritual instinct is our divine Genius, the voice of God within us. We must recognize it as our Lord for it is a higher than human might and we fall into discord and sorrow when we refuse it our allegiance.

“Christianity cannot dispense with philosophy since it must transform faith into insight, in so far as this is possible for the human mind. And yet how many devout Christians denounce philosophy as if it were the foul fiend himself. Such zealous persons may have in mind the shadow-side of philosophy,—the injury wrought by those imperfect systems which result from sophistry or perverted dialect. Doubtless such injury has been great; doubtless too its chief work has been to destroy faith of the heart and instead thereof to fill men’s understandings with empty abstractions. Never however should the misuse or perversion of what is intrinsically good be suffered to recoil upon the good itself. The absolute divine, archetypal truths of Christianity which faith

stirs in the unconscious depths of the soul, philosophy must lift into consciousness and bring into clear recognition, thus fulfilling the mandate of reason which is "Know the truth." Never, perhaps, has there been an age which so yearned and strove for insight as our own and which so needed great leaders to conduct it thereto. Lacking the deep heart piety, the fervent faith of the past, it gives free play to the spirit of abstract analysis and investigation. From this tendency springs our contemporary rationalism which is a necessary evil. The human spirit must stride over the dead level of finite knowledge before it can descend into the depths of divine wisdom. Only thus can it free itself from the barren and uncomprehended dogmatism of the past and thus become adequate to that deeper apprehension of the divine, eternal element in Christianity which the human soul on its present plane of development demands. Upon no previous age therefore has the task so clearly devolved to reconcile Faith, and Religion and Philosophy, human and divine knowledge. Therefore our age shall conceive and bring forth spirits who can solve this problem or rather help to solve it, for its adequate solution must be the perpetually renewed achievement of humanity. To behold the emergence of the great spirits born for this work is an infinite joy!" . . .

"Every force in nature must be wedded to another, in order that through aroused creative activity it may be capable of generation. This is true of all nature, from the humble blossom which must be fertilized by pollen to the highest known energies. Can then the unwedded human spirit ever actualize its own creative power? Must not it too become ancestral through union with another spirit? Surely that which is highest in the soul can only waken, stir, work, when through comprehension its whole essence overflows into another, and when through mutual giving and receiving the two become one. Only in such union is the spirit strong and

winged. Then only is it strong enough to call forth to the light the products of spirit-ideas and the wondrous creations of art! Then only is it able to give form to its own inspirations and thus become a creator!

"In solitude the spirit pines, starves and would surely die were it not that through contact with its own indwelling genius it frees the electric spark which flames into that enthusiasm wherein resides the force through which the spirit is self-nourishing. The stimulus of this divine intoxication is necessary to keep the soul awake, but even when awakened it cannot in solitude climb to its full stature."

1847. "In our age which is one of extremes both in the direction of idealism and the direction of materialism, the more highly gifted natures anticipating a condition of pure spirituality, and inwardly impelled to range themselves with that superior order of spirits who shine out before them as the goal of humanity, are prone to ignore the serial nature of evolution. Like Faust they attempt to overleap some of the necessary stages of development through which man must pass, in order that freeing himself from his bondage to the brute nature he may be worthy of his transfiguration into pure spirit. Our speculative age, in which the productive will-power of youth finds so little scope, favours this idealistic tendency to which also Christianity always points the sorrowful in heart. Furthermore that anguish into which nobly aspiring natures must fall compels them to adopt this same point of view. Hence such natures are peculiarly exposed to the extravagances and abuses of idealism which inspiring men to deny the valid claims of the sensitive faculties create an unnatural gulf between soul and body. The idealists of this type are in extreme antithesis to the great majority of materialists who, recognizing the poetic symbolism and the lofty truth underlying our God-given faculties of sense, make sensibility the highest goal of hu-

manity and, surrendering themselves to the mastery of those unconscious and uncomprehended impulses which are the bitterest foes of spirit, fall into that mire of sensuality which sinks man lower than the brute and effaces the seal of his divine nature. These contrary extremes appear as extravagances and excesses of Paganism and Christianity, the one being a positively vulgar sensuality, the other a spiritualistic denial of nature in the interest of a supremacy and transfiguration of the human mind. In no other age have these extremes stood in such glaring contrast as in our own. Their union in a pure humanity, wherein spirit and nature shall shine forth in their true relations to each other is the problem which man will slowly approach despite countless back-slidings and much wandering in wayward paths." . . .

"Persons with lively glowing imaginations need a far higher degree of inner self-reliance and collectedness than those to whose calm and temperate vision are never revealed the fluctuating possibilities which incessantly hover before the height-searching depth-penetrating eyes of more gifted souls. Poetic souls have a prescient sight of things of which ordinary souls have not the faintest conception. Moreover they behold these things through magnifying and prismatic lenses of phantasy. Therefore they are exposed to storm and battle and have to hold themselves upright in an intoxication of passion and inspiration of which calmer natures know nothing. Therefore the latter may be excellent men and women with a minimum degree of self-collectedness, while soaring souls must pass through incredible labours, battles and woes, before attaining the degree of collectedness necessary to their self-mastery. It should not therefore be counted a merit in the souls where imagination slumbers that they more easily solve the problem and meet the requirements of their life, neither should the poor tortured children of im-



agination be blamed because their conflict is such a strenuous one.

“To harmonize theory and practice is a capital problem of our age and thinkers are earnestly seeking its solution. Religion and philosophy must unite and there must be a happy mediation of Christian asceticism and the life of the senses. Science must be applied to practical life; art and poetry go hand in hand with industrial activity; thought and reflection hitherto isolated must break a path for themselves into the circle of social life, and joy in the sensible world must be united with their higher ideals which inflame and inspire the soul. All the thoughts which have been stored up in the granary of the mind and which are lying there useless and dead shall be made once more alive. The dead letter shall become living spirit and mount into consciousness. With such a work in hand, should we wonder that the dust and mould of the past comes to light? Should it surprise us that when the corpses are disinterred they should fall into dust, and that dissolution and corruption should be visible in every quarter? Surely the refuse of the past must be separated from its really valuable deposit before the newly awakening spirit can scatter its seeds and behold its tender plantlets burst into leaf and flower. Since this great task must be accomplished by feeble, foolish and sinful men working as instruments of the Time Spirit it is obvious that before the true results of the present fermentation are manifest, there must be on every hand error, false means, abuses, and injurious excesses.”

In 1847 my aunt writes of herself: “My great, my inestimable happiness is that I have developed uniquely in, through and from myself. Notwithstanding all obstacles, despite the influences, impressions, surroundings which were so antagonistic to my nature, in defiance really of all the elements of my existence, my *ego* has burst its bonds, con-

quered its foes, broken its own path. But with what perilous battles, with what bloody wounds! Is the result worth the cost?"

In August, 1847, my aunt journeyed to Schweitzermühle in the Saveonian Switzerland, in order to strengthen her health which had been undermined by care and anxiety, by the spiritual conflicts she had waged and by the mental tortures endured for so many years. Meantime the family resided at Schwülper and there my aunt found them assembled when she returned from her trip.

In the fall of 1847 my aunt felt herself inwardly constrained to leave Hannover.

She writes in her journal as follows: "In many hours of life one can only press towards God through the gate of despair. It must however be a courageous despair. Therefore in the moral world order, despair has *its* place no less than faith, trust and resignation. Despair is the mighty struggle of our divine spirit with the human spirit which cannot at once subject itself to stern resolutions and heavy burdens. Our blind irresolution cannot discern how far the seemingly terrible decrees of fate may redound to our own best good and may call our powers to a higher awakening. When however our forces are all awake and raised to their highest potency of act, then pain pierces the final veil which separates us from God, grinds into dust the recalcitrant self, and from a God who is not far off but near, peace is wafted into the soul.

"The lowest form of pain borders upon madness,—the highest upon transfiguration."

## DEVOTION TO HER CHILDREN

MORE EXTRACTS FROM DIARY—STRUGGLES FOR SELF-IMPROVEMENT

**T**HE following winter my aunt passed in Brunswick and her eldest daughter Sophie who at this time was far from well and seems to have clung to her with her whole soul, remained with her. Alfred wrote to her: "Ah! Mamma if you only knew how sorry I feel for you, and how much I love you my angel-mother." He sent her locks of his hair to remind her of him and tried in his boyish way to entertain her with his opinions of books and of poets. She herself however wrote in her journal: "All love, of what kind soever it may be, turns in my soul to self-sacrifice because it so soon rises to a climax. Perhaps the enigma of my fate finds its solution in the fact that I have both too little and too much self-assertion. As woman, I am all self-surrender but as human spirit I am full of individual needs and demands. The womanly heart might renounce itself completely and be worthy of transfiguration, but from the spirit of intellectual independence there comes an opposing force and a steadfast selfhood which cannot be consumed in the heavenly flame. Or, is the truth perhaps that it ought not to be so consumed? . . . In self denial must we touch a limit beyond which we dare not venture? Must we then assert self because we dare not surrender selfhood? For a long time I lived in galley chains because of a relationship which finally forced me to confront this limit. I continued to refrain from self-as-

sertion and in my wretchedness still surrendered the empty shadow of myself until the torment of this unavailing sacrifice forced me into self-collectedness and self-withdrawal. For despite all my efforts the relationship remained external, and empty and without any true bond of union. This condition of things oppressed me more and more and there began to mingle with my feeling an inarticulate shame that I could endure a tie which was merely an outer appearance without any inner reality. The first provocation which should stir the depths of my emotional nature would, because of inner conditions, rend asunder such a merely formal and apparent bond. Therefore what came to me had to come and what seems accidental was really conditioned by an inner necessity." . . .

Then in deep pain she continues: "Happy? In *this* world? No, never again! Joy? Yes, there is one true joy, one which overbalances all others, one which could make me forget a thousand times over all my torments and martyrdoms, all my despair, all the hideous wounds of life! This one joy, for which I plead with God again and again, plead with all the anguish of my torn heart and shall plead until my last expiring breath, is joy in my child, the joy of seeing him a noble man, the joy of seeing all those who have been confided to my care good and blessed! With this prayer granted, I shall be content. Then all other agony which can come, may come. I will gladly bear it, for this joy will make all things right, will reconcile me to whatever is or may be,—will be an unmerited recompense for all I have suffered!"

About this time, my aunt having observed her own face in the mirror and noticed the ravages which grief had wrought wrote sadly in her journal as follows:—

"That grief should rage in the soul in order to fulfill its appointed spiritual task is well. This must be. But that grief should make such havoc of the body, seems unnatural

because grief is the condition of our spiritual development and to this end needs the body as its instrument. If we could only understand at once in what way we are served by the pain which so torments us, our grief would not overflow the boundaries of resignation and therefore its efforts would be less destructive. Even physical pain would cause us less suffering if we had this insight. The unendurable elements in pain are its apparent purposelessness and our passivity in relation to it. . . . My life had to make a new turn. Although the change was apparently brought about by my own free will the coercion thereto lay in all the influence which worked upon me in such a manner that given my individuality the consequences were inevitable. We are driven to choose that which will bring us pain. Granting the compulsion of our own higher nature we can do no other will. This is the thought underlying the Bible words, 'Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.' These words rang incessantly through my soul in my time of strenuous conflict, and unspeakable grief. I dared not hold what was yet so hard to lose. I knew I must relinquish the old life for a new one, though the new one should be full of fresh tortures. That to which moral dignity impels us must be right no matter how it may look; no matter what it may cost. Perhaps the old life had served its purpose as a means of development and a school of character! Perhaps I needed new conflicts and new goads to rouse and discipline the force which had sunk exhausted under the old burden? Perhaps only new scourging and fresh bleeding wounds could have again awakened my apathetic soul!"

Further on she continues:—

"In heaven I shall surely understand why I have had to suffer all these things. Was it only because necessary to a process of development? Or, may it perhaps be of use to

my child for whom I have lived with each breath I drew, for whom I would gladly endure a thousand martyrdoms, yes, endure them with rapture if only they could in the least avail to bless him ! ”

In indirect allusion to the sad circumstances of this time she writes :—

“ Never should we endure when our endurance makes us ashamed of ourselves. This is what has driven me away from human companionship into my present sad banishment (my voluntary banishment). Because I have had courage to surrender all worldly good for the higher life I am despised and condemned ! One triumph I have won over the injustice of men by whom I have been so cruelly persecuted. Never has any one, not even my worst enemy, dared to assail my reputation and my honour as a wife. The unstained garb of honour would still have been proudly worn by my soul even had the world believed it torn and defiled. That no such reproach was ever made is a miracle for I was never careful of appearances, detested all prudery, and proudly believed that since no one could mar my soul, no one could rob me of my womanly honour.”

In 1848 my aunt spent the summer at different baths for during this period of excitement and grief her health was almost totally wrecked. In her journal she bemoans herself in these touching words :—

“ My life ? All alone ! without sympathetic surroundings ; without a single human being to give me solace in anxious moments ; with ruined health ; with no single moment when I am free from physical discomfort with anguish of mind, great as the last mortal pangs from which death itself is a welcome deliverance. No one to care for me and with this lack of care, the absence of all accustomed comforts, the endurance of all unaccustomed discomforts. Often for days at a time incapable of sustained employment, and with this

a burning desire for some kind of satisfying work. Staggering under a mass of unassimilated thought, my mind longs for a deliverance to which my physical strength is not adequate. All that external incitement which for years has been mine, even to excess, is withdrawn. I have no society, no diversion. There is nothing near or far to give me joy. My life is empty of happiness, full to overflowing of sorrow. My heart is broken with anguish. Claims are made on me from all sides and constantly I receive news of the sorrows of others. My relationships are abnormal and distorted. Such is my *present* life. My past life is a field whereon many deadly battles were fought, a stormy day, with black clouds, sultry air, crashing thunder, flashing lightning. The future is a gloomy gray mist wherein I behold shadowy pictures of horror and at the end the last abyss. This is the reverse side of my life picture. It would seem as if nothing was left me but despair, that the human self must be martyred upon the cross, and that the divine self could be only resigned. So should I have felt in my earlier years but now it is only in those extreme hours when special blows and tortures are added to those I must constantly bear that I admit to myself no possibilities save those of crucifixion and resignation. If only I might have health and hence strength to work I should be not only content but joyous as I gazed on the brighter side of my life picture. For there I see God's beautiful world, my children, my friends, books, a rare enjoyment of art, the outpouring of my soul through writing and above all wealth of thought and the assured hope, that upon the eternal stream, which bearing infinite riches, flows before us, all and more than all which I have missed and longed for here shall be mine forever. Such a life as mine now is, might still be beautiful if I had beside me one single loving, sympathetic being, and the life that has been, despite its horrors, appears to me good now that I survey it far from

the fountain-heads of the past, and through the lenses of courage, temperance and rich inner experience. A waste and desolate present inspires hope as an arid present quickens the expectation of refreshing rains because according to the law of compensation all inequalities of life must be levelled. Though we still lack the treasures of life we know where in the world they may be found. Whatever exists in definite form is attainable. Moreover, if we trust God's inexhaustible grace we are safe in any and all conditions. Let us struggle towards God in order that the path may be shortened which leads to fulfilled hopes whether here or beyond. Wretchedness bears within it security for the most exalted hopes if only we know how to find it in the obscure depths. Lacking all things the wretched must receive all. In all things God has united extremes. We however fail to discover the connecting threads. Wherever we find them we draw God to us by means of the hopes which ascend to Him. He is present at each point of departure, whether we are led thereto by sorrow or by joy."

The firm conviction, visible in the earlier journals, that she was created for a special work, breaks forth at this time into clearer and more sanguine utterance. In the fall of 1848 my aunt writes:—

"I have been much used in life,—used indeed for bitter work! But I have not been used in all the ways in which I might be serviceable. *Therefore God must have destined me to something which is yet to come.* Shall it be in this world? Shall it be in the world beyond? That is the question. It seems to me it must be *in this world*, for there are certain powers which must be drained to the full during our earthly life, although our best and highest powers can find their complete fulfilment only in the world beyond."

In another place we read:

"It is borne in upon me that fate must still have something



in store for me. A spiritual friend perhaps, or better, spiritual nourishment and development, or a completely accomplished work. In a word I feel I shall have *something which is something* just because so little has been granted, so much denied me."

"Life is power to work."

It goes without saying that my aunt's mind was stirred and occupied with the great movements and events of these years of revolution. In her journal we find thoughts upon these events conceived and expressed in her own marvellous and unique fashion. Thus in the journal for the closing months of the year 1847 we read as follows:—

"Every form should promote, not impede freedom, should restrain arbitrariness, prevent irregularities, protect law and order, which are the sole conditions under which society can truly progress. Each age however demands forms different from those of other ages and adapted to its peculiar conditions. Each new stage of development can be free only under its corresponding forms, and therefore necessitates the alteration of those old forms which no longer meet its requirements. This surrender of old forms is necessary in religion and politics, in industrial life and in the social conventions. There can be no absolute and unchanging condition in this world because all things are relative and imperfect and hence cannot persist. The individual spirits who develop early feel themselves riper than the masses of their fellows. Longing to create new forms, they attack old ones before the common herd is ready to permit their destruction. Many of these elect souls fall sacrifices to the new truth they recognize because they commit the error of seeking to substitute their own premature insight for the dead traditions venerated by the masses. Every change wrought in the world demands its sacrifice. The advance-guard of every

reformation must fall, either because its own eyes are so dazzled by the new ideal that it fails to see that the age is not ready for it or because of the blindness of those who are trying to care for the general good. Thus it happens that outgrown forms are to prophetic spirits torture-chains, while the mass of men find them pliable and comfortable. This is true also of our conventional forms, which are suitable to and comfortable for undeveloped persons, but which make more highly developed and sensitive persons feel as if they were laced in straight-jackets and stifle them with ennui. Not until the majority are impelled to destroy the old form is the new form ripe enough to take its place. The forerunners of the new ideal who are generally martyrs to their insight give the impulse to growth. Therefore they are not useless, and when the bands of the old form have been burst they will be followed by fresh and stronger spirits who will adequately incarnate the new ideal. There is nothing arbitrary in the whole process. Called into being through the consciousness of the age, a new instinct of humanity germinates and by the patient methods of nature grows and ripens.

“In the middle-ages the nobility was the ruling and productive class, but to-day both power and productivity belong to the burgher. It would seem as if in the course of history, each class had its own period of supremacy and bloom, and that their alternate rise and fall insures the movement which is necessary to progress. In earlier centuries the culture of the nobility greatly exceeded that of the people. The aristocracy has however not advanced so as to maintain that position in the van of progress which it had won. Rather has it been stationary and even retrogressive in that it has clung and in part still clings to the forms which were adapted to a now vanished age. The middle class on the contrary has made gigantic progress, and outstripped the nobility through the extraordinary development of trade and industry and the

wealth resulting therefrom. The pleasure loving noble satisfied with inherited fortune and privilege lost his energy; the burgler forced to perpetual effort in order to rise out of his lowly estate has multiplied his strength and resources. . . . Many wrongs and many prejudices are inseparable from this elevation of one class over another. That however the growth of the middle class in our time is one of the mightiest of revolutions and that it is the mainspring of progress,—these are self-evident facts. Therefore the nobility should sympathize with this universal movement and not cramp itself through stubborn adherence to those obsolete prejudices through which it lags behind the age, forfeits all its present advantages and regains none of its lost prerogatives. These obstinate prejudices are the curse of the aristocrat. Indeed prejudices are always hindrances to truth and progress, for they are unconscious sins against the spirit of the age wherein is disclosed the will of God.” . . .

This is assuredly a remarkable utterance coming as it does from the lips of an aristocrat, who up to this time had lived entirely in the most exclusive circle of the nobility and had always heard judgments and opinions directly opposed to those here expressed.

1847. “In every age the masses of men are only children,—first fruits of the characteristic development of the epoch to which they belong. Different periods of history are mirrored only in those striking personalities.—those truly developed individualities in whom the spirit of the age has taken on the peculiar physiognomy of the man. In and through such individuals alone does humanity define the characteristic stages of its development. Unconsciously and externally many men bear the stamp of their age. This stamp however is not clear, and only its faint general outline is discernible. The life of humanity, comes to clear consciousness and to creative transforming power only in

those by whom it is spiritually assimilated and who therefore are able to influence it intelligently and effectively, in a word, only in those who have been endowed with sufficient creative power to leave their traces on the world, whether such traces be great or small, visible or invisible. Only such spirits should be called lords of the earth,—and never should this sacred name be given to those whose lordship is merely physical!”

In March, 1849, my aunt writes:—

“Our age has already wrought a miracle in that it has compelled the great mass of men to set their thoughts in movement. Whatever may have been the native store of ideas, they have been well shaken up in every brain belonging to any creature in the least resembling man.”

## FIRST MEETING WITH FRÖBEL

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS AS TO HIS METHOD

**I**N the summer of this year my aunt stayed for the second time at the Baths of Liebenstein in Thuringia, with her daughter Sophie, and here her memorable acquaintance with Friedrich Fröbel took place. Dr. Wichard Lange, the well-known editor of Fröbel's works and of the "Rheinische Blätter," says: "That was an important moment for Fröbel and his mission, when the highly-gifted Baroness first crossed his threshold at Liebenstein. This moment was decisive for the propaganda of his work in every respect. A woman of remarkable intelligence and of high and classical education, promises her whole being and life to this mission. She resolves, and never wavers in this resolve, to sacrifice her intellectual and material possessions for the *building up of the idea*. She tried to assimilate all the secrets of the pedagogic genius which lay hidden in his soul, and to which she knew how to *give a generally intelligible expression*."

My aunt herself described this first acquaintance with Fröbel in her book "Reminiscences of Friedrich Fröbel," and this meeting was repeatedly told in other works and is fairly well-known to all Fröbel's disciples.

(NOTE:—With regard to Fröbel's own life, I can, of course, only introduce into this book that which touches on the life of my aunt.)

At the end of May, on my aunt's arrival at Liebenstein, the wife of the inn-keeper told her the news of the day and men-

tioned an old "original" who had taken up his abode in a small farm and danced and played with the village children. Some days after my aunt met the old man on her walk,—a slim apparition, with greyish hair and a long old-fashioned coat; and when she saw how he made the children march, and marshalled them for a play, teaching them a song belonging to it, tears came into her eyes and those of her daughter. "That old man is called an 'original' by the people. Perhaps he is one of those who are derided and stoned by their contemporaries, but to whom posterity erects monuments." With the words: "You are occupied, I see, with the *education of the people*," she addressed him and entered into his life. He looked at her with his childlike, clear, and penetrating eyes, and answered "Yes." And now the first intercourse took place which can be read in the "Reminiscences." Fröbel conducted my aunt to his dwelling and showed her his pupils and their play-materials. "I retained the memory of only one sentence:—'*Man is a creative being*;' but the man and his whole manner made a deep impression on me. I knew at once that I had to do with a true man—with a primitive unspoilt nature. When one of his pupils called him Herr Fröbel, I remembered that I had once heard of a man of this name who wished to educate children by *play*, and that this had seemed to me a very perverted view, for I had only thought of *empty* play without any serious purpose.

"Fröbel accompanied us on our way home, and we spoke of the disappointments called forth by the movement of 1848, which had seemed at first to promise so much, and that neither of the parties was right, or in a condition to bring about the desired improvement. 'Nothing comes without a struggle,' Fröbel said, 'the opposing forces excite it. But as sure as the storm can create nothing although it may bring the necessary purification of the air, strife in itself can create

nothing. New seed must be planted. This will germinate and grow and then the tree of humanity will blossom. The roots, however, out of which all growth comes, and which the destructive elements of to-day seek to destroy, must not be cut away. The present cannot be separated from the past or from the future. Past, present and future are the trinity of time, but the future demands a renewing of life which must begin in the present. *In the CHILDREN lies the seed of the future.* He further spoke of the historical (traditional), and that a new creation must always spring from the old. 'That which follows is always conditional upon that which goes before,' he said. 'I make my little children see this through my educational process.' The so-called 'gifts' show this in concrete things. Ball, cube and cylinder are contained one form in the other, and through manipulation, Fröbel makes this apparent to the little child."

My aunt was immensely interested by all this. She wished to know more, and, in the following days, she took part in the instructions given by Fröbel to his fourteen young pupils. In her "Gedankenbuch" of 1849, we find under the heading:—"A free and individual conception of Fröbel's Theory," a most interesting conception of the same, written by my aunt shortly after her acquaintance with Fröbel, at the beginning of July.

"One great fundamental law pervades everything, great or small. In our creation it ascends from the *three Kingdoms of Nature to the human*, where it first becomes conscious—spiritual—finding its perfect comprehension in God, the central point from which it came forth. Only within this law are freedom and free movement possible. It rules, and is the condition of the organism of everything which exists—and is to be found as well in the smallest stone and grain of sand as in the largest celestial body. *This law is the connection of opposites.* It comprises in

itself stability (matter and unity) from which proceeds movement (the coming into existence of complexity) and leads through all the conditions of development to *completion* which in turn is unity (hiding within itself all life—eternity) but *conscious*. From the mass of impenetrable matter we come according to a definite sequence to penetrability, spiritualization of the same (from the *unconscious* to the *conscious*) by externalizing the internal, and making visible the invisible. In this process of development every preceding step necessitates that which is to follow if it pursues its course undisturbed. Throughout the whole of nature, everything moves harmoniously according to this law—and necessity. Man only, by reason of his free will, is able to deviate from the prescribed path, and herein lie all the causes of his misery. If he were to act according to this law *it must grow to consciousness in his mind*, which develops by the same law as everything else. If now the scheme of this lawfulness be found in nature, as a *remedy*, it must find its application in the child, even from the first beginnings of development—and his whole activity—physical and mental—must, *from the very first breath*, proceed in this lawfulness—in a logical manner—before *consciousness* is reached and with it *free will*. But in all the works of man, the same lawfulness is found as is found in nature (in mechanics, art, science). They are the imitations of nature—and, at the same time, the *relation of all the parts to one fixed centre is to be found in it*. But for the most part this takes place unconsciously—at least without the conscious connection with the whole universe—the oneness with all. But is the child to grow up with the right to all his capacities—general and peculiar? *To achieve this, he must live through himself, by all this doing and creating the whole history of human culture—from its first raw beginnings—and this in fact by the medium of practical experience—IN HIS PLAY.* Like humanity itself,



he must come to the idea of the state, which subsists under the same conditions of that all-penetrating lawfulness, and he must personify it in himself in order to be the right member in the right place, and the right part of the whole as every single leaf on tree or plant. The right state can only be the reflection of every organism in nature and of nature herself. But if every single individual were brought up and developed according to the same principles as everything in nature, he must tend in his totality to come to the same *harmony*, and thus to its *stability*, that is the state, and every arbitrariness, which opposes the primitive law of the universe is excluded. All arbitrariness excludes *freedom*, and this is only possible within the *limits* prescribed by that law. By striving towards the immeasurable and unlimited only destruction and death can ensue—dissolution. By deviating from the track of this universal law, and by the corruption which results from this, mankind is driven back to the track of this law. Herein consists the eternal government of the same.

“The fundamental principle of Fröbel’s method lies in this, that he leads the child’s mind from what is *simple* and *consequential*, to complexity and the knowledge of it. For in the want of *logical* development *lies all our confusion of ideas and lack of clearness*. Subject and looseness of expression confuse the child, and overwhelm and enfeeble his intellect, instead of developing it. Only what is given *simply* and gradually, can be the right food in quality and quantity. *One* thing, clearly and fundamentally understood, gives the key to all conceivable combinations of thought and action and therein is reflected the universe. Everything becomes universal and leads to this, as to a definite end. Consequently to each unit is given a *relation* to the whole. This Fröbel calls the *continuity of life* in which we should exist harmoniously in feeling, thought and action.”

“It was necessary to see Fröbel at his work, in order to

realize his genius and the strong power of convictions which inspired him. With that profound enthusiasm, which only an unswerving conviction of the truth uttered lends to the discourse, with a love for his subject which he communicated to his audience, and with an inexhaustible patience, 'nobody could help being deeply impressed.' To his pupils, he was most difficult to understand when he spoke of the application of his law through his 'gifts,' and also when he treated of the first impressions of the outward world upon the very young child, which were given by concrete things, symbols as it were, for the later apprehension of spiritual facts. Even the most developed of his pupils were hardly capable of clearly imparting this obscure side of his instruction. On this account, therefore, I have ever since treated this part of my instruction in a manner quite different from Fröbel's. But his joy was great when I would further develop and explain the illustrations which he gave me privately, beyond the general instruction, and thus proved that I had reflected upon what I had been taught by him. 'How did you know that?' he often asked me. My answer, 'I have never said a word about that. I can infer it from the recollection of the intellectual demands of my earliest childhood,' made him quite happy. 'Now you see that it is true,' he cried."

(NOTE:—I am sorry to be unable to give within the limits of this book, already offering such rich material, the whole of Fröbel's method. I refer those who are interested in the subject to my aunt's books, in which she has given the method as she received it from Fröbel, and which she has in part developed, although in her great modesty she never laid stress on this important fact, *but always gave Fröbel the honour*. I will give, however, as shortly and clearly as possible, the necessary and the main points of Fröbel's *Fundamental Idea and Method*, and how my aunt wished it taught.)

## FRÖBEL'S THEORY OF EDUCATION

**T**O elucidate the theory, I shall give in the following pages some extracts from my aunt's last great work "the Handbook of the Fröbel Theory (first part, 1886)."

"The truth which underlies Fröbel's Theory of Education has been expressed already from other quarters, and principally by Herbart, namely, that every single individual, develops in the same way as humanity in general (that is to say that the normal course of the development of each individual can not differ from that of the race)."

"It is acknowledged that in animal and vegetable life every single animal and plant must develop according to the species to which it belongs, and every breeder of animals and every gardener takes note of the species to which his nurslings belong, and refers to traditional experience, so that the prosperity of this or that species may be insured. Thick volumes have been written on the culture of forests and roses, as well as on the breeding of horses and cattle;—*but little has been asked with reference to the question of the history of the development of the human being.* Scientific speculation as such has alone touched upon it but the attempt has not yet been made to draw from this a leading thread for the purposes of practical education. No science is able to offer such sure means for the understanding, and thence for the treatment of the human being, as experience of the past, or of the manner in which this being has become what it is now. Moreover, this is most apparent in what it has produced

in the course of time, in the *history of culture*. Everything which man has achieved, not only from the oldest historic but also from prehistoric times (as the late excavations show), indicates what man is capable of, how and in what manner his abilities and powers develop, and how the height of present culture has been reached. Consequently it is the *work, the achievements*, which show what is necessary to develop the physical and mental powers of man. This means that these works of culture indicate how the education of the human race was achieved by the greatest Educator—God. They teach, at the same time, how slowly and gradually culture is attained, and how the beginning was first in physical and in *creative work*, and how the mental powers, once developed, led to art, science, and everything higher.

“If now we compare with this historical course of development our present made up education, and principally that of our schools (which begins with the sixth year), it can not be asserted that the experimental education of mankind, as universal history teaches, serves as a model for the education of our children. Still less can it be asserted that it is “in accordance with nature,” if the historical course of human development is to serve as the type norm for its conformity with nature. Before and apart from the school, there is hardly *any question of a plan of education*, of a model as norm, or of any leading principle to be carried out, at least in the case of the great mass of mankind. The school itself proceeds in a more or less contrary way, as shown by the education of mankind. It begins with the teaching *through words* and through instruction—whilst mankind, *in its first childhood*, was taught through *bodily work* (physical effort). Experience teaches moreover that the capacity for speech and the understanding for words is very small, and can only be so, in the child before the tenth year, since this understanding for words rests on *experience*, that is to say, it has

to be the result of *real understanding*. This experience is gained, as history shows, by man through his own action, his own work, and his own observation of facts, and not from books which, at the beginning of culture, were not to be had. The first book of instruction was the work of the Creator—*Nature*. This work became the model for the works of mankind, and furnished the measure by which *men* produced *their* work. By it they became, above all, *creative* beings, as their own creator.

“ If now the children of our day awaken to life in a highly-developed culture, and there can be no more any question of the first raw beginnings of education in the form which marked its origin, nevertheless *the child's nature indicates* the different kinds of activity to which it tends, in order to promote its development. These are the *impulses* which determine the child's activity, as soon as the necessary freedom is given to him. Observation teaches that this activity—beyond the natural imitation of that which is perceived in its immediate surroundings—*points to the fundamental principle of human culture*, and this in a perfectly clear manner, as seen in animal life. We see that instinct teaches every young animal to begin to exercise, even in infancy, those functions which are not fully developed till later. Thus the kitten lies in wait and springs forward as if to catch its prey, although nothing is there. Thus the young bird *pecks* about and collects material as if to build a nest. Just as animal skill shows itself in the manner of the species to which it belongs, so also the young child manifests in earliest infancy endeavours, which indicate certain branches of culture, proper to humanity, though only in a general and unpronounced way. These are the impulses of the culture of his race, which appear when the little hands dig in the sand to make gardens and holes, or try to make forms out of soft material, to shape or to make paper things, although these

may be destroyed, to be used again for other forms. All these manipulations of young children indicate the searching after, and the trial of their impulse of activity so as to *produce or create* what is necessary to satisfy human requirements. Here it was not the need of providing the necessary means of existence, his own being satisfied, that drove the child to these actions, but the inherited instinct of his race, which, living unconsciously in his mind, sought to repeat the action of his forefathers. As long as this instructive action and the single human impulses of culture are disregarded—impulses which for this reason remain more or less mere *play without result*—the object which nature pursues can not really be attained, although this experimentalizing may bring with it some exercise of the powers and abilities. On the other hand, if the purpose of nature, *i. e.*, the development of each organ for human culture, be really attained, the foundation is laid for all culture, as demanded by human nature, and moreover in the way which is marked by the course of the cultural development of the whole race. In order to achieve this, *education* must help. This means that education must direct the first *unconscious* period of human life, *the life of impulse*, according to the type, which the historical course of human development offers—as far as is known. This demand could not be fulfilled as long as the means were lacking which could make it possible to the weak, unpracticed powers of a child, to follow the course of human culture in his *playing action*; for there can be no question of any other application except that of play. For play is the one free, *self-willed activity* of childhood which instinct produces, and which only requires right guidance in order to attain the *wished-for* result. Human instinct is not able to reach that which is reached by animal instinct. Because reason has been given to man, his instinct of observation is not sufficient to provide for his own sustenance; he needs

help from others during the period of instructive or unconscious life, *i. e.*, in childhood. But as soon as a reasonable regulation and guidance of the child's action takes place, the powers of the child, in the earliest period of life, are to be made use of for purposes of training, and this far more than has yet been dreamt of. They are not to be misused,—as it unfortunately happens—for work in manufactories, *but exclusively to be used for the purpose of its own education.*”

“Up to now, there has been no idea of what a child's powers are able to accomplish *in his play*. This first becomes apparent through Fröbel's occupation, *i. e.*, through a method which calls forth and directs the child's productive powers.”

“The finding of this method and these means resembles the egg of Columbus; which, once poised—stands on end and can now be placed in this position by everyone. *It was Fröbel's genius which accomplished this, in order that children might be helped to freely exhibit, as each young animal, those powers and abilities given to them, and, moreover, in a manner according to their nature.*

“It is a great mistake to think it good for children to be left quite alone at their play. That is not freedom; it is mere wilfulness, which can only reach imperfectly the desired aim. *The child needs guidance*, and seeks help at his play. Every mother knows this; but the child's unconscious intention is misunderstood, and the right means are not at hand to help his endeavours.

“But what are these means to be if they are to assist instructive impulse, and complete conformity with the child's nature? It was exactly here that the philosophic truth of the agreement in the course of development between the individual and the species contains its practical import for humanity. It is a natural law that the duckling makes for the water as soon as it sees it. It is also a natural law that the little hands of the child grab hold of the things within his

reach as soon as they can do so, gradually making, one after the other, the different manipulators. This *impulse of activity*, which shows itself even in the first months of life, is the inherited need of the physical instruments and organs, to place themselves in the service of work and culture, and to conduct the capacity, inherited from the forefathers, to its object, and this moreover in taking account of the *sum of capability* which rises and increases with every generation.

"The children of civilized races bring into the world more ability than those of savages, and each child profits by every thing which his forefathers developed, both with reference to the dexterity of the limbs, as well as with reference to the development of the majority of his organs. Consequently each successive generation lays claim to more abundant means of education than the preceding one, and since the sum of knowledge and capacity for doing increase with every new generation, we need more and more the means for *facilitating this*, and for fulfilling, without overexertion, the demands made in later epochs on education and learning. In what way can these facilitating means best be procured but *by a preparatory education*, which can be acquired, *by play*, without effort in the first years, and which is prescribed and demanded by nature herself? Nature can not prescribe or demand more than that which the development of each species brings with it. She demands free motion in the air for the bird, and in water for the fish, and for every animal free scope to live out its proper activity. Thus the bird skilfully builds its nest, the bee constructs its cell, the fox makes its hole—*and the nature of the child demands materials, and teaching to use them, in order to satisfy his higher impulses*, and to prepare himself for the work of his subsequent existence. Fröbel's *kindergarten* has this object in view. It is to be the workshop, in which the fundamental condition of all culture and learning shall be practiced in the way, as taught



by the *beginnings of the culture* of civilized races. In the present day, education has to see that the greatest need of childhood, namely to move freely, shall not only be unhindered, but also shall be made use of to strengthen and to form the limbs by exercising the muscles, and that this shall not be left to chance as has hitherto been the case. *Fröbel's gymnastics and kindergarten plays*, as well as the cultivation of the soil as given by the kindergarten, are the most appropriate means for this purpose.

"*The hand*, the most essential member for all human work, required the practice of hundreds of years before it was capable of its present skill. Before the numerous different movements of the hand, as necessary for knocking, hammering, drilling, pricking, etc., and for all handicrafts were practiced, it did not possess the requisite skill for their exercise—still less in the case of plastic work. From the very beginning of life the child's hand will be active; it fumbles about, tries to grasp something, and finds nothing,—or very little, not sufficient for the exercise of its muscular power and flexibility. The ordinary playthings are little suited to accomplish this service. The traditional little games of the fingers do not reach this object in any way. For this reason the possible development of the hand is neglected even in the first years. The extreme flexibility and elasticity, only to be found in the first years of life, is lost, *and one of the first needs of development remains unsatisfied*, as without the development of the hand, no satisfactory work can be produced, and, without this creative activity, the mind remains more or less inactive, *i. e.*, it does not develop, and that in the time of its first awakening. The more the mental powers are undeveloped, the more they need *dexterity of hand* to bring into form the objects created by fancy, in order that the uncertain and indefinite inside, may show itself outside in a definite and determined way. Fröbel called this making the

internal external. This is not to be achieved by the mere observation of given objects. Idle observation can never take the place of productive activity, which demands different and numerous other powers. The earlier it is possible by dexterity of hand to *objectify* the idea, and the more the first activity of thought is immediately connected with action, the more normally, and the more naturally, the mind of the child will unfold, and precocious ripeness will be excluded.

"The hand dexterity of our forefathers is a sure measure for their mental development, for both keep pace together; one does not develop without the other. Therefore it is of the greatest importance, that the exercise of the hand, or its gymnastics, should proceed as logically as possible. This consists especially in allowing the easy manipulations to precede the complex and difficult ones. All development rests on law, whether in the blade of grass or in the human brain, *i. e.*, it proceeds logically. The logical course which should serve as a model for present education is also to be seen in the gradual development of the hand in ancient times. It appears in the succession of human works and achievements, which were appointed in the first place for procuring the primitive necessities of life, such as food, dwelling, and clothing. The free play of the child indicates in general outline the manner of activity by which his inward cultural impulses would be furthered. This demand of human nature was not understood up till now—consequently it could not be satisfied. For this purpose the kindergarten provides the form, which, even in the case of weaker children, allows full scope for this activity as an amusing *game*. Rising gradually from the easy to the difficult, most of these manipulations, such as folding, pricking, drilling, cutting out, and making forms in soft materials, and above all drawing, and measuring, have for their object the foundation of bases for craft and industry. By these manipulations not only is the child's

impulse of activity satisfied—an impulse which seeks that of which it has need in order to give shape to that which lives in the imagination—but also the means are offered, for turning each new perception and knowledge into practical achievement. This means to bring, from the beginning, knowledge out of action, and to keep both in constant harmony, thus effecting a really *natural* development of the human powers. The same logical sequence which takes place with regard to the development of the human hand in the course of its historical development, takes place likewise in all the other organs of sense and reason. The attempts which have been hitherto made, to allow the primitive employments of civilized life to be carried out by children, as represented in Robinson Crusoe, have not been successful. This is nothing but play, which may find its place, now and again, in *domestic* life, and always has done so, as, for example, playing at cooking, churning, washing dolls' clothes, and such like. *But the idea of making children go through the first grades of human culture can never be realized by that!* It is not the question of allowing children to produce specific work, but to keep the whole powers and abilities of body and mind in the normal development of which they are capable, and that in the shortest way. Logical means for exercising eye and ear, for example, do exist—means which from the beginning lead to a normal and uninterrupted development in precisely the right way; and similar means must be found for the treatment of the other organs. If the way for this normal development of the human powers be found for one simple organ, it is found for all the rest. For the means which lead to it can only rest *on law*, on which all natural and mental development rests.

*“Consequently this law being found, this and this alone, gives the guiding principle for the means to be applied.*

*“Since now these means have been found by Fröbel, they*

*are to be applied according to his method, and not to be broken up. They are to be left in their COHERENCE (Zusammenhang) and the so-called improvements are not to be introduced, as has already been attempted by the super-wisdom of many a representative. The possible improvements in the praxis will be found of themselves in the course of their application, but then without injuring the whole idea of education, which, of course, is not understood by these so-called reformers.*

"The means given by Fröbel for the exercise of each human organ, fulfil at the same time all the conditions of child employment. Firstly, they are clothed in the form of *play* and amusement; and secondly, they produce a *result*. The latter is of great importance. It not only affords the means to make the child love his employment, gives him the opportunity to work for others and to give them pleasure (thereby bringing with it the first fulfilment of duty), but it offers him objects which make the child see *what he is able to accomplish*. This capacity for work and action lays the foundation for moral dignity, whilst, on the other hand, mere early knowledge leads but too easily to vanity and assumption—as is unmistakably apparent in the youth of to-day. Only when knowledge is combined with action, can a justifiable consciousness of self arise, the basis of the development of character.

"It depends on the kind of activity. Mere mechanical employments, such as are generally given in the homes for children, for instance—the injurious shredding of charpie, the drawing a thread, without a knot, through a rag, without the possibility of *producing anything in this way*, or the irksome knitting for young children and such like, can only serve to make the work distasteful to the child, not considering the other disadvantages. Educational work must always be *productive*—show a result. The attainment of the desired

result is sought for by the child, and delights him. Thus it must awaken and form the higher senses, above all the sense of beauty, in order to acquire the means for giving the greater balance to the other enjoyments, through the first beginnings of artistic creation. This means that activity must not consist in mere imitation, but must be more or less free, real and spontaneous, without a given model, sprung from the child's imagination. But this has not been hitherto possible with the existing means. A new discovery and a method were required. And it is this method which Fröbel found. One must say *found*, for it is the method of nature herself. It requires the application of the *same formative law* which the latter follows; the same law by which the spider weaves its web with perfect symmetry, and the bee constructs its cell with mathematical precision. *It is the law of all activity in general by which parts are welded to a whole*, the same in which organic life has to proceed in order and sequence. *It is to a certain extent the key for organization*. Every productive activity requires to organize in a certain sense, *i. e.*, to connect or join material things in order to reach a desired result, whether this result be the plan of a house or of an article of clothing, or possibly a self-invented piece of embroidery. Only the performer must be at the same time the inventor or the architect, carrying out his own ideas, and not following the prescriptions of others. Thus the child is enabled, by the rules of formation known to him, to make his squares of paper into rosettes or into stars, or into any other shapes which may occur to his imagination; he may plait a paper pattern, or form a figure with sticks or planes of wood, without requiring a model, or needing anything more than the *use of the given materials*. This free creation or invention would be impossible for the weak powers of a child to carry out, and the understanding of the rules would be impossible, if this law were not *inborn* in

every child as the law of formative activity—inborn as the instinct of the spider or the bee which both weave and construct by it. *We must call the recognition of this fact a discovery of human nature.* It can be disputed no longer, when the child's actions and productions give the proof of it. These are in no way forced, can not indeed be forced, as they owe their existence to infant play, infant amusement and infant joy. *Only when the method is not understood, and therefore its rules are not applied, can this mere imitation and mechanical copying take place; only then can there be a question of constraint and exertion, and therefore of harm. But that is the fault of a wrong application of the method, and not of the method itself. As long as an education completely in conformity with nature (as Fröbel's ideas and method) is rejected, we cannot expect salvation for childhood and youth, and woe to future generations, if we hesitate any longer to sweep away educational errors."*

By a life of constant inquiry and observation, Fröbel came to the discovery of his new law. My aunt says about this in her "Handbook:" "A natural, and proper education can only be gained through the observation and knowledge of all infant and human development, and Fröbel's idea sprang from his knowledge of both. The following utterances of Fröbel indicate what chiefly occupied his thoughts, and led him to this knowledge: 'If the Lord God said to me: "Come, I will show you the organization of the universe," and, on the other hand, a grain of sand said to me: "Come, I will show you how I became," I would beg the Lord God to allow me to go to the grain of sand.' *The development and formation* of things especially occupied his thoughts, and this is the general scientific problem of our day, and always has been so. Another utterance of Fröbel shows his endeavour to immediately apply his knowledge won by thought: 'I should have liked best the profession of a

nurse.' The last aim of his endeavours, Fröbel expressed in the words: '*Unity of life.*' These words do not appear to have been understood in their whole exact meaning, at least they have not been sufficiently explained. The progressive scientific knowledge of human nature, and of the cosmic world, will bring with it, at a later period, a deeper understanding of Fröbel's view of life. The expression '*Unity of life*' means with Fröbel *the agreement or harmony* of everything that exists in the spiritual and cosmic world, *i. e.*, the connection between *nature, mankind, and God!* which will make possible this unity in future times. 'All life is one whole,' says Fröbel, 'for it has the same author—*God.*' Everything existing on earth is, at the same time, the work of *nature, man, and God, i. e.*, every work of nature is in so far the work of God, as He is the Creator of Nature. Every work of man takes its necessary matter from nature, and the spiritual powers and organs of which it has need, are from God. But the works of God can only be made visible and intelligible to man by being manifested in some form or other. If the '*Unity of Life,*' according to Fröbel, is the aim of all forms of existence, it is also the problem of every single individual, as well as of humanity in general, and it must be proved by the history of human development, how it has solved this problem, and how it will further solve it. That is to say, how it reached the knowledge of the union between God and nature, God and mankind, and mankind and nature, these three great Syntheses. The first epoch in which mankind recognized the unity between God and nature, Fröbel calls the history of creation, or everything existing (which is) is created by God (Moses). The second epoch in the union (reunion or religion) of mankind with God through Christ's redemption (completion of the human—God man), consequently the

Christian era. The third epoch of human development, consists, according to Fröbel, in the union of mankind with nature, or the cosmic world, the beginning of which he sees in the present. That is to say, the separation, or disunion, of man from the law of nature, which is the law given by God, hinders this union. The nonconsideration of the lawful development of its own being led human culture astray. Only a lawful, and thereby natural, education can bring it back to the right and normal path of development, and end the disunion between mind and body, as far as this is possible within the conditions of our world. By this, the relative unity between nature and man would be effected. Fröbel like all really Christian-thinking persons, recognized Christ as the centrepoin of the history of human development. He *disputes none of the Christian dogmas neither that of original sin, nor that of Christ's mediation between God and man.* He says about this:

"Every education to be fruitful, must be founded on religion. All education which is not founded on religion is barren. All education founded on religion is necessary, is naturally active, generative, and creative (productive). Religion is the active, generative, creative (productive) mutual relation to God. The mutual relation of man to God can be expressed in as many forms as there are modes of recognition. God is the creator of all things; God is the foundation, the oneness and totality of all things; men are the creatures of God. God is the father of man, and men are the children of God as creatures. As the child of God, the human spirit, is of divine essence. The unity in the nature of all things, of all multiplicity, is the spirit of their Creator, and is the spirit of God. The Christian religion, the religion of Jesus, suffices absolutely for the mutual intercourse and relation between God and man, and is exhaustive *in this relation.*



"ALL AND EVERY EDUCATION NOT FOUNDED ON THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION, ON THE RELIGION OF JESUS, IS DEFECTIVE AND ONE SIDED."

The opinion that mankind, fallen away from nature by the unavoidable errors of a progressive culture, can be brought back to a normal development through a natural education cannot be understood, in Fröbel's sense, as contradicting in any way the orthodox Christian opinions. (With reference to human education, the non-occupation of the idea of original sin would be most important.) It is absolutely false to suppose that Fröbel believed that the child should be born without the capacity for sin and evil. He rather accepted the idea of the inheritance of the faculties of the human being to the fullest degree as well with reference to the good, as to the bad qualities.

*"The great coherence of everything existing in the universe, was one of Fröbel's fundamental ideas. He expresses this as follows: 'Everything apparently new is already contained in germ in what has gone before.'*

"With this is expressed the solidarity in mankind and thereby the acceptance of the theory of the transmission of qualities from parents to children. These qualities are both good and evil, both inherited in the organs of the soul. The organs are injured by evil and made useless thereby for their destination, the achievement of good. Hence the inclination to sin and evil, transmitted from the parents to the children, reacts on the child and leads to new sin. But every child, which comes into the world, is a new being, because the Spirit of God (the breath of God) is in him, and he is stamped *thereby to a new individuality*. The possibility of being a child of God is inborn, else it would never be realized, and only by the existing Divine in the nature of man, is redemption from sin and evil possible. All evil is a deviation from the law prescribed by God to man. These are, shortly

given, the groundlines of Fröbel's *theory of life* (Weltanschauung) as they proceed *in part out of his writings.*"

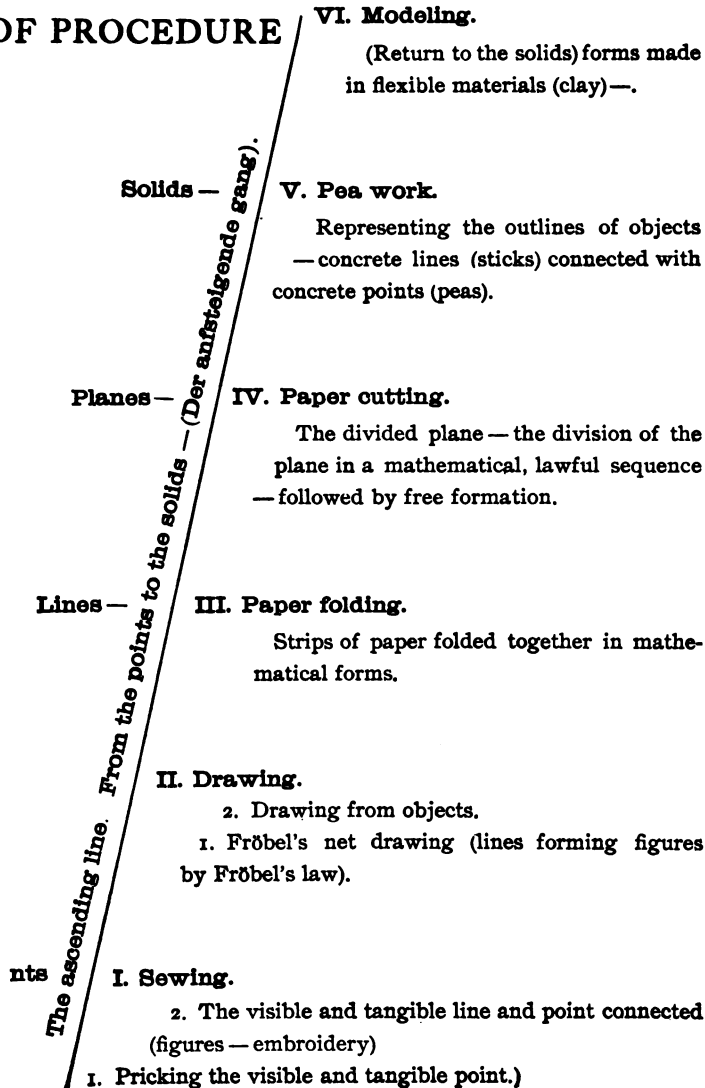
In the following I will give a short review of Fröbel's gifts and occupations and begin with a few words of my aunt's in explanation. She says in the Handbook: "*The time in which the first fundamental ideas are formed, is without question earliest childhood. They can only be formed in this time of mental unconsciousness, because only then can the images be fixed undisturbed in the soul when reflection does not hinder.* But that is not sufficient. As in the development of the organs of nature, a definite *sequence* of actions must take place, which must always be the same, or lawful, in order to reach the aim of development, likewise in mental development, a definite natural course must take place. There must be a natural sequence in the perceptions—*which must not be disturbed.* The general course of evolution in the soul, in order to arrive at thought, may be given as the following: 1. General impressions (total impressions). 2. Contemplation. 3. Observation. 4. Comparison. 5. Deduction. 6. Judgment.

"But the right choice of objects and their right sequence are not sufficient for the purpose. This sequence of objects must at the same time be applied in a way that the intended result—a clear distinct fundamental view of things—may be obtained. They must consequently be applied in a *methodical manner.*

*The importance of Fröbel's gifts consists precisely in this: that they have sprung from the recognition of the natural course of the development of the human intellect, and follow the same course.* FRÖBEL LOOKED INTO THE SECRET WORKSHOP OF THE CHILD'S SOUL AND DISCOVERED THE MEANS AND THEIR METHODICAL APPLICATION WHICH CORRESPOND TO THE LAWFULNESS OF MENTAL DEVELOPMENT, AND PROCEED ACCORDING TO THE SAME LAWFULNESS."

I. The Balls.		FRÖBEL MODE	
The ball the most primitive or most elementary form — sphere —,		The descending line. From the solids to the points — (Der absteigende gang).	— Solids
II. The Ball (solid) — The Cube — The Cylinder.			
The three fundamental forms of crystallization —.			
III. The four boxes with blocks for building.			— Planes
The mathematical division of the solids (cubes).			
IV. The planes of wood — Paper folding.			
Representing the concrete and tangible plane — surface —.			— Lines
V. The Slats — Paper weaving.			
Transition from the surface to the line — the plane divided into lines —.			
VI. The Sticks — Metal rings — Thread laying.			— Points
The straight, concrete, and tangible line — the curved, concrete, and tangible line — the mov- able, concrete, and tangible line.			
VII. Beads — Peas — Corks.			
The point in concrete form — the tangible point.			

## OF PROCEDURE



## FRÖBEL'S GIFTS AND OCCUPATIONS

THEY form a connected whole, which *if they are to promote the development of all the capacities* (mental and physical) *of the child* from the very beginning (harmonious development) CANNOT BE ARBITRARILY INTERRUPTED BY LEAVING OUT THIS OR THAT GIFT OR OCCUPATION, WITHOUT IMPAIRING THE UTILITY OF THE WHOLE, AND INJURING THE RESULT.

Beginning in his *gifts* with the most simple form—the *ball*, Fröbel leads the child, *playing*, through the forms of crystallization, always connecting (combining) two unlike forms (*opposites*) by one form, containing the characteristics of both (connection). He goes from the solids to the divided forms, to planes, to lines, to points, *giving it all in concrete forms* to the child for *manipulation in play*. He goes back in his *occupations*, from the point to lines, to planes, to combined lines, to divided and again combined planes, to the outlines of solids—and to the solids made by the child himself (clay modelling). He teaches the child to work according to *the formative law* found by him (in the same way as nature works, for example when she forms from connected fibres, the blade of grass and so on). Applying the same rule, he teaches the child *to create*, and to produce, and by creating the most various productions after his own imagination, he exercises thereby to the fullest degree, the sense of form, number, and color, etc., and prepares the child by the development of his limbs and senses (physically and mentally) for all human work, and for art.

## COMMENTS ON FRÖBEL METHOD

### DER FRÖBELISCHE GANG

**A**S Fröbel in his *gifts* wished to give the child first of all an impression of the *simplest* form, he could take only *the ball*, which is the simplest form, and at the same time, the form in which all the other forms are contained. He planned it in his *first gift in the form of six elastic balls* (suited to the size of the infant hands), and in the brilliant colours of the rainbow (three primary colours and three composite colours). One of these balls, representing a primary colour, is suspended on a string in front of the child's bed. It is destined to be his first *object of observation*. Nobody can force the infant to look at the ball, at first he is not able to do so, but as soon as his development has progressed so far that he can do so, he will observe this single, brightly-coloured object which moves gently to and fro. His other diverse and multifarious surroundings appear to his still so weak faculties as an inextricable chaos. But his eyes rest on the one simple object, which stands out plainly among all the others. Now he sees this object very often; he is able to see it whenever he opens his eyes, and gradually it becomes familiar to him, and it leaves him an *impression*. In his further development, the child now begins to catch at the ball with his little hands, and the ball is put into them. But his fingers are still much too weak to hold the object, it rolls away.

One day, however, the little fingers will span the ball—the child holds it tight. “It must be seen,” said my aunt, “when an infant *for the first time in his life holds the ball!* He feels the object in his hands, he feels his own power, a great touch-

ing satisfaction becomes visible in his little face. This first holding tight is the child's *first work in the world*, his first deed—thence the perfect satisfaction of the little creature."

Fröbel gives a whole series of most delightful plays for the child with the balls, all of which are ingeniously calculated to develop the little being. I have given in "Fröbel's Mode of Procedure" the sequence of his gifts and occupations.

The child is now to be led further in his development. He must learn to compare. In order to compare the child must have something quite different from the first object (the ball). Therefore Fröbel gives him the polygonous form of the hexagon (*the cube*) in the second gift. (*Ball and cube are opposites in form.*) The child touches this new form, he feels the corners, edges and surfaces with his fingers, *and by this he receives an impression of the difference in the shape of the ball and the cube.* "Nothing in this world is without cohesion, without connection," says Fröbel. To the two quite opposite forms, we must give a *third connecting form* containing the characteristic features of both (*connection of opposites*). The cylinder is this form. It is the connecting form between ball and cube having characteristics of both. In the application of the gifts, as well as in the application of all his occupations, Fröbel divides the forms to be represented into so-called: 1. "*Forms of recognition*," which consist in the observation, measure, touch, division, and comparison, etc., of the solids, planes, lines, and points. 2. "*Forms of life*," representations of the objects seen in daily life, as houses, trees, animals, flowers, bridges, doors, tables, etc. 3. "*Forms of beauty*," namely, symmetrical forms as stars, rosettes, *regular patterns and figures; to invent them* (from free imagination) *the child requires Fröbel's law of the connection of opposites.*

In the following I will try to show, as shortly and clearly as possible, how Fröbel's law, the "connection of opposites,"

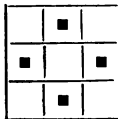
is applied in the plays (the work)—this law is often misapprehended, smiled at and even decried!—but so little understood, *in its immense importance for the development* of the germs of humanity—the children. Its application is very simple in all these little plays for the young children.

The law of the “connection of opposites” always relates to the *qualities* of the objects, never to the objects themselves. For example to colour, form, direction, position, number (inflating), and so on.

The child's plays are to be *productive*. *Without a rule to guide them this would be impossible to the children*. Therefore Fröbel gave this law, a rule to combine and connect the single parts in the simplest way. In the development of the child the moment will soon come, when he begins to break and destroy his toys and then people call him naughty. But the child only follows his initiative impulse of investigation which now awakes and which must be satisfied in order not to degenerate into an impulse of destruction. Now the moment has come when Fröbel gives his third gift, the *divided* solid in the form of a cube—already known to the child from the second gift. This third gift is divided according to the three dimensions into eight small cubes.

Application of the law, “connection of opposites” (with reference to direction).

The child is taught to produce symmetrical figures (forms of beauty) *by grouping his cubes regularly round the center*. If he places a cube *above* this center, he has to do the *opposite* and place one *below*. But for the production of *symmetrical* forms, for a star, etc., he must place another cube to *the right*, and to the left another one, viz.:





By this he has connected or combined the opposites above and below, to the right and to the left. (In the little figure given above, there is an empty space in the middle, the square of the net on the kindergarten table in the middle of the figure is empty.) We call it a *hollow center*—the opposite of this form is a filled center where a cube is put in the middle of the figure and the other cubes are arranged around it. The net on the tables, slates, and papers, is, of course, indispensable for the formation of symmetrical forms in all occupations as well as in the work with the gifts.

In this figure the law relates to direction. In inventing form after form the cubes are placed together, surface to surface, edge to edge, surface to edge and edge to surface, and when the law is applied in this manner the child is enabled to combine a very large number of forms (we produced once, with but the eight cubes of the third gift, 400 forms). The law of connection of opposites is of course applied throughout all the *occupations* (see the ascending line of "Fröbel's Way of Procedure," page 232). Moreover every child in the kindergarten has to work through a sequence of connections of the points with the different lines, etc., we call it a "Schule" (school), of that occupation. He is enabled by his law to invent freely his *own patterns for the different occupations*. He is able to find his opposites and to connect them by his rule.

NOTE:—In my "Greeting to America" I have given some "inventions" in drawing by children of different ages made in the Dresden kindergartens and schoolgartens.

By this law, that is of course also applied in the work with the gifts, it is possible not only for the young but even the untalented child to *invent*. The more talented children are able to *create very beautiful forms*.

Of course the application of the law after the preceding practice in the "schools," becomes quite self-evident to the

child, for he notices very soon that without it he is not able to produce any regular beautiful figures.

In the same way the mathematical forms, which occur again and again in all the gifts, will become so familiar to the child, that this will later in an extraordinary degree facilitate mathematical instruction. For him the "imaginary point" and the "imaginary line" are conceptions long ago deeply engraved in his soul and their image will immediately occur to his mind's eye and he knows very well, that when he places two cubes of the third gift on two of the fourth gift, they are of different forms but adequate quantity (as he calls it "different forms but the same size").

In the kindergarten the children combine their different products with objects according to their own taste and thus again even the young child becomes "a creative being." The delight with which children look at these self-created objects and when they give them as Christmas presents to their parents, the expression of joy in being able to give joy, the satisfaction of being able to achieve something—this must be seen in order to understand to the full the importance of Fröbel's words "*man is a creative being*." I at least have seen little in this world which touched me so deeply.

Now, if the first application of Fröbel's gifts must take place with the small child in the family, the elder child should nevertheless go to a *kindergarten* in order to find in community with other children complete satisfaction in play. No family is able to give their children companionship of *the same age*, and consequently, of the same degree of development. Subordination is necessary in the community in order to learn to give up and *to oblige*, and even in this early age to yield in quiet patience. *The social impulse* is an impulse which is of great importance for education. "Even infants laugh to each other and kick towards each other, when they are brought together. This can be observed daily on the

public play-grounds," says my aunt. I will return later, when speaking of the foundation of the Fröbelstiftung in Dresden, to the impulses of the little child, to the different games of the kindergarten and to Fröbel's "Mother and Cosset Songs." *The cultivation of the soil on which Fröbel lays so great a stress*, requires a piece of land for the children. (See the "Schoolgarden" and Fröbel's "Original Plan for a Garden.") I only wished to give here a short review of the means of carrying out Fröbel's method, *in order to make clear* how my aunt must have been struck by them, and how, on going deeper into the idea, she must have been interested and inspired by it.

She had found in his means and method the realization of her thoughts, for many of these thoughts seemed familiar to her. She herself had thought much the same, and that which she, herself, in her own development, had once missed and *sought for* and which had been lacking in the education of her brothers and sisters, her own step-children, and finally in the education of her own boy, Alfred, *the harmonious development of all the mental and physical faculties*, here she found it made possible, even to the minutest details and in *the simplest way conceivable*—a series of little (most simple) games, taken from the thousand-year-old games of childhood, with a guide for their application, as simple as possible. Yes, as every thinking man who learns to know them in their application, must find *quite self-evident*, as my aunt said: "The egg of Columbus is placed up on end."

But thoughts and ideas came to her now in logical sequence and formed themselves into a complete *system*, and the overpowering thought that all this is the duty of woman and of motherhood, to whom the first education of the child falls, *must needs have* enchanted her. Overwhelmingly lies before her this duty and mission of women, this science of motherhood, to be and to be able to be, the educators of man-

kind in the truest sense of the word, and to have the means for this object at hand! She writes in the Handbook: "*The true science of motherhood was founded by Fröbel, in order to strike at the roots of the monstrous and unheard of persuasions of our mode of education, and thereby to avoid nameless misery of all kinds.*" . . . "With the elevation of *childhood* is connected the elevation, or the real emancipation, of *woman*.

"The *science of motherhood* introduces woman into a higher sphere of knowledge in general, not in order to develop a *dry intellectual wisdom*, but true ripeness of feeling and the highest mental clearness. With the knowledge that a spark of God sleeps in the little being on her knee, the holy inspiration to kindle that spark and to educate for humanity a true citizen, should awaken. *Everything, which places woman in the full right to human dignity is connected with this consecration—to be the educator of humanity.*"

In 1849 my aunt wrote in her Gedankenbuch:—

"I never thought I should be able to escape from the dark prison of the past, or lose the remembrance of all the terrible figures which brought me so much fear and horror, or to again meet mankind with open heart and harmless trust, after the terrible sorrows which they caused me. Nevertheless I have abandoned myself carelessly to the deceptive waves. *Again I have been able to smile, play, and rejoice.*"

And then again we read:—

"As long as my thinking consciousness has existed, I have expected a new mission and a liberator for myself individually, as for humanity in general. *I have not found for myself the individual liberator, but for humanity in general, I recognized Fröbel*, not in the sense of the orthodox idea of a messenger from God, but as *the genius of his time*, as the bearer of its *chief idea*. Will they have the courage to acknowledge this and to express it? Or dare we have it? In

the impossibility of finding a general and real understanding, perhaps not. They would fear to expose the first invisible germ of human renovation to the mockery of ridicule!

"For the first time, perhaps, must a truth come into the world by the practical way of action, and work its way up gradually from below to the understanding of the theory. The time will come *when the art of human education will rank as the highest* and women will be recognized and honored as priestesses of the same, instead of being only regarded as in the lower state of nature, as the physical mothers of mankind. Then *man as man* will be the highest object, to whom everything is subordinate, and only then will the idea of humanity be realized in truth."

## DEVELOPMENT OF FRÖBEL SYSTEM

**M**Y aunt had hardly accepted Fröbel's idea, when with true enthusiasm she began the first propaganda of the same—and this within the circle of the society at the Baths. Dr. Gustav Kühne, one of the best known members of "Das junge Deutschland," relates in his book "Deutsche Manner und Frauen" how my aunt, after he himself had learnt to know and understand Fröbel and his endeavours through her—"she—the *Baroness*, the center of society," makes the propaganda of the new doctrine with glowing enthusiasm.

I will give an extract from his narrative; it is written in a rather decorative way in which truth and fancy mingle, and in which the then aspect of politics is reflected. This little recollection will recall my aunt's "Reminiscences" in which some of the following is to be found.

Kühne relates how my aunt won over a tall dried-up councillor of Berlin to "the cause." My aunt also mentions this man in her book. Kühne says: "*The Baroness* of a very old renowned race, had lived hitherto in the ceremonial of a small court. Only lately, since the arrangement of her family, since the completion of her children's education, could she feel herself released from her narrowing fetters, and herself intellectually free. She did not belong to those who emancipated themselves from the laws of life according to the general standard, she was no "*emancipated woman*." The free breath of her intellect "was a moral elevation of feeling. She had the opinion that a new, pure beginning

was required to redeem the race from the confusion of a refined hyper-education. These pure beginnings she believed to have found in Friedrich Fröbel's "New Education of Man." She did not worry about the reform of *existing* society, neither did she preach revolution, which knows not how to construct a new edifice on the ruins of the existing one. She wished to wake with the rising generation of the child-world, *a morally clean beginning*, a new nursery-garden for mentally-normal and bodily-healthy children, a paradisiacal kindergarten, in which, as she believed, no cares would grow! That man, from his very beginning is good, was the Alpha and Omega of her religion, and when she appealed to the God-man, who speaks the words: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not," she knew perhaps only too well, where the greatest supports for her reasoning were to be found. To such a belief belongs an *infant purity of soul*. To be more than a mere passive belief, and in order to make a propaganda, it required further a self-sacrificing, untiring activity, as well as an absolute engrossment of the intellect. The tall councillor with whom the lady was disputing, appeared to be little sensible of the paradise of her belief. She gave him her dose of conviction not drop by drop, but in the form of a shower-bath! Dr. Kühne then describes the councillor and his Prussian solidity, mixed with a fair quantum of dryness, such as my aunt in her propaganda for the "cause," had very often to deal with. Kühne says: "It was quite worth while to make of him a convert to the belief in the freedom of man, as the Baroness in her praiseworthy zeal attempted to do. She had already prepared him for Fröbel and worked on him considerably. The stream at the side of the path was the symbol of her beautiful zeal. A rock in the middle of the path offered a position from which to obtain a quite pure and crystallized draught. For the use of suffering humanity,

this could not be left unnoticed, and she, an adept in turning circumstances to account for the benefit of the "cause," had quickly climbed the rock, drew and drank from the fresh clear water to the welfare of freedom and the age. The retired councillor produced his cup, had it filled and sipped from it, whilst Prince K, a Westphalian knight, held the Baroness's hand and tried to help her to keep her balance, with the strength of the Teutoburger forest. The whole company stood collected round the floating Hebe, and I came just in time to hear a little bit of her small sermon in the hills.

"She spoke of the freedom of man. 'Is it a wonder,' said the inspired woman, 'the nations again could not realize the idea of freedom? Because they have never understood it, they have never been able to bring it about. And the princes, out of whose hands the formation of a new life has been taken, understand just as little how to arrive at this aim because they only know force, and have no idea of that freedom, which is to itself a law. Nations and princes were not bred to freedom, and he only can construct the free state who has erected in himself a temple to freedom. Falsehood is the bane of mankind, and nations and princes are but the heirs of empty traditions, which are in themselves null and void. Revolution wished to destroy in bitter wrath the whole aggregate of ancient customs, but the downfall in our days was, as in all other revolutions up till now, but a child of hatred. But hatred can only destroy, *love only can construct* and build up, and if, in the fury against wrong and falsehood, ever so much moral-forcing power existed, should hatred strike the whole world to ruin, should every thing be pulled down by it, in the end there would only remain its own self-destruction, and this it always has and always will accomplish. But a revolution of *love* must come over the world, and before the generative strength of the same the false idols will fall of themselves.



“ ‘ But as long as the spirit, which wishes to rule there, feels itself in *opposition* to nature, the struggle will have no end. The spirit must ascend in the love of nature, must seek itself in her, and with her build the altar of life, in which God and nature are combined. The trash of the ancient inheritances, which are transmitted as diseases from race to race, cannot be put aside, if a race, in unity with the demands of nature, is to be educated, which sees in law not only hindrance, and in morals not only prohibitions. For this new world-salvation a new education is required, which will make the race ripe for it. Christ did not come into the world to destroy the world, to persecute the evil principle in nature. Our false knowledge of Him has debased Christianity to a mere place of correction. In knowledge, falsely transmitted, lies all our misfortune. Our law lays down prohibitions, and mankind is tempted to exceed them.’

“ ‘ The whole of our education up till now, has consisted in the limitation of free will, by overloading and weighing down our intellects, with dry knowledge. Then the pious boast of their inner mission which is supposed to ameliorate distress and misery, whilst distress and misery have too often been the necessary consequences of our education.’

“ ‘ An education must be invented which makes superfluous all places of correction and prisons, which prevents the neglect of man, and which does not first destroy that peace, which was made from the very beginning between God and nature, such destruction to be repented of later with prayer and all sorts of pious atonements. The state will only be free, when it leaves off forcing. An education will be all it is meant to be, when it teaches man himself to find the law. That is only true which exists harmoniously between spirit and nature—beautiful when the unity of the exterior corresponds to the unity of the interior—good only that which man has recognized of free choice, as necessity for his sal-

vation. The truth decreed by the gods from above may be suitable for gods, the beauty which we form after given rules, may clothe wooden dolls; the good which I stamp powerfully into my soul, according to the standard, may be gold that is needed by kings and emperors. But the free man does not let himself be coined and stamped according to exterior laws. The free man, an image of God, bears only the stamp which God Himself gave him, and the pure man feels the voice of God in himself. His nature tells him what is helpful, and the voice of pure nature in him is the law of God.' ”

To the retired councillor this speech was like vermouth, but the Baroness continued, climbing down from the rock: “Fröbel will educate a new race, unto freedom. He is the prophet who says to man, ‘God does not desire anything unnatural, He is a Saviour who will free the world from the vain illusion that eternal strife exists between the laws of the spirit and the laws of nature.’ ”

Dr. Kühne here took part in the dispute and finally the councillor walked along in silence. When they reached Fröbel's house and he showed his games, and explained his gifts and his demonstration of palpable geometrical construction, the councillor became quite animated and at the conclusion he remarked: “In the future, mathematics must be treated generally in a more physical way, and more as a product of nature and force. Then they will be more instructive and more profitable, not only for the recognition of nature and matter in chemistry, but also for the knowledge of the workings of the intellect and of the laws of human thought and feeling.”

But thereby he expressed precisely one of the demands of Fröbel's method.

The Baroness pressed his hand heartily as if she was now sure of the new proselyte. Fröbel looked at us three grate-

fully with his enthusiastic eyes—like one who had waited for half a century in a cave for recognition, but in the childlike expectation that his new doctrine would at last come to light, like one who had never become wearied.

It is well known how my aunt won over the celebrated pedagogue Diesterweg to Fröbel's cause, how "they went together to school to Fröbel" as Diesterweg said. In his pamphlet "*Fest-geschenck der Jugend gewidmet*," 1850, he says in reference to his stay at Liebenstein: "In the first days I found only one lady regularly in Fröbel's house and at his lectures, supporting the cause. I may not name her, her modesty forbids it, but I carry the remembrance of this splendid woman, who turned her intellect and talents to noble objects, in my heart, as one of the most gratifying and inspiring recollections."

And yet he had answered my aunt's first invitation to him to accompany her to Fröbel with the words: "O spare me, I can not bear playing with mixed educational methods." But as they walked home from that first visit to Fröbel, my aunt writes in her "*Reminiscences*": "Diesterweg stopped every minute to express to me in a most animated way, his absolute assent to what he had heard from Fröbel. 'The man is really somewhat of a seer. He looks into the innermost parts of the child's nature as no one else does. I am quite carried away by it,' he said."

Diesterweg and Fröbel were daily together after that first meeting, and one of the visitors of the Baths made the harmless joke, of calling them "Eisele and Beisele." (Well-known figures in the "*Fliegende Blätter*.")

The spirited Duchess Amelie, daughter of the Duchess Ida, later the wife of Prince Heinrich of the Netherlands, found a more suitable name for the venerable gentlemen. My aunt was included as third in the band and all three

were called: "The Way, the Truth and the Life." With the greatest esteem and gratitude, my aunt always remembered the princes of Weimar and Meiningen—who not only showed her personally the greatest kindness but always most graciously considered her wishes in reference to Fröbel and the support of his doctrine.

My aunt says in her book "Labour and New Education":—

"Among the women who had already in 1849 given their support to the cause, at the time Fröbel came to Liebenstein, the two Duchesses, Ida von Weimar and the reigning Duchess of Meiningen, must not be left unmentioned. To them I am especially indebted for granting many of the requests which I made in the interest of the cause. With the help of these noble ladies we were able even in 1850, to open a kindergarten in Liebenstein and shortly afterwards others in Saltzungen, Weimar, Meiningen, Philippsthal, etc.

"Through the help of my gracious friend the Duchess Ida, who took part with the greatest interest, in all that took place within the circle round Fröbel, I had also obtained a seminary for the first kindergartners, in the hunting castle of Marienthal near Liebenstein. To her help, I owe also the opportunity of winning the interest of the Weimar court to Fröbel's efforts. The death of the noble woman is to be mourned as a great loss for the propaganda of Fröbel's method of education."

Even in her old age my aunt loved to think of the heartfelt interest of this noble duchess. She often told me of the tea-evenings at the Duchess's, of the curds and "Hamburg" bread and butter (made out of white and black bread), and when in the year 1882 I stayed with her in Liebenstein, she showed me in the rooms of the so-called "Cottage" which the Duchess had built for her son and daughter-in-law, the

nails which the Duchess and she had driven into the wall with their own hands to decorate the home for the young couple.

My aunt also succeeded in winning over the Dukes to Fröbel's cause. Duke Bernhard von Weimar, the husband of the Duchess Ida, the well-known traveller in foreign countries, liked to hear her explain Fröbel's ideas, and the Hereditary Grand Duke, Karl Alexander, was quite captured on the occasion of a lecture which Fröbel gave on his method. My aunt relates in her "Reminiscences:" He expressed his opinions with real inspiration, and thought that he would take back his former reproach of a confused mode of speech. "The man speaks indeed like a prophet."

Among the gentlemen and ladies of the court, the charming maid of honour, Helene von Germar, made friends with my aunt and delighted the guests invited by the Duchess Ida, by her beautiful alto voice. Later she became the wife of the refined and able, most musical friend of Franz Liszt, Dr. Carl von Villers. He was afterwards a well-known homeopathic physician in St. Petersburg. Till her death my aunt and Frau von Villers remained friends.

In the autumn of this year, 1849, my aunt made the acquaintance of William Middendorf, this faithful friend of Fröbel, with whom he had lived through his youth, through the War of Liberation, 1812-15, and with whom he had served in "Lützow's wilde verwegeue Jagd (Lützow's free corps)." One day Fröbel brought him joyfully to my aunt and introduced him with the words: "Here *he* is."

"Who could ever forget this simple man who nevertheless always inspired the fullest sympathy! With the first handshake we were friends," my aunt writes in her "Reminiscences." That indeed she could never remember this man, who had so absolutely given himself up to his friend, who had sacrificed life and goods to the Fröbel idea, but with

emotion, and with a certain pride, she says, in the same book, that the Duchess Ida said of Middendorf: "Your Middendorf is a splendid man. He speaks to the heart in such a way that one must agree with him in everything."

When, in the late autumn, my aunt stayed at Weimar with the grand ducal family, Middendorf came at her request to give some lectures on the occasion of the foundation of the kindergarten in Weimar, and also one at the Hereditary Grand Duke's, within the narrow court circle. The Prince, so susceptible to all that was good, said: "That is an excellent and *touching* man."

Diesterweg received one day a pamphlet from Berlin, concerning the projected "*Göthestiftung*," and my aunt proposed that this should be an "educational institution for geniuses," for the development of their talents. The Princes were won over to the plan. It was to be an educational institute for children, who had shown artistic talent in a kindergarten connected with it. Diesterweg wrote a little pamphlet, "*Göthestiftung*," and my aunt "An appeal," but at the end of August when my aunt and Diesterweg came to Weimar in obedience to the invitation of the Weimar court for the hundredth anniversary of Goethe's birthday, Franz Liszt's influence had put a stop to their projects. My aunt fought with him in vain at the Castle of Ettersburg, belonging to the Hereditary Grand Duke. Liszt used to say laughing: "No support can be given to the genius in swaddling clothes."

"Only later," my aunt says, "could I convince Liszt of the importance of Fröbel's method and then he promised me to compose some songs for the kindergarten, a promise that he, alas, never fulfilled."

My aunt used to say, laughing:—

"Oh Liszt still owes me something for the cause."

But they were great friends and my aunt remembered with

delight the evenings at the grand duchesse's, when Liszt improvised on "Dante's Hell" for instance.

The grand duchesse, a sister of the Emperor Nicholas, of Russia, was very gracious to my aunt, who had to sit with her for hours, working on a large carpet for the Emperor. She showed my aunt the remains of the splendid and valuable trousseau, which the Russian grand princesses always receive. Among other things many pieces of beautiful velvet in all colours, and beautiful jewels and laces, etc.

Among the guests at the Baths one of the most interesting was the unfortunate Duchess Helene of Orleans, the wife of the French successor to the throne, who, even then widowed and exiled, was staying at Liebenstein for the summer with her two little boys, the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Chartres. They lived in a most modest way, and my aunt remembered how the Duchess (a Princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin) called from the window to the little princess: "Oh, children, do think of your white trousers, you know you will not get any clean ones before Saturday."

It was related of the little Prince of Orleans, then eight years old, that on being asked by a lady:—

"You are glad, Monseigneur, that your tutor is coming back?" He answered in a way old for his age: "Oh, certainly, Madame, exceedingly! He knows my character best."

## LIFE IN BERLIN

### FRÖBEL'S MARRIAGE

**N**EXT winter my aunt stayed at Berlin—in the circle of her friends were Bettina von Arnim, Varnhagen von Ense, with his niece, Ludmilla Assing, Corrina Liszt, the two Humboldts, Grimm, Diesterweg and others, and with them she discussed Fröbel's doctrine, and arranged that Varnhagen von Ense (who was thus won over to the cause) should visit Fröbel at Marienthal next summer, 1850.

One of my aunt's most charming recollections were the evenings in Bettina von Arnim's Goethe Hall. The moon shone full upon the statue modelled by Bettina von Arnim herself of Goethe, and Joachim played Beethoven's music for them on his violin. (Bettina, as is well known, was the "child" who figured in Goethe's life—see "Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde.")

Till late into the autumn of the next year, my aunt remained at Liebenstein. This autumn she made the acquaintance of Middendorf's son-in-law, Dr. Wichard Lange, from Hamburg, later the editor of Fröbel's writings. One evening, quite late, she happened to walk from Liebenstein to Marienthal in very stormy weather. This was the first time she saw him. His frank manner attracted her and a true friendship sprang up which lasted to his death, which came, alas! too early.

Very early the next year, 1851, my aunt hurried to Lieben-



stein—as a great event was to be celebrated within the Marienthal circle, *Fröbel's marriage with Luise Levin*.

The old man of sixty-eight years had decided on this second marriage in order to give his home and his young pupils the support of a lady. My aunt wrote a letter on this marriage to Dr. Gustav Kühne, which I quote from “Gustav Kühne, sein Lebensbild und Briefwechsel mit Zeitgenossen.”

“Bad Liebenstein—June, 1851. All those closely connected with Fröbel have quite reconciled themselves to the step which seemed strange at first. All who had heard interested persons speaking of the event, or who were present at the truly elevating ceremony, must have recognized that only common work *for a great idea*, together with many other considerations for the welfare of the Institute—lent a holy sanctification to this union for the cause—and that no worldly and egoistic considerations were the leading motives for the marriage. With a holy earnestness and youthful freshness, the vigorous old man stood before the altar. I acted as his ‘best man,’ and everyone was moved agreeably and joyfully by this hopeful courage which so seldom accompanies a young man at his betrothal now-a-days. Every spark of ridicule vanished even in the most unsympathetic. The preacher delivered a really very well-suited and well-considered oration and laid intelligent stress on the fact of the rarity of such a marriage, which, with and for heaven, must have been concluded by heaven. Most touching were the hearty embraces and congratulations of his twelve girl-pupils, and of the small number of other persons present, among whom was old Middendorf of Keilbrau, Fröbel’s faithful friend and adviser in all his efforts and achievements, most touching owing to the genuinely pure, human feeling which they expressed, and which, alas! this ceremony, possibly the most holy of all, seldom brings. My hopes rise higher and higher

that with the spread and praxis of Fröbel's idea women will be trained to become the educators of the human race and the preservers of the sacredness of all family ties. If only a new and holy spirit would inspire women to help to fulfill the aim of morality and thereby to take a higher position in the world. But men of intelligence must help, must come down from their height, bring the treasures of science and make them so far accessible to us as is necessary for their first practical application in and for life itself. It is to be hoped that the projected meeting of the kindergarten friends, at the end of September will assist us in this. The principal aim of these lines, is to bring this meeting to your knowledge, and in the name of those interested in your coming, to beg for it. Everything touching on politics and religion will be excluded from the debate which is to occupy itself wholly with the cause. Fröbel has again collected a whole mass of published writings and is happy over the interest which is more and more shown in his work.

"Had you seen this enthusiastic, vigorous worker for the good of humanity, playing with the children with all his fervour on his wedding day, so enraptured, content, and happy, as if all life and all the world belonged to him, with all their treasures, you would have enjoyed it and would yourself have been touched. The harmless merriment of the child-world came over every one present, as by a spell cast by the childlike heart which wishes to make the whole of humanity innocent, but conscious and in earnest, feeling as children."

Beyond the wedding festivities, my aunt took hearty part in all that concerned the little circles round Fröbel. She shared joy and sorrow with her friends and was also this year the center of the society of the Baths, interesting all in "the Cause." She wrote endless articles, in papers and periodicals. Her first pamphlet was called, "*The First Educa-*

tion of the Mother, According to Fröbel's Method" (but at that time they always were without her name), and she continued to learn from the lips of the "master." The golden words of his doctrine she absorbed completely into her whole soul and passed them on in her own intellectual manner. We read in "Reminiscences" and she often told me "On the 9th or 10th of August, we had just risen from dinner, at the castle Altenstein to which I had been invited, when the Duke with '*The Vossische Zeitung*' in his hand, came up to me and said: '*The Fröbel kindergartens are forbidden in Prussia.*' I laughed and answered: 'You are joking, Highness, how could that be possible!' But it was so, by a Prescript of the 7th of August, 1851. *It was an error caused by confounding the Fröbel kindergarten with the so-called 'high school' of Fröbel's nephew Karl Fröbel.*

"But *although* Fröbel explained this mistake in a letter to the Minister von Raumer, and although the Minister admitted the mistake, the kindergarten remained forbidden!"

My aunt says about this: "Later in Berlin, when at an audience with Queen Elizabeth I delivered Fröbel's petition to the King, I had very little hope of the success of this step, in spite of his acceptance of it. The feeling that prevailed at the court at that time was too much in opposition to the hope expressed by Fröbel for the renewal of human society by a correct education corresponding to the actual stage of culture, to lead to the desired result. Although I have found sufficient opportunity of experiencing the almost insane fear of whatever was new in those days, and in my advocacy of Fröbel's cause had run the risk of being myself taken for a 'red,' I was nevertheless most astonished by the views which I came to learn in my conversations with the minister. I saw that party fanaticism struck the mind with perfect blindness, so that the only means of salvation offered against the evil of the time were rejected as deadly poison. There

was nothing to be done but to wait for better days when the light of reason should vanquish the darkness that had spread abroad and even Fröbel's innocent games for children should be freed from the interdict that had struck them down. The explanatory newspapers coming from all sides, the wit of the *Kladderradatsch*—about the danger to be feared of the kindergartens with their 'three-year-old demagogues'—praise of them in places where kindergartens had been founded—sympathizing expressions from pedagogical authorities—nothing could then take the odium from the cause."

My aunt's answer to Minister von Raumer was very characteristic. If nobody could prevent her establishing a kindergarten in families, she would found one and show how falsely he judged Fröbel's method, which in spite of its deep and far-reaching significance, was quite harmless! *This family kindergarten was opened in Berlin, as the first institution of this kind, in the same year.*

"Only in 1860," writes my aunt, "came the abolition of the prescript, though from many sides the mistrust felt towards the innocent kindergarten could not be entirely done away with. The great joy felt by the votaries of the cause, over this so long deferred justification, was only saddened, inasmuch as Fröbel himself never lived to see this act of reparation. To me personally came an even greater satisfaction in thinking that my efforts, especially with the ministers of the 'new era,' had helped to achieve this result."

## DEATH OF FRÖBEL

**T**HE year 1852 was a particularly sad one for my aunt. In March her beloved step-daughter Sophie died, and she herself, very ailing, stayed in Pillnitz, near Dresden, with her son Alfred and a niece Charlotte von Marenholtz. Then the news came that on the 21st of June, at half past six in the evening, *Friedrich Fröbel* after a short illness, had departed this life.

My aunt says in her "Reminiscences:"—

"It seemed in the first moments as if everything were falling together, and the thousands of unuttered questions which we had still to ask could never be answered."

Herself still weak and ill, she went to Liebenstein on the 20th of July, 1852, and her first words to Middendorf were: "What will ever become of the Cause?" and he answered: "A truth never will be lost." All that Middendorf told my aunt of Fröbel's death and his funeral must be read in her "Reminiscences." Nothing more touching and at the same time more elevating can be imagined.

"As a child, Friedrich Fröbel, the friend of children and the apostle of child-happiness, fell asleep. Without a struggle and without pain ended a life which never for a moment had had an egotistical thought but which had been entirely dedicated to mankind and childhood," says my aunt with deep and earnest satisfaction, and once she said to me:—"To die as gently as Fröbel died, must be so beautiful."

"Even in death," Middendorf told her, "no trace of pain was to be seen on Fröbel's face. A holy earnestness and

inward cheerfulness shone from it. It was as if his gaze had turned inwards and had only left a sweet and happy smile. The countenance showed an extraordinary tenderness; the lips were slightly opened as if the mouth wanted to speak of the secrets of the other world: 'I now see in light, what I have seen indistinctly till now. Believe and follow the truth, it guides you to freedom and to bliss,' and softly she added, once more, 'Thus I, too, should wish to die.'"

It was a very dreary summer at Liebenstein. My aunt lived very quietly. The Princess only stayed for a short time, and the Duchess Ida went to Holland to her husband, Duke Bernhard, and no important guests came to the Baths. But my aunt discussed with Middendorf what was now to be done for "the Cause." Till late in the stormy wet October she stayed in Liebenstein, and then hurried to Berlin, and in the beginning of November Alfred came to her. Now began—alas! that terrible time, the most bitter in life, when we see a loved one slowly and painfully free himself from this earth. Now began those hours of fear and anguish which engrave their fiery tokens of sorrow forever upon the soul. Her dear child was sinking irretrievably to his grave. The terrible illness which was taking Alfred away from her, had slowly been developing itself. The letters of the last school years at Lüneburg show how his whole organism was fighting against the deadly poison of his disease, and how the powers, both of his mind and body were influenced by it. I feel the duty of saying a few words here on Alfred's behalf, in order to explain the following letter of my aunt after his death. Alfred's nature never seems to have been quite understood in the family, and nothing is so injurious to the character as the feeling of being misunderstood. He felt an overflowing enjoyment in life, but he felt himself hindered in everything; hindered from living out his life as he wished, as his whole nature so impatiently desired—

and as his health and the pedantic views of the family—to which my aunt was obliged to some extent to give way—would never allow.

To me, both from his letters, as well as from all I heard of him, he has been quite like other young men of a lively passionate temperament. My aunt indeed understood her beloved boy better than any one did, but she was herself so well brought up, and her delicate and ideal feeling was very easily wounded, even by only *apparent* roughness. Therefore she grieved about the often peevish tone and the many different and ardent wishes, which Mama should and *must* fulfil as well as the occasionally *apparent* want of feeling and consideration in his letters. Yet there is not one of those letters in which he does not say at the end: “But you *know* that I love you *as much as I have always loved you.*”

His cousin, Charlotte von Marenholtz, writes to him from Dresden, 1852, where my aunt was then seriously ill—(a blood-vessel had burst, and she was attended by the homœopathist, Hofrath Wolf): “I should like to ask a favour of you, dear Alfred, which you really owe to yourself, and that is to write to your Mama and give her news of yourself and your doings as often as possible. You do not know what an influence joy exercises over tender natures. By writing to her you will produce a change for the better in her condition, and your poor mother surely needs joy in her *sad* life. Your own good heart, dear Alfred, will tell you the same.” This beautiful, clever, but, unfortunately, somewhat exalted Cousin Charlotte, who was one of my aunt’s enthusiastic admirers, seems to have enjoyed Alfred’s company. She wrote to him about books and art, and I can see, from her letters, that in this respect he was not my aunt’s son quite in vain.

Varnhagen von Ense says in the diaries of 1851, during his visit at Liebenstein:—

"Her son is an agreeable young man, who speaks with a good deal of intelligence."

But to poor Alfred, the "Fröbelei" was a real abomination. He rails at Fröbel, whom, nevertheless, he must call "a good old man," and he seems to have been heartily jealous at my aunt's great interest in the "Cause." Nevertheless he was most sorry for her when the news of Fröbel's death reached Pillnitz, and bitterly reproached the bringer of the news for not having broken it more gently. Later he wrote to her: "And let me beg you to be comforted about good old Fröbel." He clearly had no real understanding of the idea and how could he?

Alfred had left Lüneburg for Brandenburg in order to prepare himself for the army examination. In the letters written from there, the fencing lessons form the principal topic of interest. But it does not seem to have been a good time for him. The life among his comrades there was not agreeable to him and he fell ill; the end was, he did not pass his examination. "My miserable mathematics did not satisfy," he writes.

This must have been a bitter disappointment to my aunt. And then the plan of entering the Austrian service, as my aunt's brother Albert and her nephew Arthur (Herman's son) had done, came again into the foreground. Alfred wished it intensely and my poor aunt dreaded his going so far away and saw him, in mind, at the end of Poland or Hungary out of her reach. But from that time the letters are full of request after request. "Tell Papa this," or "tell him that." "You *must* represent it to Papa." At last his eager wish was fulfilled. In the summer of 1852 he passes his examination at Pilsen, in Bohemia, and receives permission to enter a Hussar Regiment. This was the fulfilment of his greatest wish. But a short time after whilst he was staying with his father and his sisters at the Bath of



Teplitz in Bohemia he had an attack of hæmorrhage from the lungs. There was no question of entering the service now. He got leave and went with his family to Hannover, whilst my aunt was at Liebenstein without any forebodings.

The hæmorrhage returned and the doctors gave no hope.

At the end of October, on receiving at last this mournful news, my aunt hurried to Berlin, and the letter in which she implores him to come to her is heartrending. She does not say, "to die in my arms," but in every word the anguish of death is felt. In the beginning of November he bids a sad good-by in Hannover and arrives at Berlin to be with his mother who is permitted to nurse her poor child for three months more.

The letters full of love and sympathy sent to the death-bed in the Grabner Strasse in Berlin, by relatives and friends from all quarters (also from Alfred's father), are very touching.

But the young life was not to be spared; after a terrible struggle death came and released him on the 12th of February, 1853.

What he and my aunt suffered can be seen in a long letter which my dear aunt wrote to her daughters on the 16th of February, some days after his death. It is a most touching, wonderful and affecting letter, so full of unutterable pain, and yet so quiet, so full of renunciation and greatness of soul—so quite like her. She writes:—

"Your letters, my dear dear girls, have been a balm to me. I have been able to cry for the first time since the earth received the remains of my dear and only child—and that indeed is the only relief for grief. I thank you many many times for your love, which as I know lives and suffers with me. Since the awful and protracted struggle with death, which I have gone through with my Alfred, my heart has been quite dead—incapable of any impression. In the three

days I spent with his body, I again and again lived through the anguish, and felt with him each throb of pain, until the blessed peace of his features gave me rest.

"After that, I was again as dead and benumbed until to-day, when your words once more brought tears to me. Papa's short stay here passed over me as a dream. I was at that moment incapable of any feeling or impression. I realize also that my personal life has never fully reawakened. The blank remains throughout—the longing for my Alfred—until I find him once more in *that* world where we shall surely once more meet again, to be together more peacefully and beautifully than it was possible here. Yes—surely—to that we will hold fast, and thereby I too will bear the life before me, dark and desolate as it is, hoping that God will not let it be too long before I see my dear child and my faithful Sophie together. I often think of her joy at now having her brother with her in that world. She will stand by him, and protect and guide him, till I come to him.

"I must tell you of his last hours, of the fortitude with which he met death and the patience with which he suffered, so that, through this, you may know him better, and understand how it was possible for his really sweet nature to become overcast by the life and circumstances into which he was forced. It is rare indeed at this age to find the childlike spirit which he had preserved. At first, he often used to set himself against much of that which I thought necessary in order to care for and spare him. Indeed he always wished to decide everything for himself, really because his power of will was strong, though often without insight. Latterly he always asked in everything:—'Do you think so, Mama?' Immediately on his arrival he said:—'I shall never be quite well again. If I cannot be so, life is of no use to me. I should require the physique of a giant, were I to do all that I wish. Otherwise I would rather have no strength at all.'

This he said frequently, and, at times, he railed, in honest wrath, at his poor body.

"He always touched upon the hope of getting better, at least latterly, and believed in it whenever I spoke of the immediate future—what we should do to help on his recovery,—how we should go to Ems, then to Switzerland—to Italy. 'But that will cost too much,' he sometimes objected. He always avoided causing any expense, and often refused to take money from Pauline and myself, so as not to deprive us of it. But the grief of having nevertheless neglected his career, and of being unable to retrieve it, in order to push forward and achieve something with his weakened body, always remained with him. But how this hope of recovery finally dwindled away, and he himself was convinced that he must die, long before the death struggle set in, this I recognized only towards the end and with indescribable anguish. Otherwise I might have gently tried to make his thoughts acquainted with this prospect, but I did not dare to excite a conflict within him, as the physicians had repeatedly told me that it might have the most disastrous consequences, were I to arouse thoughts of death. Now I repent it most bitterly. It might have been done without giving him any gloomy forebodings—for such indeed are false. Only once I hinted to him how beautiful it must be in the New Life, and so on. *In himself*, he believed this too, in spite of all the expressions of unbelief which he always brought forward. His strong and so truly original strength of soul gave him a firm hold and a quiet trust, which even many orthodox Christians do not possess.

"Afterwards he thought much and quite calmly about his death—as he himself said. He thought at once on his arrival: 'If I must die in four weeks, to me it is all right—one must be able to overcome everything.' Only on my account did he hide his thoughts of death, and only tormented

himself with the idea that he caused me so much anxiety and trouble. He never wept on his own account, only on mine—once so bitterly that my heart was quite torn. ‘You cannot stand it any longer, Mama, tormenting yourself so over me,’ he said. ‘I cannot bear any longer that you should lead such a life for me; it must do you harm,’ and more of the same sort, not thinking at all of his own terrible pains. When attacks of coughing or choking set in, however violent they were, he never complained, but overcame them quietly; and one could see how he fought them down, and with what strength of will he did so, although he was so exhausted that for some weeks he had not been able to stand upright. This weakness caused him special grief. Once he fell on my neck weeping so bitterly, when he found on rising that he could not stand, and said in such a heartrending way, that I shall hear it until my dying day, ‘I am so unhappy too.’ If he, who never complained, once uttered such thoughts from the depths of his soul, the heart must indeed break with anguish. In the same way he said to me, even at Pillnitz: ‘I ought never to have been born, or else I ought to have died as a small child.’ He felt so deeply that he had come into collision with his higher nature, through occurrences for which he was in no wise to blame, and this was most difficult to me to bear. His pure, noble nature suffered terribly, feeling that he was not right in himself and could not satisfy his own conscience. His despair in Brandenburg, and again after his departure from there, was so heartrending that no one who had seen it could ever think him heedless, as it always seemed from appearances.

“My dear unhappy child had already for many years fought with the malady which now showed itself. The doctors say this, and that the pain, connected with it, transforms even the best, as Mitscherlich declared. He himself so often longed for death, and so often said to me: ‘I shall not live

long.' But I knew for a long time that he was ill, and had longed for something to help him. I knew that his excitable and violent nature had much to answer for and that in his thirst for life the painful sensations that he felt spurred him on to the desire for pleasure, which did him so much harm. But I did not know how much he had already suffered. *It has become so plain to me, during my grief about him, how everything contributed to prevent the noble and sterling soul of my child from reaching its proper development; and for that reason he had to suffer so greatly.*

"But this opinion is so difficult to impart to others who have not lived through the whole sequence of events with fervent and heartfelt pangs. To honour worthily your brother and his memory, you must know, my dear children, that his imperfections must not be laid to his charge. I have now at last recognized how, in consequence of his childlike nature, he had never become really conscious of these imperfections.

*"In my poor much-tormented child, I recognize what is wanting to humanity at large, so as to develop itself according to the will of God. The higher nature must starve at the time when the seed is sown for that which follows in this life on earth.* Although he was my greatest delight, I could not devote myself to the poor child in these first years, and could not give him that which precisely his so richly gifted nature required, because you needed all my strength; and then I had no idea that *what was most important at this time was neglected.* Yes, before God, I confess that it was neglected for your sakes! And surrounded by so many harmful impressions, which were later only strengthened, the hard rind grew round the soft delicate seed of his soul, which caused him always to be misprized. But that you still loved him, I know well. Now he has thrown off the dross, and his strong soul, yearning for action, and always hindered by his body and the want of preparation, can now develop itself

freely. *This* is my consolation, if the separation will let me pass away in my pain.

"He often used to say to me earlier: 'I cannot live if I have not taken part in a struggle; I *must* fight.' *That was the unused strength which tormented him.* Much has shown me how deeply he loved you all. During this terrible time of suffering, he often spoke of you and of your future, and often wished you were here. Especially when I spoke of the journey to the south, he wished we could take you with us, adding quite sadly:—'But it will never be allowed.' One night in bed he said to me:—'I was just thinking that none of us are really happy—you not—Papa not—William and Gebhard perhaps a little more, but yet not really. All the sisters have something which makes them unhappy, but I take the crown.' All this in such a tone that my soul was torn. He always wished to send me away at night, so that I should get some sleep, although, in the fearful struggles for breath, he did not like to be alone in the long sleepless nights. The last fourteen nights he did not sleep at all; and when, in the morning, he was asked about the night, he answered quite softly:—'It does.' No remedies took effect, on which he often used to say quite resignedly: 'Nothing ever succeeds with me.' He bore so patiently the terrible pain caused by the footbaths and plasters, and by the side bones on which he lay being rubbed twice a day with beef marrow, only regretting the trouble it gave me.

"When he was at last in bed, and I had rubbed his feet for hours, and brushed his hair, he often used to say quite gaily: 'Now we have got so far, dear Mama.' Your offer, dear Pauline, pleased him very much, but he could not enjoy anything more. The whole letter pleased him up to the end. It is the last thing that I read to him. But you can believe, dearest, that I had provided everything possible for him. In the first period of his illness, before he suffered much, it

sometimes used to amuse him if I cooked something for him over methylated spirit. He had also taken for some time the Lobethal essence of salt, but all in vain. The illness had gone too far to be retarded. Even the doctors said they had seldom seen it set in with such vehemence, and that it must have been in his system for a long time. This was why he had to struggle so with death, because, although the lungs were absolutely destroyed, physical strength still existed. One side of his lungs was so perforated that every breath he took could be heard whistling through with a terrible sound. This was so painful to listen to in the last fourteen days, and could be heard even three rooms off, when the attacks of choking set in. At the end, his breathing was for days only a settling in the throat. Since Christmas he had been hoarse and could only whisper quite softly. The last four weeks I had to lay my ear to his mouth in order to understand him. To see him sitting there so dumb with his features distorted by pain, so resigned and collected, this broke my heart. When the doctors came, he always drew himself up although he was in a most feeble condition, and put on a stronger appearance. He did not wish to seem so weak, and after the terrible nights, in answer to the question if it had been bearable, he only replied:—‘Oh, yes.’ Both doctors often said to me that they had hardly ever seen such manly steadfastness at that age; they really admired him. They knew how terribly he suffered. His true-hearted good-nature expressed itself to them as to all. The nurse who helped me the last two nights also said of him: ‘Such a good gentleman.’ Even on the last evening, he gave her some of his fruit, although it was so difficult for him to make a sign. Oh, were I to live a thousand years, I could never forget this last night of anguish!

“In the afternoon he had, for the first time for a long period, slept an hour with his head resting in my hands, for, at

the last, he was not able to lie down, but always sat upright without a support to his back, as the diseased lung could not bear any pressure. Then his head always swayed from side to side from weakness, and I could only support it with my hands, if they were not required for other services. Thus he rather hoped for a better night than the preceding one, when he had even said to me, quietly: 'I cannot really hold out much longer.' But already towards eleven o'clock, the death struggle had begun. 'Lay me down,' he said painfully, 'I am already dying.' Before this he said to me also: 'I am so tired, I wish I could die.' The only things to relieve him were tar, which I always placed close by him in a bowl and which also stood under the bed in order to fill the room with its odor, ether of vinegar for fumigation, cold water compresses, and essence of mustard—so strong that it burnt like red-hot iron, and for which he always asked up to the end, despite the pain it caused. 'The pain is good,' he used to say. But nothing relieved him; he had to struggle terribly; no air could get to him; the excitement could not be removed. The last two days he could not drink anything; whenever he tried to swallow the cough returned; yet sometimes he managed to check it with the most awful efforts. Once in the last hour, he called out: 'Oh, Pauline,' in his agony; and when I said to him: 'Hold out but a little longer, God will soon release you,' he said with indescribable gentleness: 'Am I not holding out!' He never showed the least trace of fear of death, nor the smallest weakness. The evening, when I referred to a possible recovery, he said: 'Yes, but in eternal life.' After one of the most terrible attacks, he said to me, almost as a child. 'I shall not have to suffer so *then*,' in a tone which would have melted stones to pity. When the certainty of death was known, a real anger blazed in his large dark eyes (they were never so before), on expressing his indignation at having



been deceived with false expectations and hopes of recovery, and at being thought weak, which he was not. After I had challenged him to bear it, and he had struggled with inimitable firmness, he opened his eyes wide and said: 'Mama, am I right *like this?*' So touching was this, that my heart still throbs when I think of it. Quite at the last, he spoke a good deal, appeared to be expressing what he would wish to have done after his death, but I could only once understand the words 'Papa' and 'you must adorn me.' (I have adorned his dear body with flowers, and shall also adorn his grave.) It was fearful not to be able to understand his last words, which passed away in his throat; he noticed too that I did not understand, and made such efforts. Before that he said to me: 'My body is growing as heavy as lead.' Moreover, his body and limbs trembled all over during the last hours, so that I, holding him in my arms, could hardly keep standing. But when the last sighs were breathed out, which caused my heart to die within me, his features became gradually so glorified, his expression so blessedly peaceful, that I felt he was released, and now, for the first time, happy—blessedly happy. God judges him differently to man.

"Before Him, his childlike simplicity, which to the last was so touching, will be of more worth than all other merits. He will now educate him to that for which he was created, a noble worthy soul, not human, but as a glorified angel. This became a certainty to me over his corpse, when I felt as if this hard life on earth had already fallen away from me, and that I should soon be with him once more.

"I must still struggle to reconcile myself to his fearful suffering rather than to his passing away. I feel his higher life so clearly, that the pain of no longer having him with me in the flesh is often stilled—though not always—for one remains a human being, and one *feels the emptiness*. What the heart of a mother suffers when she sees her child dying

in the flower of his years, words can never tell; but it is enough to annihilate her own existence. *My life's happiness is destroyed and will remain so*, but I shall live on, as long as God wills it, to work as much as I can, and for that *which shall protect childhood from what my poor child had to suffer*. My one joy in life is *you*, my dear good children, you all, whom I have loved always with the true love of a mother. That you know,—and also that your love is the one balm for my distracted heart, my dear dear girls. We are all bound together in the love which goes beyond the grave, as you, my Marie, say; and the separation from here ceases there. I often think of this and find consolation for all that is wanting in life here. You will preserve with me your love for our dear lost one, and let *the dear little angel that Alfred was as a child*, pass into the grown-up brother who loved you so truly and so deeply. In the portrait of him on his death-bed, which I will send you, you will still see something of the glorification which shone round him, and which was the last expression imprinted on his face, revealing his true soul—the grain from which death has removed the husk. Let the brothers see it too, so that they may have the last impression of their dead brother, who repeatedly said, while he was still here and could speak, how deeply he loved them, and how, to the end, his thoughts were occupied with their happiness and their future. My dear Gebhard, who sent such sympathetic lines to me to-day, will, I hope, learn to understand, in the loving memory of his brother, much of what, in his well-meant interest, he felt to be dark and lurid in his life. His words, ‘He felt more within than he showed without,’ are so true; and the religious disposition which Gebhard, together with me, missed in him so painfully, had only to awaken and develop, in order to be in harmony with his soul, wholly inclined by nature to deeper thoughts. At first it was only a religious instinct which led him but it was strong

and bore within itself a great power of truth until the end. He died with little doubt and no fear, and I know full well that, as a child, he went resignedly to his and to our Father, and that He received him in love.

"Without this I should despair. I am *quiet* and *sure* about it. Please let Gebhard and William see these lines. I am far too exhausted to write more—but I wish, however, that they should know more of the last days of their brother. It is necessary to me to procure some justification for my child. Give these lines also to Papa; he will like to hear particulars of his departed son and I cannot remember what I told him. I was too far removed from all external impressions to be aware of his presence. I could hardly think. During the time I was still occupied night and day with my Alfred, I had no consciousness of self. But now comes the physical exhaustion, and I must have a long rest. No, not people, as you, my good Marie, think—not even sympathizing ones—only quiet and solitude, where one is nearer to God—especially in absolute abandonment. Only then can I see my way to find strength to bear my further existence, after what I have gone through. Do not be anxious if I do not write for some time. Having said all this, I must first have quiet. Tell me now of yourselves, and let me know of your health. Farewell, my dear dear girls, and feel, even afar off, how deeply I love you, though my heart now bleeds too much from the hard blow to be able to express much. Your ever true Mama."

The letters of her children, her husband, and her brothers and sisters, among others one from her brother Friedrich, who writes: "I always thought that Alfred was destined to something great; he had such powers and so much strength of will." In fact all the letters which my aunt received after Alfred's death I find wrapped up with his first attempt at writing on the occasion of the eighth anniversary of his par-

ents' wedding-day. He writes about laurels and roses which he will form into a wreath for them by his life. Alas! they blossomed but too soon on his grave!

When I came to my aunt, twenty years had passed away since his death, but the deep wound was not yet healed, and I felt that this memory also belonged to the sacrednesses of her heart. To touch on them would have been heartless, as the wound would have been made to bleed anew, and I too tried as quietly as I could to cherish his memory for her sake. One day I found among my aunt's things a little *couteau de chasse*, a case for pens, and the key of the railings round Alfred's grave. I was holding these three touching objects in my hand when she came in. I shall never forget the expression of deep sorrow on her features with which she regarded these mementoes, never forget how she stroked them gently over with her hand, as a mother might stroke the head of her child. The beautiful drawing of Alfred on his deathbed, mentioned in the letter, always stood on her writing-table, though veiled. Then one day, after I had been with her for years, my aunt put the picture away among the other mementoes, and drawing me to her, and stroking my hair, she said:—"I want your picture with that of Alfred in his uniform." It seemed to me as if then only I had been raised to be as it were—a real child of hers in her heart, despite all the love which she had shown me daily and hourly. And what I then vowed quietly within myself—that I alone know and—God. But it has been given me to fulfil. One day when we were once staying in Berlin, my aunt drove to Alfred's grave. She went alone, but the little sprig of ivy which she had brought away with her, she gave to me to keep. As far as I was able, I continued to spare my aunt's feelings, in this respect always most sensitive. For instance, the dread of touching on her sorrow, even by the mention of the name, led me always on reading aloud, and the name of

Alfred happening to occur, to change this quickly to another. Thus it happened that, from one day to the other, I used to forget the name I had used and my aunt with her splendid memory would exclaim in astonishment: "But yesterday he was called Anton and to-day he is Adolph!"

The thought of her child was always present to her to the end, and could be perceived in a good many ways. Latterly, in her memory, he always appeared to be again the child, the "little angel which Alfred was as a child." In the last months she connected his memory with the form of her little great-grandchild Harold as the ideal child who could never be naughty, but was very clever, very original, and full of feeling. I saw it in this, that she once or twice said Alfred instead of Harold.

And then, when the hour came when the barrier was to fall for her, which separates us from that of which, till then, we can have but a dim idea and which we may not see, I whispered to her: "Do you see your Alfred now? He is waiting for you," and from my arms I let her pass away once more into his. So I hope to God.

## DEVELOPMENT AND INTRODUCTION OF THE FRÖBEL SYSTEM

**L**ET us see now how the Fröbel theory of education stood in the world when my aunt *took it up*, and devoted herself to it, 1853.\*

When in May, 1853, my aunt again went to Liebenstein, the Marienthaler Institution had been for some months removed by Frau Fröbel to Keilhau. During the latter half of May my aunt took part in the general meeting of German teachers in Salzungen, and she and Middendorf endeavoured to win for the kindergarten cause the interest of the teaching world. They, however, expressed their mutual conviction that "years must pass before the schoolmen would recognize *the full significance* of Fröbel's work."

Several times during July my aunt went from Blankenburg in Thüringen to Keilhau (the educational institute for boys which Fröbel and his friends had founded), and there made the acquaintance of two faithful friends of Fröbel, Langenthal and Barop. There too she met Thekla Naveau, and Eleonore Heerwart, both of whom worked later, with

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*\*That all children should be protected from what her own child had had to suffer, was the task to which my aunt had pledged to devote herself over the body of her Alfred, and an unbroken Apostleship of forty years for the new theory of education was the fulfilment of her vow. For the future she lived only for the doctrine; her own personality fell into the background. As she herself expressed it: "My life's happiness died with my Alfred; it is utterly destroyed and it will remain so."*

much success, in the Fröbel cause. At this time they were studying as pupils under Middendorf and Frau Fröbel. The former has, alas! been dead for years. Her Book of Songs is probably used in almost all the kindergartens. For forty years Fräulein Eleonore Heerwart has not ceased working for, and throwing her power into, the Fröbel cause.

My aunt conferred much with Middendorf as to how Fröbel's work might be further extended, and he prophetically declared: "You must undertake its propagation abroad, we others cannot do that." They spoke much about immortality, and of the existence after death (see "Reminiscences"). The subject seems to have filled Middendorf's mind like a presentiment of death. A stroke of paralysis carried him off suddenly. My aunt was staying in Berlin in November, when she received the news of his sudden death. He too had been allowed a happy and beautiful end, but with him another of the mainstays of the Fröbel cause was laid low.

Frau Fröbel broke up the institute for training kindergarten teachers, and went to Hamburg. *There was now no institute of the kind.* Here and there a few isolated kindergartens existed, for instance, in Hamburg, London, Dresden and in Thüringen, *altogether scarcely more than twenty*, and some of them only maintaining their existence with much difficulty.

The Minister Raumer's prohibition of kindergartens at that time still held good in Prussia. The *family kindergarten* which my aunt had forwarded in Berlin, under the direction of Fräulein Erdman, had been in existence for three years. To found another was impossible. My aunt writes in her book "*Labour and the New Education:*" "Although Diesterweg and other important men had joined our little circle, sufficient support was still lacking, and it was only at considerable sacrifice that we could keep this first institute

alive. To-day it is hardly possible to form an idea of the horror with which my attempt to procure the acceptance of this mode of education—*both prohibited and regarded as dangerous*—was met on many sides. When I began my work, I did not find a single person who knew of Fröbel and his kindergarten, even by name. Many, even women and mothers, found it most extraordinary, yes, absurd, that any one should exert himself so, indeed people laughed over such 'children's games.' To obtain a thorough understanding of Fröbel's principles was not to be thought of, in the circles where, by my efforts, I had drawn some attention to the matter—even in Thüringen, where Fröbel himself had worked, the people knew nothing of the principles of his method—and educated people might be heard to remark: 'Oh, yes, good Herr Fröbel, he gave himself a great deal of trouble over children,' and more in the same strain."

In Berlin, during the winter months of 1851-2, my aunt had privately arranged regular courses, and also several single lectures, on the Fröbel theory of education, for larger and smaller circles, at her own house, or at the houses of her acquaintance. In the same way she wrote many articles and little pamphlets, at that time always anonymous, for her natural diffidence, and her aversion to everything that entailed coming before the public, made her wish to keep her name and person in the background. She wanted to help on the Fröbel cause, but she wished to *work in secret*. Of course later, that was impossible—indeed it was soon imperative that she should put her name to her written work, for her articles and pamphlets were taken up by the officious, and used and misused. But this aversion to bringing her own person forward made my aunt's activity only the more admirable, indeed the more touching, as it enables one to conceive what it must have cost her to conquer her dislike to so much.



The impossibility, at that time, of bringing Fröbel's method into recognition *in Germany*, proved once more to my aunt that no man is a prophet in his own country, and she determined, in the meantime, to publish the propaganda *abroad*. An endless storm of horror, and indignation, arose amongst relatives and acquaintances, when my aunt declared her intention. Particularly the old aristocratic aunts in Berlin, and elsewhere, were simply beside themselves. At that time the expression "*Emancipation of Women*," was beginning to be frequently used, without much being understood of its real significance, and all women, who in any way advanced beyond the narrow limits of domestic life, were reckoned among the "*Emancipated*." Particularly in the circles in which my aunt had grown up, and till now lived, the term had a very disagreeable ring, and the behaviour of many women, who prided themselves on belonging to the "*Emancipated*," must have been intensely repellant to one of such a womanly nature as my aunt. *Hardly anything in life was so obnoxious to her, or could so revolt her, as being confounded with, or reckoned among, these women.*

Frau von Calcar, in Hague, says in the admirable obituary which she published in the Dutch language after my aunt's death: "No apostle of a new doctrine ever began his propaganda more thoroughly equipped than this refined and literary accomplished lady. What courage and energy, what deep inward conviction must have been hers, in order to dare to put herself into opposition with the whole world—men and women; for the uneducated, no less than the educated, showed themselves at first hot opponents. The multitude repeated the opinion of individual leaders: "that the appearance of *a woman* in public is always to be lamented." But if ever, before or since, the desertion of the quiet domestic circle, and the appearance before the great public, in a particular cause, has been worthy of defence, it is the appearance of this pure

and tender-hearted woman, who *never* spoke for the *woman's right*, but only for the *rights of the children*, innocent, helpless children, who cannot assert their own rights. To undertake the troublesome and thankless work for the sake of honour and advantage, was unnecessary for this independent woman of rank. She knew well she would invoke much scorn. Her lectures were always simple in the extreme, but none the less winning and convincing on that account. She invariably spoke *spontaneously*, and with equal kindness to every one, whether they were assistants in a charity-school, or ladies of a court. To win hearts *for the children* was what she strove for."

But in Germany, even in the most cultivated circles, it was not understood that it was the duty of the unemancipated woman also to come forward in the cause of improvement, especially for those of her own sex—in the aristocratic circles least of all. No one could conceive how a woman of my aunt's "mind" could so give herself up to "children's toys," and become so enthusiastic over "children's games." Sometimes, in her old age, my aunt would think with a gentle smile, and still a certain *wonderment*, of the judgments, and opinions, to which, at that time, she had been obliged to listen—at the stormy scenes with the old aunts, the naïve declarations: "But we have also brought up children, and they have turned out quite good men too, without Fröbel!" and more of the like. . . . My aunt often had to listen to similar *naïve* remarks in the course of her propaganda. History, progressive culture, and its doctrines will always remain to many people a seven times sealed book!

*And now begins the wonderful exceptional propaganda for Fröbel's new theory of education. With increasing astonishment, we see this woman standing at first, so alone and forsaken in the cause, so delicate, so spoilt by her former position, her bringing-up, her social life, shrinking from the idea of a*

woman appearing in public, not only on account of the principles and opinions in which she had been brought up from childhood, but also on account of an extraordinary shyness with which she had had to fight since she was a child, of such womanly feeling, recoiling from every rough contact with the outer world, with most excitable nerves, and almost always in ill-health,—we see her overcoming all this, and beginning her victorious career, which was to spread through Europe a derided, despised, misunderstood and forbidden doctrine, and in a few years to win for it, from the wisest circles,—from prince and minister, down to the intelligent craftsman and labourer adherents,—sometimes even enthusiastic adherents—always unmoved by the surging sea of opposition round her, but borne up, as on eagle's wings, by the one thought, "The truth must and will conquer."

Dr. Karl Schmidt writes in the "*History of Pedagogics*," third edition, page 318: "After Fröbel's death, his work made a quite unexpected advance. As he had devoted his life to the education and training of women—principally because of the education of very young children—so it was a woman who embraced, as her life's work, the spreading of the kindergarten method. Bertha von Marenholtz Bülow, so ingenious, and ever working for the good of humanity, permeated through and through with the Fröbel educational ideas, planted in the first ten years after Fröbel's death, by means of her bold work which knew no shrinking from difficulties, the seed of the kindergarten, in all the civilized countries of Europe, yes, and even carried it from Europe over to America." (Compare Böhme's "*Concise History of the Art of Learning*," 1870, page 108.)

Dr. Wichard Lange (the editor of the entire Fröbel writings) wrote in the "*Rheinische Blätter*," 1867, page 98:

"Well equipped, she entered the great stage of the world as an Apostle. Not at first as speaker or authoress, not with

ostentation and pretension. *Between person and cause, she drew the most decided line; she wanted nothing for herself, neither profit, honour, nor riches; her name should remain unknown, nor disclosed, even when it was evident that merit and fame were to be gained.* This dread which seems to be a part of the best and noblest women, she was later absolutely obliged to lay aside, for her friends, not so sensitive as herself, could perceive in the appearance of such a woman in the cause of a grand mission, no injury to her womanly dignity, but only an important means to the furtherance and extension of the Fröbel methods of education. Thus she pressed forward, and was pressed forward, *till at last she was, with general consent, recognized as the chief representative and proper messenger of the kindergarten cause.*

"Her method of action was quite unique in its way. Of an ingenious mind, and disposed to idealize as she was, she never shrank from entering the lowest classes of society—whether of men or women—if by so doing she could serve the cause. Rank and birth opened to her the highest circles, mind and talent enabled her to take a prominent position in personal intercourse with the greatest of all nations. Where two or three were gathered together in Fröbel's name, there she would come amongst them, and work as much through her personal appearance as through her enthusiastic words, practical statements, and excellent propositions. Princes and other people of authority would discourse with her, men of learning of all nationalities would discuss, and finally publicly declare their opinion. What was such a woman not capable of doing! The most able and enthusiastic men may be left waiting in the anteroom,—they need not be listened to—can even be shown the door, and made to repent of their candour. But towards a lady one must be polite and agreeable, she must be given attention, and rendered every possible service—no one cares to be a barbarian. *Therefore this wo-*

*man achieved what ten men could not have brought about. She alone is to be thanked for the removal of the prohibition which a Prussian ministry had enacted against the kindergartens. It was she, who carried the ideas which lie at the foundation of these institutions into France, England, Holland, Belgium, Russia, Switzerland, Italy, Austria; indeed it almost seemed as if the German work was to be transplanted into foreign soil, there first to be developed, and thence to return once more to Germany. However the Fatherland was not left behind, and the Baroness had a greater share in the work achieved on native soil than all other votaries of the Fröbel cause."*

(Dr. Wichard Lange considers that the "woman" had much to do with the fact, that my aunt succeeded in winning over people so quickly. Besides her "spirit," and the fascinating nobility of her personality, I have always found *that her own deep and absolute conviction of the truth of the "cause" carried so much before it.*)

In the summer of 1854, we find my aunt among the children of the ragged schools in London. The poorest, most neglected and ragged children, some without parents or homes, who spend the nights under doorways and bridges, behind fences and hoardings, children, who are in fact, so to speak, the very scum of the child-world, are taken into these schools. The atmosphere of these places of abject poverty was terrible, and when we consider how accustomed my aunt was to good air, how intensely keen her sense of smell, we can well judge what a sacrifice this time must have been to her. Countess Krokow, who went with my aunt from Dresden to London, and lived with her, said to me later: "Dear Marenholtz, in her enthusiasm, seemed to be insensible to it, but I often ran away, I simply could not stand that 'pestilential air.'" My aunt, however, forgot all when she saw how the poor children's eyes would beam as she entered, and

when she heard the joyful: "O, the lady with the sticks!" She had spoken very little English before, but, after the first few weeks, she mastered it so entirely that she was even able to give her lectures in it. Even the English accent was not wanting. A large number of prominent people of all classes thronged to the lectures. "The foreign Baroness" was much in request in the drawing-rooms of the season. The principal papers, such as the "*Times*," the "*Herald*," and the "*Athenæum*," had articles discussing the kindergartens, all favourable. Charles Dickens dedicated several articles in his "*Household Words*" to them, after my aunt had visited him. "You can have no idea," Countess Krokow said to me, "how dear Marenholtz worked—it was truly phenomenal what she accomplished. From morning till late in the afternoon we were in various schools, the 'Ragged Monsters;' then goodness knows with how many people, who had to be interested in the matter, now at this end of the town, and now at that. In the evening again people who were interested, or were to be made so, either at our house, or elsewhere. Lectures too—now here, now there. It was like bees working their hardest—we were always in a whirl."

My aunt would relate how she often went the whole day without food, till at last she would get out of the carriage, or the terrible omnibuses, in order to eat a pie at a stall, whilst Countess Krokow feasted with joy on such sea monsters as crabs and shell-fish, as were displayed.

Besides all this they wrote at night a pamphlet in English, "*The Infant Gardens*," which was very soon sold out. The contents, however, were largely copied by others, and are to be found in other pamphlets. The Fröbel material was conveyed to the lectures in a bag, by a boy from the neighbourhood. "One night, after we were asleep," related my aunt, "we were awakened by a continued knocking at the house door. At last, Countess Krokow called out of the win-

dow, 'Who's there?' whereupon a mournful voice answered, 'I bring the system.' It was the boy, who had lost his way and therefore arrived late, and because Countess Krokow had often spoken of the 'system,' he imagined it was the name for the sack." My aunt related another time how she was with the Countess at the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, and the latter, in fun, held out her umbrella to an elephant. The animal seized it, crushed it together, and eat it. Horrified, my aunt hurried the Countess from the gardens, but the latter gave her no peace. To oblige her, my aunt had to come and inquire after the elephant. The animal appeared to be quite well, and none the worse for his unaccustomed meal. On a second visit to the Regent's Park, they experienced a terrible scene. A poisonous snake had escaped from its cage. Separated luckily from the public by a glass partition, it shot into the next cage, and there stung a beautiful Arab horse in the body, which immediately fell down dead.

My aunt attended so-called meetings of the most varied description. Once she was invited to a missionary meeting. She found an enormous gathering of old ladies with their knitting in their hands. A letter was read aloud from a missionary in Africa, who recounted with sorrow, how very far their savage brethren still were from all Christian customs and civilization. For example,—could one have believed it,—a whole consignment of warm woolen socks, which he had distributed, had certainly at first been put on, but very soon taken off again, and thrown about the beach. "Awful!—shocking!" resounded in deep English bass tones round my aunt, and in the same breath, the order,—“Let us pray.” Every one knelt down, and a long prayer was read aloud for the civilization of the savages, and their final conversion to culture and morals.

The Bishop of Natal was in London just at the time. He was carried away by the idea of facilitating the difficulties of

learning to the Kaffir children, by means of the Fröbel games, as there were no books in the Kaffir language. I told him that with Fröbel's games, I could write him a whole library, which children of any country would be able to understand. He implored my aunt to come to Africa, and took two teachers out with him, whom my aunt had to instruct as well as was possible in the limited time.

During my aunt's stay in London several kindergartens were founded. Herr Heinrich Hoffmann from Hamburg undertook the instruction of kindergarten teachers. When in 1855 my aunt went to Paris, the interest was awakened, and the foundation for the "Cause" laid. (Since then the cause has spread in England with extraordinary rapidity—an active interest was roused—and has continued.)

After a terrible crossing, during which my aunt suffered very severely from sea-sickness, even to spitting blood (the ship's doctor feared the worst), she arrived very ailing in Paris, *without knowing a single soul in the whole city*. She gives an account of it in "Labour and the New Education:" "When I arrived in Paris, Fröbel's name was absolutely unknown. I myself did not know a single person in the great world's city, and came without any introductions, as the determination to go, in the Fröbel cause, to Paris from London, where I had been working not without success for half a year, was too suddenly put into execution to allow of my procuring letters of introduction. It was the faith in the *inward truth of the cause alone* that allowed the venture of the attempt, the success of which is certainly the proof of the soundness, reasonableness and necessity of the Fröbel method. Not only did this find approbation and acceptance wherever I published it, but an immediate success in the inauguration of several kindergartens. At the present time, since Fröbel and his cause have become so well known, many a prejudice and much ill-feeling have been overcome,



and everywhere far fewer difficulties come in the way of its progression than at that time. These difficulties are certainly not to be denied, and can only be appreciated to their full extent, by those who have tried to procure a footing for a new cause in large foreign towns. For a *woman* who undertakes this alone, they are without doubt greater and more varied than for a man. Through the publicity of the necessary lectures, the latter is in the position of making possible a more rapid extension. Still experience in various countries has taught me that it is far easier, even in the educated circles, for a woman to obtain a hearing *abroad* than in Germany, where the working of a woman for the public good is restricted to very narrow bounds."

However, in 1866, my aunt said: "During a three years' stay in Paris, not less than 100 lectures on Fröbel's method, given in my house, or in restricted circles, partly in courses, partly single, were necessary, to arrive at the first beginnings of its introduction."

Here too a circle very soon formed itself round my aunt, enchanted with her mind and her charming vivacity. She moved in all classes of society in Paris, and later related with pride: "That many of the cleverer workmen, yes, workmen in blue blouses, had listened to her lectures, and just these very men had been so delighted with the idea that *dexterity of hand*, furthermore, *the eyes*, and the *sense of beauty* would be developed through the Fröbel method, and of what importance it would be to handicraft, especially artistic handicraft." She made many acquaintances among the aristocracy. In Paris she again saw Countess Hahn-Base-dow from Mecklenburg, who, with her sister the Countess Schlippenbach, was trying various cures. Amongst others she put herself under the treatment of the famous magnetizer Count Szapary. My aunt was present at several most interesting séances, and experiments with somnambulists.

At one séance through the clairvoyance of a somnambulist, the more particular circumstances of a murder, committed in Paris, were revealed, and the murderer was, in consequence, arrested, handed over to the law, and convicted. Here also my aunt made the acquaintance of Isa, Hans von Bülow's sister, later Frau von Bojanowski. None of her friends ever forgot her, and Frau von Bojanowski writes now after thirty-nine years: "Ah! give us the real value of that personality and individuality, so fascinating and charming, so intelligent, refined and angelic, ready for all noble great endeavours, so ingenious and quick of comprehension—give us that, and not only the aristocrat, *but she herself as woman in her noble womanliness, self-forgetfulness, and self-sacrifice.*"

Amongst the French aristocrats my aunt used to remember with special pleasure the old Countess Laroche-Jaquelin. She visited the old lady at her castle in Provence, and there the Countess showed her a room, beautifully furnished, but with dust and cobwebs lying thick over everything. Under the magnificent brocade canopy was an unmade silk bed, the cushions trimmed with lace. With reverent expression and tone, the Countess said: "*He* slept there, and since then the room has not been touched." Much astonished my aunt asked: "But who?" "*Mais sa Majesté Henri VI.!*" answered the old royalist, making a deep respectful curtsy. It made a deep and far from ridiculous impression on my aunt, as it showed so unaffectedly the old true royal feeling.

The society of the French savants of the time was particularly interesting to my aunt. Even in her old age, she would speak with pleasure of her stay in Paris, and lay stress on the kind reception with which she had been met on all sides. She recalled the pleasant, refined, and *cultivated* tone of the families, and spoke of the cordial intercourse between parents and children, the deep respect of the latter for the

parents, which showed itself throughout their entire behaviour, and the delightful relations between husbands and wives.

How my aunt ingratiated herself among the people whom she wished to win for the "Cause," what power and charm her personality worked, can be seen in the account given by the famous historian *Michelet*, in his interesting work "Nos Fils." I quote the passage in the original, as a translation would take from the character, the French "conception" would lose in the English, and hardly convey the intended meaning.

"En janvier 1859, nous étions au coin du feu, occupés de quelque lecture. Elle entre! Qui? une inconnue, une aimable dame allemande, d'une grace souriante et charmante. Mais jamais je n'avais vu une allemande si vive. Elle s'assit comme chez elle. Et déjà nous étions conquit. Tous son cœur était dans ses yeux.

"Ce fut un coup de lumière. Elle commence par dire. . . . Mais que ne dit elle pas? Tout à la fois du premier coup. Et nous acceptâmes tout avant de répondre un mot.

"Elle dit tout à la fois et sa doctrine, et sa vie, la doctrine infiniment simple: 'L'enfant est un créateur. L'aider à créer c'est tout.' Dès lors plus de bavardage, l'enseignement silencieux. Peu de mots: *des actes et des œuvres*.

"Cela m'entra dans la tête, aussi clair que le soleil, avec les fortes conséquences que peut-être la dame allemande n'aurait pas trop acceptées. Oui! Madame!. . . Ah! que c'est vrai! . . . O la grande révolution!" En un moment; je vis un monde, la vraie fin du moyen âge, la fin du Dieu scolastique, du Dieu Parole (ou Dieu Verbe) la règne du Dieu Action.

"Oui, l'homme est un créateur, un ouvrier, un artiste, né pour aider la nature à se faire, et se refaire, né surtout pour se faire lui-même, mettre sa flamme en son argile. Un monde nouveau commence. Tu as vaincu, Prométhée!

" Je ne disais pas un mot de mes audacieuses pensées. Nous la regardions, l'admirions. Elle avait été fort jolie, et quoique marquée des signes de l'âge et de la douleur, elle était charmante, angélique. Je sentis sa pureté, une vie réservée toute entière, qui avait pu sur le tard avoir en toute sa fraîcheur une jeune passion innocente.

" Madame de Marenholtz, mariée à un seigneur âgé, dans une petite cour d'Allemagne, de bonne heure goûta peu le monde. A dix-sept ans, dans un bal, sentant la vanité, le vide de ces bruyants plaisirs, elle se mit à pleurer. Elle eut un enfant maladif qu'elle devait perdre bientôt, et qu'elle menait aux eaux chaque année. Elle y était en 1850. On lui dit: 'Avez-vous vu ce vieux fou que les enfants suivent? On ne sait quel charme il a, mais ils ne peuvent le quitter. Il leur fait faire tout ce qu'il veut.' Le vieux fou c'était Fröbel. La puissance qu'il excercait sur les enfants, il l'eut sur elle, sur cette dame du grand monde, si cultivée, de tant d'esprit. Au premier mot, elle fut prise, tout comme je l'ai été par elle.

" Chaque année il la menait, elle et son enfant aux forêts. C'était au milieu des arbres, ses amis, ses camarades, qu'il était tout à fait lui-même, le forestier des premiers jours. Les oiseaux le connaissaient. Il parlait couramment leur langue, surtout celle du pinson. Arrivé à quelque clairière il adorait le soleil la principale forme de Dieu.

" Comme Rousseau, il croit l'homme bon, et la nature non déçue. Comme Pestalozzi il veut que cette nature bonne agisse, ait son plein développement. Plus directement queux encore, il est libre du Dieu Parole, du Fils, et adore le Père le Dieu soleil, de toute vie, générateur et créateur qui veut qu'on crée comme lui."

Later indeed Michelet had another opinion of Fröbel, his teaching, and my aunt's acquaintance with him, but nevertheless he had the above printed some years after. He himself

must have liked it. My aunt was on most friendly terms with the Michelets. Till 1870 Professor Michelet kept up a constant correspondence with my aunt, but to her sorrow, it ceased after the Franco-Prussian war. Michelet says in his work, "*La Femme*," in the notes, "Education, Ateliers and Kindergartens:" "The motto of the middle-ages was imitation; the motto of the present is invention—creation. What education do we need for an age of creative work? That which teaches us *to create*. Natural activity is not enough (Rousseau, Pestalozzi, etc.), the child must be put in the right way, and given the means. When last year his charming disciple Madame de Marenholtz explained to me his doctrine, I saw at once *that this is in truth the education for our times*. Rousseau makes a Robinson Crusoe a hermit, Fournier makes use of the monkey instinct, he will lead the child to imitate, Jocolot develops the instinct for life and discussion, Fröbel ends the teaching through speech, he rejects imitation. His development and training are not instilled from without, but drawn forth from the child itself, and are not arbitrary. The child again lives through the history, the civilization of mankind. (See Frau von Marenholtz delightful manual "*Chez Hachette*."")

My aunt was almost greater friends with the *Edgar Quinet*, and this friendship lasted till Professor Quinet's death, and was not interrupted by political animosities.

Another time my aunt relates that she was invited to a large meeting of the lady Free Masons of Paris. All the ladies appeared in little aprons. They wished to initiate her into the secrets of the order, admit her, and in fact make her Grand Mistress, but my aunt gratefully declined.

"In no way," says my aunt in "*Labour and New Education*," "have I found that often expressed opinion confirmed, that it is harder to make a way for the cause in *Roman Catholic* than in *Protestant* lands. The distrust excited in

Germany in religious quarters, seldom, and always in a lesser degree, confronted me abroad, probably for the reason that the cause was received without prejudice, as, owing to its novelty, there had been no time for disparagement. Amongst the *lower* classes, I have nowhere found such true, and in part enthusiastic, agreement with the practical side of the Fröbel method, as in Paris. The workmen often recognized, with astonishing rapidity, its importance as a preparation for all kinds of work."

One of these blouse-clad men, a clever joiner, struck up a friendship with my aunt. She visited him several times in his dwelling on the fourth or sixth story. There she would sit on one of the two chairs of the little room, which served him also as workshop. He always dusted the chair first with the sleeve of his blue blouse, and then, whilst he leant respectfully against his bench, they would exchange their opinions over the future of handicraft, when Fröbel's method should become generally introduced. My aunt listened with the greatest interest to the intelligent enthusiastic ideas of this man, who never missed appearing at her lectures, and showed himself more educated "than many a man in kid gloves," she said. "Neither could one of the kid-gloved gentlemen have shown more courtesy than did this working-man, as he accompanied me down his numerous steps, and with his cap in his hand (he would never put it on, even in the worst weather), conducted me either to an omnibus or a cabstand."

She stayed several times with the poet Heinrich Heine, at his "Matratzengruft," where he was already in the clutches of an incurable illness. She knew how to interest him also in the "Cause."

"*The educational department of the Ministry showed its interest in the 'Cause' even during the first months of my stay.*" On my aunt's representation, the Empress Eugénie

had a trial of the Fröbel method made at the Crèches. The minister of education, de Fortoul, expressed his approval. At No. 10 Rue Ursuline, an attempt was begun under the direction of *Mme. Pape-Carpentier*, with much success. After a three-months' trial, the Commission pronounced a very favourable opinion, and the Educational Department recommended in its official report that "*the kindergarten method should be introduced into the existing institutions, and as far as possible combined with the elementary schools.*"

My aunt writes in "Labour and New Education:" "To follow all the reports of the further course of the first introduction of the 'Cause' in France, would lead us too far. The following remarks on practical organization must suffice:"

I will give here, succinctly, some of these extracts, letters and reports from papers, as being weighty vouchers for the introduction of the Fröbel method.

"A Protestant lady, Madame André Kochlin, had a room built in the Rue de la Pepinière 81 for the use of the Fröbel method. With the assistance of Madame Jules Mallet (a well-known philanthropist in Paris), I initiated the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul into the method, and then introduced them into the Asyle des Petits Orphelins, Chaussée Ménil Montant 119," also into the "Asyle des Diaconisses, Rue de Neuilly 95," and the Ecole Protestante, Rue Neuve Ste. Gènevève. I do not include the introduction of some of the occupations into various institutions. In one institution, Rue Ste. Etienne 40, practical courses for young girls were established. One intelligent nun, Sister Maria, of the Convent of the Assumption, took such an active interest in the method, and studied so diligently with me, that she would certainly have attained her 'greatest wish,' that of introducing the method into the institution, had she not been called away to Spain. The idea that nuns in a convent are univer-

sally one-sided and narrow on account of the passive obedience to which they are bound, is quite wrong. In some convents I came across several intelligent, lovely sisters, who were truly delighted with Fröbel's method of education. The above-mentioned Sister Maria was herself an authoress. Still the great disadvantage of the one-sided ecclesiastical education in Roman Catholic countries, even in those institutions directed by nuns, cannot be denied. Unmistakable signs of it are visible everywhere."

In the following text, my aunt regrets that education, even in the schools of protestant countries, was becoming so mechanical (since then things are notably better in this respect), and that in France she had no trained kindergarten teachers at her disposal. At that time she sent three ladies from Paris to Germany, in order to learn what was necessary. Amongst them, Mlle. Chevalier, who conducted a kindergarten in Orleans. Another lady was sent, through Madame Kochlin, to Mühlhausen in Alsace, where my aunt made the "Cause" known in 1857, and another conducted a kindergarten for the better classes in Paris. A lady of means, Countess Noailles, was willing to give 100,000 francs for a kindergarten, if the Emperor would grant the use of a part of the Park of Monceaux. Unfortunately this failed. My aunt took the opportunity to declare hopefully that "it was to be hoped that in a few years, kindergartens would be found everywhere in the large parks and gardens of the towns."

"La Presse" of November 22, 1855, and March 11, 1856, under the then proprietor E. de Gerardin, readily supported her. "Journal des Débats," "Gazette de France," "Siècle," "Revue Britannique," "Revue des Deux Mondes," "La Revue de Paris," "Le Disciple de Jésus Christ," "Le Journal de la Jeunesse," "La Vie Humaine," "Le Monde," "L'Ami des Sciences," and several others, all papers of



the most different parties, stood by the Fröbel method. A new paper "La Science des Mères" was begun.

Morlot, cardinal of Tours, later Archbishop of Paris, a generally revered man, writes: "I ask you, Madame the Baroness, not to doubt my zeal for an instant, and to acquaint me with all that concerns the Fröbel method, which has found in you such an enlightened exponent, and such real self-sacrifice. I remain, in true respect, Madame the Baroness, your humble, grateful servant,

"S. MORLOT, Cardinal of Tours."

The following is an extract from "Labour and New Education"—"The assent of the well-known and universally revered Archbishop of Paris, is certainly no unimportant witness for the Fröbel method, particularly for the Roman Catholic world."

Marbeau, the founder of the Crèches in Paris, and President of the International Charity Association, Paris, wrote February 5, 1855:

"I take great interest in your kindergarten method, and heartily wish for its introduction into France. . . . Will you kindly send me, as soon as possible, your article on kindergartens, for the 'Bulletin des Crèches.' . . . By your zeal and excellent understanding for practical organization, France will also profit in future generations from Fröbel's important discovery."

Buchet de Cubière, savant and author (who busied himself with mathematical studies), writes from Paris, February 28, 1856:

"Since that evening, which I shall never forget, on which you explained, for three hours, the ideas of your great Fröbel on education. . . . I have several times read his 'Education of Man,' and do not hesitate to declare that Fröbel is one of the most notable individualities that Germany

has produced during this century. I consider it a great happiness to have become acquainted with such a mind, and am indebted to you for it. It certainly could not have been the destiny of such a creative genius, who had made himself master of the hidden laws of life, to be buried in oblivion, but it might have been his fate to remain unknown for a long time despite his deep and great importance. It would have been sad for his contemporaries not to have known him, just on account of this deep and great importance. By propagating this great man's method of education, you are rendering an invaluable service. . . ."

Martin Pachoud (protestant counsellor of the Consistory, well-known founder of the "Union Chrétienne universelle," editor of the "Revue pour le progrès moral et religieux des disciples de Jésus Christ," and my aunt's particular friend) writes, Paris 1855 and 1856:

"My friends and I wish nothing more than to assist you in the furtherance of your excellent work. We are at your disposal. . . . You are wrong in complaining of the slow progress of your cause; on the contrary, it appears to me that *never has an idea made way so quickly in Paris, as that for which you plead*. You must remember that here new ideas and new appearances daily lay claim to public attention. In the meantime, you yourself hinder its advance to a certain extent, through your dread of all publicity. . . . Numerous listeners would come to your lectures, possibly more than there would be room for."

Doubet, secretary of the Educational Department, and the "Central Committee for State Educational Institutions for Young Children," writes, Paris, 21 June, 1856:

"I am grateful to you, Madame the Baroness. You may count on my readiness for everything that concerns the development of an educational work, the true appreciation of which, it is necessary, above everything, to call forth. . . ."

I hope shortly to call upon you, and to pay you the homage of my most respectful devotion."

During the second year of my aunt's stay in Paris, the "Committee du patronage des jardins d'enfants" was founded. Many influential persons took part in the work. My aunt had invited Monsieur Doubet.

*Guépin*, a well-known physician, naturalist and author, in Nantes (France); compiler of the "Encyclopedia of Philosophy," writes, Nantes, 6 May, 1856.

"Directly after my return from Paris, I spoke with an influential member of the Nantes Société Académique, about laying before the society a treatise on the kindergarten method. Besides this, I wrote to friends in Barcelona, about the publishing of articles on Fröbel's method in the papers. Send me the necessary papers, also your last article. Spain is good ground. My wife and I are charmed with everything we heard and learnt from you. My wife is going to write to several ladies, Mrs. Hunt, a great niece of Marlborough, amongst others. The 'Journal de Nantes,' the 'Ouvrier de la Bretagne,' the 'Journal des Loire,' and the 'Commercial Journal,' etc., will all publish articles. A friend of mine in Madrid will translate your pamphlet into Spanish. (This pamphlet was entitled 'Les jardins d'enfants à Paris, 1855,' and appeared in several numbers.) Influential men will support me in the propaganda. Fröbel's method of education is the most complete and most in accordance with nature, that I know. I hope you will accept this communication as a proof of our sincere interest, and deep sympathy."

It is plain Dr. Guépin was very much taken with the idea.

Madame Mallet in Paris, authoress of the prize work on prisons for women, wrote in May, 1856:

". . . The centre point of Fröbel's method must be in the first place, the family, and because education should be-

gin with life, it is the mother who must first be taught." My aunt declared that Madame Mallet had done more for the propaganda than any other lady in Paris.

Dr. Pétiou, a physician in Paris, writes: "I have spoken of your educational cause in my circle in the Free Masons' Lodge, and there is a very strong wish that you may be willing to give a lecture there. There is room in the small hall of the Grand Orient Lodge, for a fairly numerous and private audience (which you always so particularly request). Fröbel's excellent method will train for us logical minds, and produce healthy men, a point on which I lay particular value. It is the Fröbel gymnastics, the garden work, the shortened school hours, and more exercise in the open air, that our children need. Secure us this for Paris, our great Babylon, and you will have earned undying merit."

Michelet, the well-known French historian, writes, Paris, March 27, 1859:

"Fröbel has found by a stroke of genius (*par un coup de genie*), what the wise men of all ages have sought in vain: *The solution of the problem of the education of mankind. . .*"

Later he wrote: "I am your most loyal colleague (*propagateur*), and constantly tell my friends and acquaintances about the great work, which you have undertaken to propagate. Many publishers and authors will mention this work in their publications. In any way that I have power to assist you, I am at your disposal. Herr Adonin, Ambassador of Haiti, and formerly Minister of Education there, who is just about to return to Port au Prince, wishes to make your acquaintance, and will call upon you to-morrow. To the people of this island, who are rapidly developing, Fröbel's method may be of great importance. . . . The more I examine the skulls of children of different ages, the more importance do I attach to Fröbel's method, which deals with earliest childhood, the time when the greatest changes of the

brain take place. All my sympathies are with you and your work."

Edgar Quinet (the honoured patriot and author), writes, Weytam, on the Lake of Geneva, January 2, 1859:

".... I congratulate you on having penetrated so deeply into the Fröbel method. You have in truth discovered its secret, and I admire more and more the disinterested zeal with which you strive to make the fundamental idea comprehended; which idea can not be easily understood; and yet it is certain that the results of the method are only to be attained *when it is put into practice according to the intent of its discoverer*. Without this the best ideas (conceptions) must be distorted, and diverted from their goal. . . . In serving Fröbel's cause, you assist the cause of the working classes, *i. e.*, humanity. We will strive to follow you, dear friend. Go before us with the light which you bear."

Herr Eugen Rendu, division chef of the Educational Department in Paris:

(Paris, April 2, 1855. Ministry of Public Education and Culture.) "I hope for the spreading of Fröbel's method in the papers, and request Madame de Marenholtz to publish some articles in the Journal of the Educational Department for the training of young children (first years of infancy)." This took place. Güyare, an author in Paris, writes: "Accept my warmest and most sincere wishes for the success of the method of one, whom I consider is the great, and perhaps the most remarkable, philosopher of our time. Fröbel has found in you, what a philosopher generally stands in need of, *viz.*: a woman who understands him, who sides with him in her living personality, and gives him life again; and in fact, I believe that this idea, in order to bear fruit, must have a father *and mother*. Till now, 'ideas' have generally found only a father. . . . Inasmuch as Fröbel's method is particularly calculated to find *mothers*, it will have an immeasur-

able success. When women become alive to its importance, the world's face will bear another aspect."

(" *Labour and New Education.*")

The amount of opposition and unpleasantness which my aunt also experienced during this time (when in three years, shortened by summer expeditions, so much was done for the recognition of the Fröbel cause, in the leading circles of France; indeed *in the educated world of the day*), is expressed in the replies of the founder of Fusianism in France, the philosophical writer, L. de Toureille. He writes:

"Paris, July 5, 1856. Dear friend:—What else can you expect from the masses but misunderstanding, indifference, yes, even disparagement and persecution, towards a cause which rests on new *principles* and new *truths*? Has a truth ever come into the world without meeting opposition, without being obliged to fight with the lies of the day, and with the masses, who comprise the natural enemies of the truth? Do not let the talk of fools, and limited mediocrity, put you in doubt of anything which seems necessary for the extension of your cause. You took it up indeed,—as you yourself say—knowing that you would meet with opposition and misapprehension in every form. I know you take no account of personal sacrifice, but, on the part of the '*Cause*' itself, you have not sufficient resignation. The greater the '*Cause*' is, the firmer the hold must be on the machinery of human development, the more opposition will it of necessity meet in the beginning. The action will be so much the stronger, the greater the present reaction. You must here apply Fröbel's law of opposites."

"Paris, March 9, 1857:—One thing I should like to draw your attention to. You seem to limit yourself too much to a purely practical activity. The exposition and advancement of the Fröbel principles is the main thing for their further

complete adoption and execution. You have already called numerous institutions into existence, provided for the training of their instructresses, and won over intelligent adherents. Leave now to others this predominating, material extension, and endeavour to cultivate further the idea, and its principles. That is a work for which at present you alone are capable, as you alone have grasped the idea in its full meaning. Clad in the garment in which Fröbel dressed it, it cannot attain to general comprehension. Here then is a great work to be accomplished, and you must not allow your excessive humility to stand in the way of your understanding at least its commencement. . . ."

"You must learn to bear this,—that just in those cases where you contemplate the best, you will find the worst. . . . You have proved that you can come forth victor from such a fight. Help yourself then, the strength will increase, as there is need for it."

(That is the crown of thorns which floats above all the laurels and roses which are strewn before the disinterested workers in the cause of humanity.)

(See other letters in "Labour and New Education.")

Here follow extracts from French papers, 1855, 1856, 1857. Jules Delbruck writes in the "Parisien Presse" March 11, 1856:

"The care of earliest childhood grows ever in importance, and fills at present the minds of a greater number of people of heart and judgment, than in all past times; therefore proof of active sympathy was not lacking to the devoted endeavours of the woman who came as a messenger from Germany to Paris, to make known a new method of education—a woman of noble mind, and ardent zeal for the cause. . . . We will endeavour to sketch in a few words the principal features of the new method, and recommend for a more detailed description of the 'Cause' 'Les jardins d'enfants,' a paper

published by Madame de Marenholtz, in French, which gives the clearest existing resumé. (Here follows a description of the kindergarten method.). . . The object of this method is to develop the natural capabilities of the child, without compulsion, and to educate by means of self-activity, etc. . . . It is of interest to learn that the Minister of Public Education has recommended the method of the 'Comité controle des salles d'asyles.' . . . This attempt warrants the opinion that this method will shortly be introduced. . . . The institutions must command the interest of parents. An attentive scrutiny of the best school at the present time fills a mother's heart with sorrow, and the mind of an intelligent man with disapprobation. May success crown the new attempt. When one considers what immense expenditures of money and labour would have to be made for the improvement of the national and moral welfare of humanity, it is hard to conceive why statesmen do not direct their gaze towards the children. 'The children of to-day are the men of to-morrow.' The words of Leibnitz: 'Give us a generation of children, and we will change the aspect of the world,' are not yet understood."

V. Borié writes in the "Siècle," Paris, May 22, 1859:

"With all respect to the species to which we belong, the words of Monsieur de Villeroy, with the following application, may be brought to bear upon children. 'Only too often is the education of children intrusted to. . . etc.' Men do not come into the world wicked, they become so through the fault of their fellows. . . etc. High-born parents send their children out, under the doubtful care of nurses, or footmen . . . etc. The child of poor parents is brought to the circle, or remains with its mother: *All these children are not educated.* . . . A man once raised a fervent protest against the thoughtless sacrifice of humanity in the persons of little innocent children. This man was the German philosopher



Fröbel, who not only recognized the evil, but also discovered the cure. Madame de Marenholtz has brought us the method which Fröbel devised. The description of the cause, which the noble lady has given us in various lectures, and in an inspiring manner, has filled all those who were fortunate enough to be present, with the most lively interest, and has convinced us that Fröbel's work offers to fathers and mothers, much that is worthy of study and consideration, in order that they may give their children the right training."

In "Ami des Sciences," Paris, June 12, 1859, under the title "Fondation des jardins d'enfants," appeared a series of articles, by Abbé Lenoir, which described the Fröbel games with the warmest recognition of their value, and particularly point out Fröbel's "*Mother and Cosset Songs*" as a masterpiece, *in reference to the understanding of the nature of a child*. Abbé Lenoir took keen interest in the translation of the children's songs contained in it.

"L'ami de la jeunesse," October 25, 1859, gives examples of the *natural course* to be pursued, according to Fröbel's method, in exact opposition to the existing course followed by education.

"Le journal de Versailles," March 3, 1859, "Le moniteur de Fenfance," April 15, 1850, contain favourable articles, and "Le Monde," October 7, 1855, offers an enthusiastic approval of the kindergartens, in a poem addressed to Baroness von Marenholtz. Lastly, "La Science des Mères," 1860, and "La vie humaine," 1856, contain a long series of articles. "L'industrielle Alsacien," Mühlhausen, May 31, 1859, published several articles on the kindergartens during the time of my aunt's activity.

Eganuet, a poet, on sending a poem, writes:—

"I have always admired people who devote themselves to the cultivation of an idea. They are so rare, that it is well, when such people meet, for them to join hands, par-

ticularly as they are always exposed to persecution, and must suffer doubly on account of their isolation. . . . My absence from your last lecture was indeed involuntary. Urgent reasons prevented my coming. . . . Your cause has my entire sympathy, and I still hope to become your disciple, even if it entails my coming to Germany. I wish, and hope to be able to give you my support, however weak it may be. . . . Be assured that the remembrance you leave behind, in all the noble souls in Paris, will never die. Even though your stay this time has been a short one, your words will remain, and bear fruit. With beautiful ideas, it is always so, when they find such an apostle as you are. May you be blessed for having so courageously upheld truth, where it met so much indifference, so much egotism, and narrow-mindedness, in the midst of which your self-sacrificing devotion did not cool."

With regard to the introduction of the Fröbel method into France, my aunt herself says:—

"When the method was first introduced into several crèches and convents, kindergartens were not established by rich people, and the main interest in the cause was not taken by the government and learned circles, but by almost all classes. If only the demand for French-speaking teachers could have been satisfied by Germany! There was also a lack of French written material."

Consequently thanks are due to my aunt's own words, and personal efforts, that so much was, at that time, achieved in France.

When old Diesterweg heard of the success of the Fröbel method in Paris, he exclaimed: "If only our old Fröbel could have seen that! I repeat, if only he could have seen the success he has attained in Paris, through his noble friend, Frau von Marenholtz. So Germany has celebrated a new pedagogic triumph in France, and kindergartens appear to

have a fate in common with German manufactures, in that they must travel first to London and Paris in order to find recognition, having done which, they are received with favour in the land of their birth."

In the course of years, my aunt told me much about her stay in Paris, amongst other things, how, with the famous Professor Michelet, she had examined 100 skulls, particularly children's skulls, and had seen, in a most convincing manner, how the work of the brain, in such places as it is particularly active, had worn away the wall of the skull to such excessive thinness, that it was almost transparent.

My aunt made a very sharp, and to my mind, very expressive remark when I asked her about the Napoleonic Imperial family. She had been received by the Empress, who had not had much to say for herself, and had been present at the christening of the imperial prince, which was celebrated with great pomp. "What impression did it all make on you?" I asked. "Well," answered my aunt, "I had the feeling that they were sitting on the wrong chairs and that they were aware of the fact."

I have in my possession two likenesses of my aunt taken at that time, one relief, in profile, not very like, and a daguerreotype of the whole figure. My aunt is sitting at a table, in a black silk dress, such as she always wore after Alfred's death. In both pictures the hair is combed back over the forehead, under a piece of lace, and falls in a long curl on either side of the face. The daguerreotype is also not a very good likeness

My aunt had contracted a severe complaint of the stomach through her constant and exhausting work—work which frequently kept her whole days from the house, either on foot or driving. For hours she would go without food, as being a lady, and alone, she could not well go into a public restaurant. It was many years before she entirely recovered. A

famous doctor said to her, "Your stomach is like a tobacco pouch, which has been kept empty, and has shrunk together, and it is difficult now to put anything into it again, and to smooth out the creases."

In 1855 my aunt visited her sister Emma, at the house of the old Countess Laroche Jaquelin, in Tours. The sisters had not seen each other for many years, and much, mostly of a sad nature, had happened in the time. Her sister Emma wrote to me, after my aunt's death, that she looked very ill and worried at that time.

My aunt was in Belgium during the years 1857 and 1858. She writes in her book "Labour:"—

"When I arrived in Brussels in December, 1857, in response to the invitation of Monsieur Charles Rogier, for many years Belgian Prime Minister, the first kindergarten there had just been opened by Madame Guillaume, a kindergarten teacher from Hamburg, who had married in Brussels, and whose acquaintance I had made at the Frankfurt Congress. To most people, the 'Cause,' and even Fröbel's name, were quite unknown, and it was only after infinite work and trouble, that I was able to win an audience for my weekly private lectures. As soon however as they once began, more and more members of the most different views appeared, among them men of science, members of the Chamber of Deputies, and of the Educational Department, schoolmasters and mistresses, etc. One course, specially arranged for the instruction of Fröbel's method, was attended by principals of schools, and teachers. Among the former Mademoiselle Devattre and Mademoiselle Eyrand were particularly interested. At the request of the Minister for Education, both introduced the Fröbel method into their schools, in order to prepare young girls for their future educational calling in the family. During the first part of my stay I introduced the practical working of the kindergarten into

more than one institution in Brussels. One institution in the suburb St. Jossé ten Noode divided the method into three parts, the *crèche*, the home for children and the elementary school. The head, *Fräulein Franks*, took great interest in it."

"Even after a few months," relates my aunt, "an exhibition of the pupils' work was held. Among the very artistic exhibits the number of lace-like patterns was striking—probably to be accounted for by the fact that the children had been accustomed to watching the work of the *Brussel's* lace-makers. In the various countries," says my aunt, "the national industry, whatever it may be, is distinctly visible in the work of the kindergarten children."

"Besides the members of the Educational Department, a considerable number of schoolmasters interested themselves in the extension of the *Fröbel* method, amongst them, particularly, the School Inspector *Jacobs*, who introduced the drawing method into his boys' school. Later, he and I with the help of two kindergarteners, *Fräulein Breywoun* (*Watzun*), and *Mademoiselle Chevalier*, and a *Madame Racleus*, edited the '*Manual des jardins d'enfants*.' This *Manual* did much to assist the extension of the kindergarten cause in French-speaking countries, and a Dutch translation did similar work in Holland. It was also the foundation of the German '*Kindergarten*,' edited by *H. Goldammer*."

*Michelet*, in his work "*La femme*," called this manual "a charming book."

*Ducpetiaux*, Governor of the Brussels' prisons, and well-known philanthropist, says:—

"The '*Manual des jardins d'enfants*' will render good service. We are delighted with your preface; it is capital, and represents the pith of the matter, absolutely clearly."

The fact that my aunt was the first to introduce the *Fröbel* method into foreign lands and that a hand-book in the lan-

guage of the country was necessary, induced her to publish the first hand-book in French. (Fröbel's own work written in German, offered sufficient instruction to those who at that time wished to go to the root of the method in Germany.)

The kindergarten in the Institution "des pères de famille," in the suburb Ixelles Chaussée de Havre, was followed by the founding of others, not only in Brussels, but also in Ghent, Antwerp, Namur, Messines, Courtray, etc.

My aunt continues:—"It was particularly favourable to the general introduction of the cause in Belgium, that the Minister Rogier summoned the general inspector of the provinces, to Brussels, in order to examine the Fröbel method. The report was a real acknowledgment, and runs: 'Distinguished and humane pedagogues have taken the trouble to fathom the nature and the capabilities of the human mind, in order, by their exertions, to bring training and education to a fruitful and harmonious issue. . . . The majority have limited themselves only to theoretical principles, which but insufficiently point out the course to be pursued.' This has been done by Fröbel in a manner hitherto unknown. The underlying principles of his endeavour is: 'To develop the child through spontaneous activity and its own exertions. . . .' Lastly the Commission enumerates, under seven heads, the advantages which it recognizes in the Fröbel method, and recommends that further experimental trials be made." (See "Labour and New Education.")

Hofmann, Director, Ghent, 12 Nov., 1859:—Since the day on which I made your acquaintance, I have often thought of the pleasant hour I spent, whilst you explained to me the new method of education. I value Fröbel's method highly. Nothing can be more sound, than to develop childhood, from its earliest age, by practical employment, and thereby to work on mind and heart. . . . Till now there has never been a

better, more ingenious plan, for the harmonious development of all faculties and capabilities, together with the consideration for individual character." . . .

Braun, Director of the State Institute for Education, Nivelles, Emryson, secretary, and Jamart, principal of the primary educational department, express their entire satisfaction and approval. The councillor for the administration of the crèche école Gardiennes, in thanking my aunt for the lecture, expressed his belief, "that it was the starting point of a profitable and fruitful reform."

The following papers, "Moniteur Belge," 22 October, 1858; "Journal de Bruxelles," a *Roman Catholic publication*, 19 April, 1859; "Brüsseler Telegraph," 24 September, 1857; "L'Indépendance," 3 December, 1858, all express their full recognition of the Fröbel method.

My aunt says in "Labour:"—"In Belgium also, parties, politically and religiously opposed to each other, were mutually interested in "the Cause." In spite of the well-known prejudices against all innovations, the strict Roman Catholics (Ultramontane), and conservatives, took an interest in it, as well as the nationalists and extreme liberals.

Doyen de St. Gudule, certain *Jesuits*, and several Abbesses of convents, heard, with great sympathy, the Fröbel theory of education, and extended a helping hand towards its introduction into institutions and convents. There came one day to one of these convents—the Sisters of which, "les filles de la sagesse", had attended our course, and carried out the work in their institution—a deputation from the scholars, asking the Abbess, if they might not also come on Thursday and Sunday to the institution, in order to be able to play better than they could at home. An encouraging voice reached me from another direction, from the well-known socialist Prudhom, who was at that time at Brussels in exile. Quite unknown to me, he walked one day into my room, with the

words: "I am Prudhom;" and later, when he had learnt to know "the Cause", he told me he had changed his dwelling from one end of the town to the other in order that his children might attend the Kindergarten there, etc. Fibergien, Professor von Leonhardi's friend and the representative of Krause's philosophy, and Professor Callier—both at the Brussels University—showed a lively interest in the Fröbel method.

"In no country," writes my aunt in her book "Labour," "has the method found more rapid entrance into the crèches, than in Holland, though indeed I had to acknowledge those institutions as the best in European countries." "The short stay of a few summer months in the year 1858, in Brussels, on the occasion of a visit to the Princess Heinrich of the Netherlands, in the Hague, did not allow my work for the introduction of Kindergartens into Holland any very great scope. Nevertheless the introduction has succeeded, thanks to the touching activity of a small number of persons, amongst whom the authoress Madame Elise von Calcar worked with special zeal."

My aunt always thought of Frau von Calcar with much love and friendship, and praised her success with, and her comprehension of, the Fröbel method. A charming and detailed obituary notice which appeared, written in Dutch, from the pen of this worthy lady after my aunt's death, was important evidence to me, of the reception which my aunt's mission and person had met with in Holland. I am indebted to my uncle Von Heise-Rotenburg for the beautiful German translation, of which I give the following: "On the day I received the news of the death of the Frau Baroness Von Marenholtz, on the 9th January of this year, in Dresden, the wish at once rose in my mind to be able to draw again the picture of the noble woman for my compatriots, as I have constantly drawn it in lectures, and as she will always



live in my soul. I feel I owe it to her memory. Among the many women of importance whom I have had the opportunity of knowing, the Baroness Von Marenholtz always remains the most noteworthy on account of her rare and harmonious combination of brilliant gifts. Her remarkable intelligence was coupled with strong character, whilst her mind was stored with extensive knowledge, whereby, from her youth up, she seems to have been destined for the arduous and noble career which she pursued to the end, so purely and thoroughly. It is now thirty-five years since she appeared in our midst as a *phenomenon*, which in those days roused more esteem than admiration, as the prevailing opinion was against the public appearance of a woman in the interest of the general good, even if gifted with such extraordinary powers that it must have been evident to all that it was impossible for her to have been endowed with them for her own use alone. Even the over-stepping of the narrow limits, which prejudice had allotted to the mind of woman, aroused a secret aversion, which, on her first appearance, brought a scornful smile to the lips of men and women—but hardly had she spoken a few minutes in her simple moving way, the outcome of her inward conviction and true love for her cause, than the sarcastic expression disappeared from the faces,—and censure was withheld; carried away by her fine logic and struck by the unanswerable truth of her remarks, they remained riveted to the end; *and for long after, the words which had wakened ideas still slumbering within them rang on in the soul.* Many an opponent became an enthusiastic adherent. I confess here publicly that, at first, I also belonged to the opposition. As long as I was falsely informed, and as long as such extraordinary reports of the endeavours of this woman with the children's playthings were circulated, I did not care to be connected with what seemed to me such foolishness. But it was ordained that I should

and must share her conviction. I was asked on all sides to become acquainted with Frau von Marenholtz, and to express my opinion of her system of education. I, however, did not wish to go to the places where she appeared in those days. I had gone to stay with Dr. Heldring in Hemmen. Hardly had I arrived than I learnt that the German Baroness, who wished to place the philanthropist Fröbel at the head of her theory of education, was expected. There was but one spare room in the parsonage, and it was proposed that I should go over to the castle. 'Pray rather let the Baroness, who was a guest of the Princess Heinrich at the Hague, go to the castle,' I said, 'and allow me to stay with you.' As we spoke, a carriage drove up, and now I could not restrain myself from looking with curiosity at the figure, which had called forth so much opposition. The first words that I caught from the back of the carriage were a caution to handle the renowned bag containing all the Fröbel materials, with care. Then I saw the refined intelligent face, and the charming figure of a woman, who quickly got out of the carriage, and the indefatigable apostle of Fröbel stood before me. She was dressed most simply, but with great taste, and outwardly so *comme il faut* in style and tone, that all reports of an eccentric 'emancipated' woman were at once given the lie. I felt myself immediately attracted by this woman with the clever and noble features and *wonderfully bright look*, which revealed a high degree of development and an incomparable power of mind. I was not a little surprised to learn from her, that she had often heard she must make the acquaintance of Elise von Calcar, as she had been assured that I took the greatest interest in all questions concerning education, and that a pedagogic tendency prevailed in all my writings. Hardly had she rested and refreshed herself a little, than the untiring zeal, with which she devoted herself in utter self-

forgetfulness to her mission, drew her into a lively discussion of the cause. We were to convince ourselves of something, which was nothing less than a new education of the people. After we had discussed Fröbel and his method, the whole afternoon and evening, we were far from being of one mind, but she was not at all alarmed by my objections. She let me express every possible counter-view, and always defended her standpoint in the most simple manner. She did not wish to leave the parsonage and go to the castle, and I offered to sleep in the wardroom in order to give the noble guest the spare room, but although it was time to go to bed, she would not let me off, and we remained philosophizing till late in the night. She asked me what I thought should be the essential groundwork for the education of youth. A text came into my mind, and I answered: '*To observe is better than the fat of rams, to obey is better than sacrifice.*' Teach every child to obey early by the discipline of self-control, and you get true perception and observation as the starting point of intellectual training. 'Very true,' she said, 'but I must add something which is indispensable. To obey is good, to observe is also good, but for observation alone man did not come into the world, but principally *to act, to work, and to create.* How do you train the child to act and to do, and to apply his power? What means do you employ? The young child remains too long watching and imitating, he must be made to act, to think, and to find for himself. *It is to that end Fröbel gives the means.* Activity must be aroused and properly guided—for this purpose the beginnings of instruction must be simplified and made in accordance with nature.' She pointed out to me how she herself, through observation of the first manifestations of life of a young child, had become absolutely convinced that we must *devote our attention to awakening life*, to assist the growing need which re-

veals itself in its development, in order to further, in simplest manner, the harmonious development of body and soul. The young child reveals to us his most essential wants by the manifestation of the same. He demands unhindered *movement*, he touches, grasps, kicks and pulls; he feels when he is but a few months old. This shows us that he must receive appropriate objects for the purpose. Fröbel has found the necessary means, lacking up till now; every mother, every nurse can apply them.' I assisted at the unpacking of the Fröbel games, and then, I confess, I suddenly began to doubt all the excellent words that had been said to me. Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? I thought. How can these insignificant little toys teach a child to work better than other similar playthings? *By means of her extraordinary knowledge of physiognomy she read my thoughts from my face.* She asked me to suspend my judgment till the following day, when she would exhibit some of the children's work, as well as the games. I helped her to lay out the exhibition, and doubted more than ever, as I could not believe the little works of art could have been thought out by children alone. The enthusiastic speaker stood in a large hall, at the end of a long table which was covered with all the work. I stood at the other end, my searching glances directed straight on the interesting face, asking myself, what sort of self-deception made this clever woman so wildly enthusiastic over an ideal, which did not seem possible of realisation. It was as though she again intuitively felt what was passing through my mind, for she suddenly smilingly addressed me, saying: 'Do not look at me so unbelievably. *You more than any other* will be absolutely convinced, and must become my true pupil for Holland.' I smiled incredulously, *and yet that is just what happened.* She only remained a few days longer, and convinced me so fully that I followed her to Brussels, in order to go through a course of

instruction, and to visit kindergartens which were established there. *The weeks, never to be forgotten, at her side, belong to the most delightful and important of my life.* I felt I must first enter into the spirit of the new idea with her, before I myself became one of its apostles, and I followed my intellectual instructress even to Paris. She once asked me how long we should require for Holland, and I said, 'at least ten years.' However, when she returned to Holland, some six or seven years later to attend the International Congress in Amsterdam, I was able to conduct her to many schools and kindergartens, and she was very well satisfied."

This convincing truth of the Fröbel method, and my aunt's masterly manner of explaining it, could not well be more strikingly proved than by the conversion of this really remarkable woman, at first so incredulous, who, in spite of the previously mentioned prejudice of her circle, actually traveled abroad in order to draw more exhaustively from the fountain-head.

Frau von Calcar continues enthusiastically: "It is to the undying merit of Frau von Marenholtz, that she has more thoroughly than any one else, thought over, worked out, and promoted Fröbel's original ideas, and that she has made their great truth intelligible. This truth is that Fröbel had *discovered* the laws by which humanity can and must develop itself, that fundamentally these laws are the same as those which govern material nature, only in increased measure, and that *after he had discovered this general course of the development of nature*, he was obliged to take it as a guide for his plan of education, and thereby proceeded in a manner *most in accordance with nature*. Frau von Marenholtz, with her truly classical education and her extensive knowledge, was pre-eminently the spirit to clothe the Fröbel ideas in a comprehensible attractive form, to make them efficient for, and accessible to, the learned and unlearned world.

Fröbel, who spoke better than he wrote, and created and worked out his highest ideas whilst speaking, could not have found any listener who was so capable of following in his footsteps, and of ascending with him to the heights and descending into the depths of his thoughts. Indeed her intellectual remarks and subtle questions led him on, and brought his thoughts more clearly before his soul. She was the fine steel which drew sparks from the stone, and Fröbel probably never thought better, and felt deeper, than when exchanging ideas with Frau von Marenholtz. For her, Fröbel's words were so many revelations, which only corroborated what she had already thought in part. She surprised Fröbel occasionally by drawing the conclusions next day from his last conversation, which he had forgotten to tell her. Similar life-experiences had awakened similar ideas in her soul. They had both suffered in early childhood from the want of proper instruction, and a guiding method in education. They had been obliged to procure for themselves means for self-education. She had suffered severely as woman and mother, and had pondered long and deeply over the riddle of life, till Fröbel gave her the key to discover, amidst the conflicting circumstances of a world of appearances, the divine unity as the last principle of everything existing,—this key to resolve all contradictions into one reconciling central point. She entered on the inheritance of Fröbel's spirit, after she had discovered that she could work for the salvation of the child-world, of mankind, and of the future. In spite of her admirable modesty, and her horror of all show and ostentation, her name will remain immortal, with that of Fröbel, in the annals of pedagogics, and one day shine in the ranks of the greatest benefactors, and noblest reformers of our race." . . .

"Every one who reflects," continues Frau von Calcar in another place, "feels that such a sacrifice as this woman of-

ferred,—*the sacrifice of her whole being—is not offered by a gifted, enlightened, independent woman of noble birth, in order to enrich the nursery with a few playthings, or to bring to the infant school certain cubes and boxes of bricks.* Such a person does not give her life up to a new method of instruction and writing, any more than for the sake of a few children's games." And then Frau von Calcar explains, in comprehensive detail, what is really the extraordinarily striking truth of the Fröbel method. Unfortunately I have not space to repeat it all here, besides the main import has already been given in the above.

I will only add how Frau von Calcar describes my aunt's method of lecturing. She says: "Those who speak from their hearts will always be eloquent, and only paint their own pictures in their words. This was entirely the case with Frau von Marenholtz. When she began to speak, the struggle between a natural womanly embarrassment and dread of coming to the fore, and the feeling of duty which constrained her to proclaim her doctrine, was occasionally apparent. But hardly had she uttered a few words than she was carried away by her love for her 'Cause,' and a delightful flow of words streamed from her lips. (My aunt always spoke extemporaneously.) But the wealth of truth, the extent of knowledge, the depths of worldly wisdom, were so great that she was able to give herself up fearlessly; and, in the fervour of speech, she found the mental images and similes to conduct her argument with a clearness, and vital power, that made all, friends and foes, hang on her words, and turned many an opponent of to-day into a zealot and defender of to-morrow. Love for humanity, *the ardent wish to open the way to greater happiness for mankind, for every child* on every rung of the long ladder of society—that was her ideal. A noble consciousness of the calling and influence of woman roused her to a glow of enthusiasm, which moved even the

indifferent. Then she would forget everything, weariness, pain, illness, vexation. She threw it behind her, as soon as holy zeal and deep earnestness came over her; as soon as she embraced the whole responsibility of teaching woman, *how the future of humanity is laid in her hands, how the happiness or unhappiness of the coming race depends on her faithfulness to duty.* How noble, how pure she stood there. I see her still in my mind as I once saw her appear in Brussels, or more especially in the Grand Hotel du Louvre in Paris, and lastly again in the royal palace in Amsterdam, surrounded by strangers from all nations, who had come, at first in small numbers, mostly out of curiosity to hear a woman speak, but soon eager to hear more and more from her,—and she left them fully convinced of the truth of the doctrine of this philosopher, who will probably one day be called the greatest thinker of his time. *Often as I have heard her speak, she never repeated herself, no matter where she began, or what aspects of the 'Cause' she touched upon. She always showed us the 'Cause' from another point of view, and clad its praise in another form.*

“No wonder! What she proclaimed was her possession, her sacred conviction, and her power of speech served her now in the cause of her noble aim. My admiration was not less, when I was permitted to speak and think with her alone. I owe everything to the far-reaching, exalted, soaring flight of her spirit, as at that time I might not spread my own wings to fly alone. She helped me to lay aside old prejudices, and indicated to me many new points of view. How deeply she enabled us to see the germs of capacity in the child, the innermost secrets of his being, and thereby to feel the duty of every woman to deal with youth in an educational and pedagogic manner, because the child is an active person (individual), that must not be left in inaction, but must be always nourished by means of all the impressions made by the



outer world. But no less clearly did she explain that the maternal *instinct* is not capable of educating a being to its moral destination as a whole man, if this maternal instinct be not prepared by a proper training. For not till 'woman has become conscious of her *training influence* and her duty, can she realize her task as mother of the human race, and entirely fulfil her destination.' Frau von Marenholtz differs from all other pedagogic authors, in that she is the only one who, penetrated and enlightened by Fröbel's *fundamental principle*, always points out that the law which rules in nature is the same which governs *us* and that our development proceeds according to that law. She again and again urges the application of this law in education—the 'Law of Opposites, and the Connection of Opposites.' This point has been called her orthodoxy, but she always wisely and courageously maintained, with friend and enemy, that the center of gravity of her method, and the condition of its value, lay in this law alone; were this not grasped, the method must remain fruitless.

"I must confirm this judgment. Experience has also taught me that the *misapprehension and disregard of this fundamental principle is the cause of the confusion and unfruitfulness of the method*. The children of our homes learn indeed the games, and do little works, *but they cannot invent independently and according to rule, they cannot create after original thought, only imitation of a given copy is possible to them.*"

NOTE:—I have read this passage with great interest, as it is both distressing, and almost incredible, to all who expect salvation from the new theory of education, that on the whole, so little is even now understood of the root of its fundamental principle even by "representatives of the 'Cause.'" It is much to be lamented that it is so often considered not worth while to become better acquainted with the

"Cause" and to penetrate farther into it, for indeed my aunt has taken care in her writings to furnish clear and intelligible information to all who consider the study of Fröbel's own works too laborious. Unfortunately, however, there still exist kindergartens in the world, in which but little of the application of Fröbel's law is to be found, and in which the children copy in their work from given models, instead of inventing and creating freely. *That is however not Fröbel and his new method, and as long as his law is not generally known, and applied with the means given by him, his method cannot accomplish that to which it is called, nor claim the full recognition of all thinking men, and the authorities. The opinion of a woman like Frau von Calcar, who for thirty-five years practically advocated and applied the Fröbel method, by introducing it into institutions, and establishing kindergartens (which entails great experience), is indeed of indubitable value. Likewise also, it is a warrant that absolutely no difficulties stand in the way of the application of Fröbel's laws, but that it is hindered only through the ignorance of the teachers.*

Frau von Calcar continues: "New conditions can only be effected by new men, and hence *the necessity of a new education*, by means of a new educational principle, which is in accordance with children's nature, and turns upon *the law of the development* of the mind. Fröbel has *discovered* this, but in order to apply it rightly, woman must be qualified for her educational calling. House and school training must be gradually renovated in its totality. This is the main purpose of all the Baroness's lectures, and re-echoes in each and all of her writings in endless variations and keys, in order to be comprehensible to every one."

The intelligent authoress closes her touching obituary with the following words: "*It will be difficult to find a counterpart in the annals of the culture of women, to the work*

achieved by this noble woman, particularly in the years 1853-1871. We see her travelling uninterruptedly from the north to the south, from the east to the west of Europe, in order to win poor and rich, high and low, statesmen and nursery-maids, to the love of the child-world, *to train childhood to a life, happy because capable of work.*"

About the introduction of the method in Holland, my aunt writes in "Labour:" "Even after a few lectures in Hague, my project of having a Dutch girl trained in Brussels, was carried out. She then conducted the kindergarten in Hague. Besides lectures, which I held in Hague, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Utrecht, in the well-known institutions in Mettray, Netherlands, and Dorf Hemme, and which aroused the most lively interest for Fröbel everywhere, the translation of the French manual into Dutch, as well as the translation of German writings by Frau von Calcar, had also contributed largely to the furtherance of the 'Cause' in Holland. In Amsterdam, the association '*for the general good*' ('*für das allgemeine beste*') took up the 'Cause' zealously, and arranged a well-attended meeting to hear my lectures, resulting in the first steps being taken for the introduction of kindergartens. Several homes and schools at that time even adopted the working in part in Hague as well as at other places, particularly in the previously established home in the castle of Baroness von Wassenar, near Hague. The Ministers von Rochussen and von Thorbecke were amongst the authorities who showed their interest for Fröbel's method. My experiments with Fröbel's occupations in Herr von Kötsveld's asylum for idiots, prove that these offer to the unhappy people, not only an agreeable, but also a beneficial activity to promote the small degree of development of which they are capable. It cannot yet be judged how much might be achieved by the continued application of the Fröbel

method from earliest childhood or, in any case, however, great advantages may be expected from a practical method which develops the mental faculties according to the law of nature, and attempts should not be left untried. (This has now been carried out with great success in many institutions, amongst others, that of W. Schröter, Dresden.) It is also urgently to be recommended for the *deaf and dumb*, who, being gifted with wonderfully sharp sight, can easily understand the plastic kindergarten employments. Dr. Hirsch, the well-known manager of the particularly well-arranged institution for the deaf and dumb in Rotterdam, had the Fröbel games sent to him from Brussels directly after he had received my communications on the subject. The Fröbel school for net-drawing was immediately introduced in Matray (Geldern), where the well-known editor Herr Suringar received me most kindly, and willingly offered me his help in my endeavours."

Herr Suringar invited my aunt to accompany him to Utrecht, where she explained the method before a meeting of naturalists and where several members expressed themselves favourably regarding the "Cause."

When my aunt spoke of her stay in Holland, she always mentioned, with special tenderness, the Princess Heinrich of the Netherlands (Princess Amélie of Sachsen-Meiningen), who unfortunately died so young. She was her guest several times in Hague, and with really touching kindness the Princess wrote to her many letters of friendship, although my aunt was often much hindered in the answering of her private correspondence by her unbroken and exhausting work for the "Cause." She used also often to describe the beautiful castle of her friend Frau von Wassenaar, and still remembered with amused astonishment the quantity of good food there,

"We began dinner, just as we had finished the many breakfasts, and soon after dinner we used to sit down again to supper."

But what she found still more astonishing was, that in the intervals between these many meals, there were always pigeon-pasties set out, for any one who fancied them, in beautiful large Dutch china dishes on the sideboard, in the magnificent dining-hall of the castle, which was entirely paved with Delft tiles, and the most astonishing thing of all was that these pasties were actually partaken of!

My aunt herself, who took so little, and who was often entirely prevented from thinking of her meals by her work and by her lectures, had, however, once experienced, as she said, "one long eternal hunger," through remaining many hours on the waste stretch of land on the Holland coast. Half perished with the cold north wind, and chilled to the bone, the travellers hailed with joy some hot onion cakes which were finally offered to them at a stopping-place. "I had hardly ever tasted anything so good," my aunt assured me. Later, I used to tease her a little about her enthusiasm for onion cakes, also about Thuringen Speckkuchen (lard cakes), with which she had once refreshed herself in like manner after many hours of railway travelling, and about which she used to talk. Once when we were travelling through Thuringen and the wished-for lard cakes happened to be offered, my aunt flung them far out of the window, and I laughed. But she looked after the cakes half sadly, half wonderingly, having cherished the illusion for years that lard cakes were very good to eat, I hastily handed her a roll from our provision basket, and as she looked at me, she was obliged to laugh too. But I thought to myself how sadly it fares with ideals in this world, from the greatest to the least,—even with Thuringen lard cakes—and then I thought how many ideals the great noble heart beside

me had been obliged to bury, had watched sink, and now, in spite of so many bitter disappointments, she still believed so firmly in everything pure, good, beautiful and noble, as firmly as she had done in childhood—and I kissed her warmly, admiringly, reverently.

My aunt introduced the Fröbel method *into Switzerland* during the years 1856-1860. She writes in "Labour:"—

"Although Fröbel had worked in the German cantons of Switzerland during the thirties, there were practically no surviving results. New interest for the 'Cause' was roused during my stay in Zurich, 1856.

"In the French cantons, where the 'Cause' was still quite unknown, the field was prepared in Lausanne by Professor Raoux, with whom I had been in correspondence during the autumn of 1859. He founded a kindergarten in his house, which, in 1860, I found in full working order, some lectures on the 'Cause' which I gave in Lausanne, Geneva and Neuchatel, and various publications of my writings in papers, led to the foundation of kindergartens and associations for this object in several places."

"'La Société d'utilité publique,' in Geneva, took great interest in the 'Cause,' and laid the foundation for the introduction of the kindergartens during my stay and my lecturing. Unfortunately French-speaking teachers were wanting." (Later Frau von Portugall and Fräulein Hausbrand conducted institutions in Geneva and Lausanne.) My aunt gave a lecture on the kindergarten method at the *Congress of the International Association for the Social Sciences*, in Bern, in the year 1865. Since 1860-1862, when her book "*Labour*" was written, several kindergartens, and institutions for the training of teachers, have been established in Switzerland.

Many Swiss papers express their agreement and entire sympathy with the method. *e. g.*:

"Schweiger Journal," 17 October, 1850; "Nouvelliste Vaudoise," 28 January, 1860; "Gazette Vaudoise, 21 January, 1861.

The last-named says, amongst other things:—

"Frau Baronin von Marenholtz has made known the importance of the Fröbel method, by her lectures in the three chief towns of Switzerland, Lausanne, Geneva, and Neuchatel, and, by her convincing demonstration, has won the most distinguished minds to the new idea.

In Lausanne an association has been formed, under the "*Présidence honoraire*" of Frau von Marenholtz, whose work is to be the extension of the kindergartens in our cantons."

The "Journal de Genève," 21 November, 1860, expresses itself most enthusiastically, and the well-known author, and political economist, Frédéric Soret, brings a report on the kindergarten method, to the "Geneva Association for the Public Good," 24 January, 1858, based on the lectures of the Frau Baronin von Marenholtz, held at the Frankfurt on Main Congress, which closes thus:—

"We do not hesitate to say that Fröbel's method is deserving of the most earnest consideration, that it is founded on a deep knowledge of child-nature, and that it offers the elements of a necessary reform in the old method of education," etc.

Once on a mountain expedition in Switzerland my aunt had a very narrow escape. She was riding along a narrow mountain-path, on one side of which was a deep precipice, on the other, high cliffs, when an infuriated bull rushed down it. To get out of the way was impossible. Death stared her in the face, and she was only saved through the absolute quietness of her mule, and the presence of mind of the guide, who ran up to the bull, threw his jacket over its head, and pushed it over the precipice.

My aunt visited Switzerland again several times, and took great pleasure in the active progress of the "Cause" there. For instance, she visited her children and grand-children in Engelsberg, and went several times to Ragatz for her health. She always thought of her stay in Switzerland with delight. One day in Ragatz, she was reading on a bench, far away from the general promenade of the visitors at the Baths, as was her custom. Suddenly it struck her that she still had an important letter to write, before the post went out, and she walked back earlier than she had intended. It was a providential dispensation, for ten minutes later, at that very bench, an angry wounded bear was killed by a hunter. The bear was served at the hotel table, but my aunt could not bring herself to touch it, for the thought of the awful danger she had been in, made her shudder.

In September, 1857, my aunt attended the *Great International Charity Congress at Frankfurt on Main*. She gave two lectures on kindergartens, one in German, the other in French. Her intense enthusiasm won the applause of her audience of some 500 members, from all nations. The Association noted the cause on its program as highly worthy of extension. In consequence my aunt received the following from the local committee:

"Frankfurt on M., 3 May, 1858. . . . You have taken such a lively interest in the Frankfurt Charity Congress, by a thousand-fold exposition of an important branch of kindergarten education, and you have so substantially furthered its object, that the committee for the arranging of meetings cannot bring its public report to a conclusion, without tendering you sincere thanks for your assistance, which they trust you will accept. They also beg your acceptance of the enclosed report, as a mark of their deep respect.

"In the name of the local committee for the Charity Congress. Dr. Georg Wartrapp."



As a special distinction, my aunt's lectures were entered in the Association's annual report. It was during the first Frankfurt Congress that my aunt formed a warm friendship with Schultze Delitzsch, whose acquaintance she had already made—and it was here too, that she became acquainted with *Professor Hermann von Leonhardi, who proved a steadfast faithful friend for years*. We will speak about him later.

With regard to the Congress, my aunt writes in "Labour:"—

"The attention paid by noted statesmen and scholars to my communications must stand as a proof of the importance of Fröbel's idea of education. *I received invitations to introduce kindergartens from almost all European countries, from the far north to the extreme south.*"

In 1859 we find my aunt for the second time in Mühlhausen, in Alsace. A kindergarten was to be established there. The same year in Cöthen, she won over Dr. Karl Schmidt. My aunt, in her book "Labour," erects a worthy monument to this friend in the following words:

"This man, so early called from his work, had taken up Fröbel's idea with enthusiasm, particularly had he grasped the so constantly mistaken religious side of it, and was able—as only a few were—to prepare the way for its wider recognition. *To have interested him in, and won him for, the Fröbel cause, I consider one of the most important successes I have gained in my work for the same.*"

In 1861 my aunt stayed in *Stuttgart*, and there obtained active sympathy from the authorities, and the most friendly advances on the part of men of learning. The Minister for Education, von Rümelin, attended some of her lectures in person. He also had some of the educational authorities invited to them. The well-known pedagogue and author Klump, councillor of the Board of Public Instruction, sup-

ported her efforts in the most obliging manner, and expressed his views on the principles of the Fröbel educational theory, in a long dissertation in the "Pädagogischen Vierteljahrs Schrift." The local papers discussed the affair with zeal and favour. An association was formed to establish a kindergarten.

My aunt went thence to Reutlingen, where she spent some time at the "Mutterhaus," a reformatory on a large scale, the splendid institution of her friend Gustav Werner. The latter eagerly seized the idea of utilizing Fröbel's method for the good of the 500 children of his "home." With touching interest, my aunt told me of the "creation" in Reutlingen; also, of how she had stayed with the poor people in the institution, and eaten with them in the kitchen.

Gustav Werner wrote to my aunt on January 7, 1862:—"I recognize the immense importance of the Fröbel method of education, particularly that side of it which promises to give work a scientific foundation. . . . May we always stand united, to our mutual encouragement, and assistance in the work of general civilization, and the raising of those erring souls among the people, who, failing a helping hand, must irretrievably fall. The need, and the moral misery of the present day, are so great, that no means promising help, ought to remain untried. Fröbel's discoveries may be of great service. The thought has constantly passed through my mind, whether Christian humane education, which aims at the general raising of the people, should not begin with *the child*, in order that the work of the association may be Christian in the full sense. This would supply the sought-for bond of union, to bridge over the fatal cleft between the north and south of the German fatherland. On political grounds alone, Germany will never be one. A common bond must be found in a matter which nearly touches mankind. It appears to me a merit in our people, that only

in God can they find union and complete satisfaction. In truth, it often seems impossible, in our time, for a high aim to succeed. . . . However, we must not lose courage. The mind will be quickened through our united striving for the same goal. . . ."

On page 226 of "Labour," my aunt says (1886):—"The 'Cause' is still far removed from South Germany. In Vienna, a few attempts to introduce it have been made; in Bavaria, as far as is known, kindergartens are only to be found in Schweinfurt and Schmalkalden. In Baden, an attempt was made at a crèche, but unfortunately failed. The Grand-Duchess of Baden paid most kind attention to my explanation of the Fröbel method of education. I found warm sympathizers for the 'Cause' in the well-known institute Nonnenweyer, in the persons of its superintendent, Frau Dr. Hölberg, and Pastor Rain."

On page 277 my aunt writes about Tübingen: "Among the advocates of the method in Tübingen, were my old friends, the well-known philosopher von Fichte (son of Gottlieb Christian Fichte), and Professor Tafel, a well-known representative and translator of Swedenborg."

Fräulein Gräfl, a young girl from Lüneburg, was so carried away by my aunt's lectures, that she studied the method, and later *went to Bilboa, in Spain, to conduct a kindergarten.*

*At last, in 1860, von Raumer's prohibition of kindergartens in Berlin was removed* by the then minister, von Bethman-Hollweg, and my aunt hailed this event—due chiefly to her ceaseless endeavours—with the utmost satisfaction. In rapid consequence, kindergartens arose in Potsdam, Magdeburg, Halle, Breslau, Halberstadt, Danzig, Königsberg, Gorlitz, etc. Besides the Berlin training institution, and that of Director Köhler at Gotha (to be mentioned later), similar institutions were now started in different places.

The method was taught to the elder pupils, in the training establishments of Fräulein Schelhorn, in Weimar, of the sisters Breymann in Watzun near Wolfenbüttel, and Fräulein Hillebrand in Soden. In Hamburg, Th. Hofmann (Director of Schools), and Frau Johanna Goldschmidt, worked at the head of several associations, and started burgher kindergartens. Likewise institutions arose in Bremen, Oldenburg, Brunswick, Hanover, Leipzig, etc. Director Köhler worked in Gotha, as well as the schoolmasters Seydel and Schmidt. At the orphan asylum at Rummelsburg, near Berlin, H. Pösche carried on a similarly zealous work.

In September, 1864, my aunt hastened a second time to Amsterdam, where she gave a lecture at the great "Congress of the Association for Social Knowledge," and with great satisfaction noted the progress of the cause in Holland. She found, thanks to the endeavours of certain women, particularly Frau von Calcar, Frau von Suringar, and others, and certain teachers, not only a well-regulated kindergarten in Amsterdam, but also the method introduced into four crèches, each containing some 150 children. ("Labour.")

"The visiting of these institutions by numerous members of the Congress, of different nationalities, served as proofs at the lecture on the 'Cause,' and won over several new adherents."

In 1855 the same association held a congress at Bern. My aunt again gave a lecture, and interested many fresh adherents in the "Cause."

In 1868 she met her friends Professor von Fichte and Professor Hanne, from Greifswald in Bad Ragatz. They eagerly discussed the "Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein," the establishment of which appeared to them of immense importance.

In December of this year my aunt was made *master of the "Free German Hochstift" at Frankfurt on Main, in recog-*

*nition of her self-sacrificing devotion to the Fröbel cause, and her services in the cause of the education of the people.*

In 1869 my aunt went to Frankfurt on Main, *to speak for the Fröbel method of education at the second Congress of philosophers.* Here again she won over a large number of men of learning. Professor Th. Schliephacke, Geheimer Hofrath, in Heidelberg, published her lectures, and the debates held on them, in the pedagogic section of the Congress, in a pamphlet which ran to a second edition and my aunt gives an account of these lectures in her work "*Gesammelte Beiträge.*" ("Connected Essay.")

Professor Schliephacke says: "Frau von Marenholtz's lectures formed the central point of the discussions over Fröbel's method. She has proved herself thoroughly conversant with the method, through twenty years' untiring efforts to make it better understood, and to utilize it in the training of teachers (kindergarten), and by her writings. Her lectures, which extended over four sittings, excited great interest. Besides the lecturers, Professor von Fichte (Tübingen), von Leonhardi (Prague), Director Köhler (Gotha), Pastor Werner (Reutlingen), Professors Röder and Schliephacke (Heidelberg), Dr. Paul Hohlfeld (Dresden). Other friends of the method as well as its opponents, contributed to the furtherance of the 'Cause.' The first lecture was on the twenty-eighth September:—'The Earliest Age of Childhood and the Science of the Mother.' The second lecture, twenty-ninth September:—'The Reformation of the Education of the People, and Fröbel's Law of Work.' The third lecture, twenty-ninth September:—'The Influence of the Fröbel Method on the Education of Elder Children, and the More Advanced Institutions for Education,' and the fourth lecture, twenty-second October:—'An Explanation of the Fröbel Games and Occupations, by which, in Different Ways the General Principles

of Education Will be Elucidated; of How the Whole Question Deals with the True Principles of Education; and of How this Scientific, and at the same time Truly Practical Conception is to be Carried Out.' At the debate Frau von Marenholtz reminded her hearers that mothers, almost without exception, follow their instincts. If, however, mankind is to advance, education must not be left to mere chance, but a theory must be evolved on the foundation of natural feeling, which will set *conscious action* in the place of instinct."

In the course of the debate my aunt protested against the idea that kindergartens would estrange the child from the family. "A kindergarten should be at the same time a family kindergarten, the mother herself should be a kindergartner. . . . Fröbel pre-eminently appealed to the mother in all that he asked for the education of the child." My aunt then called to mind that the highest and most important object in the education of a woman was her training as the educator of mankind, and in further debate she laid stress on the fact that whereas Pestalozzi would have children without means practice handicraft in order to gain a living, Fröbel united with it brainwork. She points out the importance of their conception, and that at the present time the "Science of Work" should be demanded by the representatives of popular science as the condition of the raising of work.

Professor Dr. Paul Hohlfeld wrote to me on his impressions at this congress:—

"Dresden, 22 June, 1894: . . . I did indeed take part in the Frankfurt Congress of Philosophers at Michaelmas, 1869, and there made the acquaintance of your esteemed aunt. . . . Frau von Marenholtz, Leonhardi, Fichte, Röder, Schliephacke, I, and others who took part in the Congress, stayed at the same hotel. . . . The meetings of the pedagogic committee with Frau von Marenholtz, Fichte, etc., took place in a pleasant room which Leonhardi and I shared. Frau

von Marenholtz's fourth lecture made a deep impression on me, and on a large part of the numerous assembly. She sat while she spoke, and kept her hat on. Not alone what she said, but also the way she spoke went to the heart. It was her personality which lent force to her words. Even when, as constantly happened, she was somewhat sharply attacked by a gentleman or lady, *she maintained her absolute quiet and self-control*. The fact that she openly said that Fröbel's theory was not yet complete, not yet scientifically worked out, that she emphasized the necessity of the assistance of men of learning for the success of the theory, as well as the practice, and heartily invited co-operation, made a particularly winning impression. The existence of a particular section for the theory of education, and the presence of Frau von Marenholtz, gave to the second Frankfurt Congress of Philosophers, above everything, its distinguishing mark as compared with the first Prague Congress. The sound and practical manner in which Frau von Marenholtz spoke for the Fröbel cause contrasted most favourably with the homely, school-mastery manner of others. . . . *Of all the people whom I have known, without doubt Frau von Marenholtz is one of the most remarkable, most noble, and most influential. Not by a scholar, a teacher, or professor of pedagogics, but by this all-round cultivated woman, have I been induced to devote a considerable part of my time and power to the theory of education generally, and to Fröbel's ideas and endeavours in particular, beyond the chief work of my life—the study and advance of Kraus's Philosophy.*"

My aunt herself says in "Labour," with reference to this Congress:—"In the private conferences which took place, my request for the suggested proposition, viz.: to separate the two studies,—direct activity, as opposed to philosophic and educational activity,—and to hand over the latter to a special association which should be supported by members

of the Congress of Philosophers (Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein), found a hearing."

The introduction of the Fröbel method into *Russia* had meantime also been begun. In the year 1865 the first foundation was laid by the kind-hearted Grand Duchess Helene, who, at my aunt's request, sent three young Russian girls to Berlin to be trained. The Grand Duchess Helene, a princess memorable for her intellectual gifts—and who did such an immense amount for the cause of education in Russia—graciously bestowed her friendship on my aunt. This was expressed in several very clever letters, and the Grand Duchess never stayed in Berlin without immediately sending to my aunt, Baroness von Rahden, her lady-in-waiting for many years, as charming and clever as she was noble-minded. Even when the Grand Duchess was passing occasionally through Berlin, my aunt had to go to the station, in order that the Grand Duchess might at least see her and speak with her for a few minutes. My aunt writes in "Labour," 1866:—"There is a kindergarten in Odessa; men of note support the 'Cause.'"

At that time an Armenian school-director, H. Chatissian, from Tiflis, was working in the Caucasus. My aunt had made his acquaintance in Baden-Baden, and won him over for the "Cause." Finally even in *Finland*, kindergartens were founded through the efforts of Pastor Zychnäus.

In *America*, in the years 1860-1871, there were already many successes to record; but, during the last twenty-six years, as is well known, the spread of the Fröbel method there has assumed *truly magnificent proportions*. Concerning it, my aunt wrote in "Labour" (1866):—"Within the last ten years kindergartens have become naturalized in the United States with great rapidity. Through Miss Elizabeth Peabody (a distinguished philanthropist), much good and devoted work has been done for them. Also two distinguished



former pupils of the association for family and popular education, *Klanislieu und Volks' erziehung* in Berlin, Frau Kriege and her daughter Alma, were successful in establishing a kindergarten and a training institute, and similarly Mr. and Mrs. Kraus, New York, and Dr. Barnard belonged to the first workers for the 'Cause' in America, and their efforts are admirable; they were assisted by the well-known publishing firm of E. Steiger, New York. Miss Marwedel, who was the first kindergartner who emigrated from Germany to America, among many others, worked in San Francisco.

## MY AUNT'S WORK IN BERLIN

I HAVE purposely touched but little on this, for I wished to give as uniform and connected a picture as possible of this extraordinary work, for in no other place—except in Dresden—did my aunt work longer, *and in no other place did she work with more absolute devotion, and under greater personal sacrifices, than in Berlin, during those twelve years.* She told me once for instance that on the occasion of the foundation of the first Berlin kindergarten, she had literally deprived herself of the necessary comforts of life. On account of various circumstances her purse was not large that year, so for economical reasons her dinner was sent her from a restaurant and half of the meal served for the following day.

Even during Fröbel's lifetime my aunt had employed the winter months in working for the Fröbel doctrine in Berlin. During the winters of 1850 and 1851 *she gave lectures upon it* in a circle of ladies (mostly members of association for the training of servants). She spoke to the pupils of this association about Fröbel's "Mother and Cosset" songs, and roused the keenest interest amongst these young girls. She was zealously active in the establishment of a kindergarten, which was opened on August 3, 1854, in Pankow, near Berlin, to be transplanted to Berlin in the winter.

In 1851 *the first kindergarten in Berlin* came into existence, as my aunt writes in "Labour:"—"With a small circle, the members of which I had convinced of the utility of 'the Cause'" (owing to the prohibition it was obliged to be a

family kindergarten, and was conducted by Fräulein Erdmann, a pupil of Fröbel). The difficulties of this first beginning may be gathered from my aunt's remarks to Midendorf. "Reminiscences," page 214: "I would prefer to do something definite in the fatherland, in order that abroad I might be able to point to a model institution. I have not, however, the courage to hope for this, when I consider *how things stand in Berlin*, where the reaction is still growing, and it seems as though our Cause must be reckoned amongst such destructive things as shake society to its very foundations. You would not believe how absurdly the fear of calumny expresses itself at times amongst the authorities, when I request them to uphold our educational cause."

During the winter months of 1851-52, and later, 1857 and 1859, and from 1861-1870, my aunt continually gave lectures, both single and consecutive courses, at her house in Berlin. In 1857, she founded an *Association for the extension of the Cause*. This, however, on account of the prohibition, could not establish any public institutions. Nevertheless it contributed to further a right judgment concerning the "Cause," so constantly misrepresented. Several *pupils* were always trained at the cost of the Association. The Countess Poninska, a rich lady, whom my aunt had won over for the "Cause," established a playground outside the Rosenthaler Thor, and a pupil, trained by the above-named association, conducted the games. *Gardens* for many poor children were also laid out, and the whole put under the charge of the old well-known Gesell. These games won many adherents to the Fröbel cause from among the passers-by and on-lookers.

In 1859, whilst my aunt was still abroad, a *women's association for the cause* was formed. My aunt was named *honorary president*, and on her return interested herself in the work of the association, and induced the two former

pupils of Fröbel, Fräulein Ida Seele, later Frau Vogeler, and Fräulein Krämer to come to Berlin, and take over the two kindergartens of the association.

At last in 1859, my aunt, with the help of the Women's Association, succeeded after incredible trouble, in founding an *institution for the training of kindergarten teachers*. My aunt drew up the plan of instruction, the schoolmaster Pösche (Rummelsburg) undertook certain subjects. My aunt herself gave the instruction in the *Fröbel theory of education*.

1861 at last saw the first *Volkskindergarten* established. Although many objections were at first raised against this appellation, my aunt carried the name through, which to her mind fully expressed its purpose.\*

At that time, as is shown in "Labour," page 217, my aunt had arrived at the conviction that women's associations alone were not capable of gaining for the kindergarten cause the position due to its importance. She therefore wished to form an association of members of both sexes. Unfortunately the co-operation of the women's association for this plan could not be obtained. Already in this women's association, that opposition of single antagonists was noticeable, which adds so infinitely to the difficulties of the achievement of the noblest objects of an association. My aunt, encouraged by Diesterweg's approval, determined to attempt the formation of another association, and, with the help of her friends President Lette, the professors Gueist and Virchow, first Burgomaster Seydel, Pastor Thomas and others, she succeeded, as she modestly points out in "Labour," "*after much trouble*," in establishing the first association for education in Berlin, in the spring of 1863, under the title,

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\* It was with some difficulty that my aunt succeeded in getting the kindergartens for the children of the people called "*Volkskindergartens*." *This appellation was thus of her own originating and was a great source of joy to her.*

*"Association for Family and Popular Education."* The magnificent plan of organization set forth by my aunt embraced more than the mere foundation of kindergartens. (Of these there already existed, in 1863, in Berlin, six for children of well-to-do parents, and one *Volkskindergarten*.) An institution for *kindergarten teachers*, a preparatory school for *nurses*, the conversion of crèches into *Volkskindergartens*, the introduction of the Fröbel method into the girls' schools, the improvement of children's literature, lastly a general educational reform according to Fröbel's idea of education, these were all put forth as the goal of the association's endeavours. My aunt writes in "Labour:"—"The association for family and popular education from its beginning developed most favorably. The following institutions came into existence in rapid succession:

1. *Training Institution for Kindergartners (the organization and management of which, as well as the instruction in the Fröbel theory of education, my aunt undertook herself.)* The school director August, the head of the gymnasium Dr. Pappenheim, Pösche, inspector of the orphan asylum, inspector of gymnastics Dr. Engelstein, Frau Vogeler, née Seele, and Fräulein August *worked in the institution*, and for single lectures during the year Privy-Councillor Professor Dr. Virchow and Pastor Thomas were won. Up to the year 1870 more than 200 teachers were trained in this institution. They worked at home and abroad and those who found employment in Berlin families, rapidly introduced the kindergarten employments there also.

2. The association allowed, at its own cost, the children of some homes to be employed daily for some hours by its pupils.

3. The founding of *parish kindergartens*, with special committees, and assistance from the association. (1869. Eighteen years after the first so laborious foundation of "the

Cause," in Berlin, there existed nine such institutions, and more than double that number of private kindergartens.) See "Labour."

4. Monthly lectures on pedagogic topics, and the Fröbel method of education, for which the Town Council allotted a place in the Town Hall.

5. Public *play grounds* for boys outside all the gates of Berlin. The magistrate granted the use of several public play grounds for the continuation of the kindergarten games.

6. In 1864 the Association founded a *school for nurses* (as a charity school). The following commissions were nominated for the management of the work of all these institutions and organizations:

1. The pedagogic commission. 2. The literary commission. 3. Commission for crèches. 4. Commission for parish kindergartens. 5. For the schools for the training of nurses. 6. The inspection of the private kindergartens of the association by members and pupils of the association.

Besides this, "working members" were nominated, who were to share the work of direction. By means of all these, the introduction of the Fröbel method was insured in Berlin and Prussia. My aunt had not only *taken the initiative, but also by reason of her great and truly marvelous talent for organization, she had drawn up the plans of organization, and, with a clear conscience it may be said, had done most towards the foundation of the various institutions and establishments. If we also consider the time she devoted to the instruction in the institutions, to her lectures, to visiting people, whose interest was to be won for the "Cause," and to her extraordinarily large correspondence, and wonderful literary activity, we are astonished at the energy and wonderful working power of this woman, who through all these years was almost always physically suffering.*

## MY AUNT'S WRITINGS\*

***M**Y aunt's writings and works are invaluable for the Fröbel method, and, in spite of the modesty with which she generally speaks of her work, always looking upon it, and representing it as a thing of course, she was fully aware of the great importance of her writings as documents for the Fröbel cause. In her will she bequeathed to the Fröbel Stiftung, to which the profits of most of these works were given, and to the Allgemeine Erziehungsverein, the task of bringing out a complete edition of her writings for the use of mankind. It is to be hoped that these associations will prove themselves worthy of the trust of their noble foundress.*

Louis Walter says in his book: "Bertha von Marenholtz—Her Fitness for the Work of Friedrich Fröbel:" "With right and reason it may be said that amongst Fröbel's pupils not one so deeply realized the grandeur of Fröbel's idea of education, or so ingeniously carried out its development, as Frau von Marenholtz. For this reason her writings are such a valuable commentary on Fröbel's works which are so difficult to comprehend. They literally make a road for Fröbel's work."

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\* As already noticed, my aunt's first writings and pamphlets appeared anonymously. Almost all of these are to be found in papers and other works, though unfortunately the separate copies and pamphlets, with the exception of some, of which I possess a single copy, are out of print.

“‘Those who speak from the heart depict themselves in their writings.’ Thus in all her works an exceptional love for the people of the lower classes shows itself. Above all, will she improve their lot by a better education, namely, an education more in accordance with nature, and for work, and for this object, invites the upper classes and the state to adopt those means offered by Fröbel. Moreover, every page of her writings is a proof of her warm heart for the children. For this reason she ruthlessly discloses the many perversities and defects of the education of the present day, and urges reformation. She wishes to prepare a joyous life’s spring for the children of *all* ranks. Further, the reader will soon discover the Baroness’s ardent enthusiasm for her sex. Impressed with the high educational calling of women, she points out at every opportunity the inadequateness of the maternal instinct, which is to be raised to consciousness by an education in accordance with reason. Only when woman is prepared for her educational calling, can she fill a worthy position in life, can a rational emancipation be carried out, for the woman question is, in the first line, a question of education. Lastly the works of Frau von Marenholtz are so important, because the Baroness is *the only authoress in the field of Fröbel literature who always reverts to similar laws in natural and mental development, and the connection of these laws in education, and thus holds fast to Fröbel’s fundamental idea, and the essence of his teaching. True, for this reason her orthodoxy was attacked, but only those who have realized the immense significance of this law—which lies in the connection of opposites—will admire, on the one hand, her deep insight into Fröbel’s teaching, and on the other, her courage and presence of mind in the face of the enemy. ‘New conditions can only be effected by new men,’ therefore a new education, a new educational beginning, and a new educational principle are needed, which rest*



*on a similar law for natural and mental development in childhood."*

"This has been offered by Fröbel, and to be able to apply it with success, woman must be made capable of fulfilling her educational calling, and family and school education must be proportionately reformed."

In Professor *J. H. von Fichte's*, "Die Nächsten Aufgaben für die nationale Erziehung der Gegenwart," we read, on page 50:—"One of the most discriminating judges of Fröbel's teaching is Bertha von Marenholtz-Bülow, *who may be designated to-day as the real promoter of this work of education.* Her work by word and writing lays stress, above all, on the fact that one must naturally master the fundamental idea of his method, independently, with free judicious choice of that which he has proposed should be carried out in detail. The excellent lady, filled with the noblest enthusiasm for the cause, had to withstand the two-fold opposition against the prejudices, which oppose the principle itself from without, and against the comrades in her own camp who make the spinning out of details the main thing, and thereby react injuriously on the spirit of the method, inciting misapprehension." . . . .

Fichte continues: "We must admit that by means of her activity as authoress in both the French and German languages, she has furthered the Fröbel cause most. We ourselves are indebted to her first for that deep insight into, and interest in, the Fröbel ideas. Fröbel's own exposition is mostly heavy and broad, and only too often it fails to pierce and to convince. B. von Marenholtz writes, convinced herself, and therefore convincing with clearness and warmth, and her main object is always to show, *from fresh sides, that Fröbel's idea of education is neither outwardly discovered, nor arbitrarily thought out, but that it proceeds from the nature of man, even of the child itself, who, from the very*

first, has to exercise the creative activity of the human mind inherent in him. This is absolutely essential in the execution.

Among the numerous essays, articles, and little pamphlets, which, even during Fröbel's lifetime, flowed from my aunt's pen, *the following should be first named*: "*Eine Frauenstimme aus dem Bade Liebenstein*" (A woman's voice from Bade Liebenstein) 1849. ("Rheinische Blätter," printed 1849, II. page 323.)

Proceeding from the burning question, how to obviate the then threatening subversion of social order, the Baroness points out, as the leading task, the counteraction of the growing demoralization, by educating the coming generation on better principles. Great stress is to be laid on the education of earliest childhood. . . . As a conclusion she urges that man should be made capable of life union with God, nature, and humanity. (With himself, the ideal of the family, the State, and the people.)

The second pamphlet was "*Friedrich Fröbel und die Kindergärten*" (Friedrich Fröbel and Kindergartens). An answer to an accusing article in the Hanoverschen Zeitung, 1852, Magazine for the Fröbel Endeavours, fifth number, page 3, 1852.

A third pamphlet appeared: "*Wilhelm Middendorf*" Rheinische Blätter, 1854, page 142. A memorial dedicated to her dear friend, in which Middendorf's immortal services to the Fröbel cause find their full recognition.

4. "*Ein Zusammenhängendes Ganze von Spielen and Beschäftigungen für die erste Kindheit von Friedrich Fröbel.*" (A complete and connected account of the games and occupations from earliest childhood by Friedrich Fröbel.) This little pamphlet contained a summary of the Fröbel games and occupations (1854).

5. "*Die erste Erziehung durch die Mutter nach Friedrich*

*Fröbel's Grundsätzen* (The earliest education by the mother, according to Friedrich Fröbel's principles). A short exposition of the leading ideas of the method.

Finally, my aunt addresses the mothers in the following words: "I trust these remarks may be the means of making the women, particularly the mothers, realize what great and ever-increasing claims our own times specially make on them. These claims demand from all sides a counteraction to the encroaching demoralization, and a preparation for a desired and anticipated regeneration of the human race. May they recognize in the fulfilment of this work the *only right way* to attain to the *higher position* of their sex, which is never to be attained by the so-called emancipation (long recognized as mistaken), but only within the *true womanly sphere*, which in itself includes, in its highest stages of development, all true beauty and pure humanity. It will also be the work of such a one to foster the new seed which Fröbel's genius offers and to bring this beginning to a complete whole in ever increasing development, till this tree is able to shelter the whole race of children under its shade, and thus foster the blossom of pure humanity. Then indeed will the school and home be truly one, through the genius of '*Mutterliebe*' (mother love)."

"Whatever the mother fosters with love  
With joyful play and with song,  
Whatever she tends with help from above  
Works for good, countless years long."

6. "*Woman's Educational Mission. Being an Explanation of Friedrich Fröbel's System of Kindergarten*," London, 1854 (Dartou), edited by my aunt and Countess Krokow.

7. *Les Jardins d'Enfants*, 1855, Paris. The German translation by Isidore von Bülow is to be found first in Lauckart's pedagogic quarterly "*Reform*," as a separate copy: "The

Fröbel Kindergartens." (The second edition appeared in 1873, published by Kubel, Dresden, under the title: "The Kindergarten, the First Workshop of the Child.") In 1864, they were translated into Polish by a young Pole, Xaverina Kuwiczynska, under the title:—"The Kindergarten," Dresden, 1864. The Italian translation appeared in Florence under the title:—"I Giardini d'infanzia ed il valore dei giochi infantili versiano cot consenso della e prefazione sul metodo Froebeliano negli Asili e nelle Scude di Giovanni Levadina." 1872. Paravia et Comp. II edition, Rome, Turin, Milan, and Florence.

Finally this pamphlet appeared in Dresden, 1878, in three editions, published by Kämmerer as: "The Kindergarten, the First Workshop of the Child." (Unfortunately out of print.)

This pamphlet always had a large circle of readers and from the very beginning was most favourably criticised. Dr. Hugo Göhring, writes in Louis Walter's "Fröbel und die Epigonen: "—"The authoress offers, in this concise work, a review of the whole of Fröbel's pedagogic ideas succinctly explained. With a clearness and pregnancy of expression, and a sureness of convincing proof, she develops the general principles of the theory, and discloses thereby such a power of imparting information that the pamphlet may be called the best introduction into the spirit of the system. For not only are the external facts of the new education—the praxis of the kindergarten—illuminated here with persuasive evidence, but also the leading ideas of the theory which are so often forgotten in favour of the praxis. Then the little pamphlet, in its simple form, is specially suited to operate against the thoughtless and slavish mechanical routine which pursues the beaten track in the question of kindergarten education, and at the same time to combat the abstract terrorizing tendencies of pedagogic and mannerised semi-education.

"Just as the theory, in its brilliant universal conception, allows free scope to the independent thinker, and demands a knowledge which keeps pace with the development of all the sciences, so the praxis, consistent with the great idea, excludes all compulsion which limits the free formative impulse of the creative child, and this is the foundation on which the authoress of the above mentioned pamphlet, bases her opposition with firm assurance, to that pedantry which restricts the mind."

Among the many favourable critiques on this little pamphlet, I refer to Walter's "B. von Marenholtz-Bülow"; to Laukart-Weimar, in "Reform," Leipzig; to Theophil Hatt, inspector of schools in Molsheim; Reichslande, "Schulblätter," 1870, No. 7; to Wiedemann, in Dresden (the well-known author of children's books). in "Erziehung der Gegenwart," 1873, No. 11, and to Stötzers "Anzeiger für Pädagogische Literatur," 1879, No. 4.

8. In 1854 appeared *Aufforderung an die Frauen zur Gründung von Erziehungsvereinen* ("Appeal to the women for the foundation of educational associations"). (Separate copy from the illustrated magazines, No. 6, pages 187-191.)

9. In 1857, "*Nothwendige Verbesserung der Kleinkinderbewahranstalten*" ("Necessary improvement of day-nurseries for little children.") Leaflets. Copy in the "Rheinische Blätter," 1857, second part, page 69. Diesterweg distributed this pamphlet in large numbers in the Prussian Diet, and in other places.

10. 1858, "*Les jardins d'enfants exposés présentés par Madame la Baronne de Marenholtz au congrès international de bienfaisance à Francfort sur le Main.*" Brussels, 1858.

11. In the next year appeared the "*Manuel pratique des jardins d'enfants de Frederic Fröbel, etc., composés sur les documents allemands par F. F. Jacobs, avec une introduc-*

*tion par Madame la Baronne de Marenholtz.* Brussels, 1859.

In the preface to the theoretical handbook, 1885, my aunt says about this book:—"The first handbook on Fröbel's method of education was written, in 1859, in French, under the title: 'Manuel des jardins d'enfants,' by the authoress of this handbook, and by some persons, initiated by her into the 'Cause,' principally the inspector of schools, Jacobs, as her then activity in Brussels and in Paris for the introduction of the Fröbel education demanded a French handbook for the understanding of the system. At her request, the inspector of schools, Jacobs, edited the work, and published it under his name. Nevertheless it only contains directions concerning the theory and method in consideration of the small understanding which existed then of the Fröbel cause. This work appeared—as the comparison of both works proves—in the beginning of the sixties, in a German translation, with some additions, under the title: 'Der Kindergarten,' by H. Goldammer, published by B. Hahel in Berlin. The work appeared again later in this form in the French language."

12. In 1861, my aunt founded the periodical called "*Die Erziehung der Gegenwart.*" ("Education of the present day.") She says in "Labour," page 216:—"In order to bring to recognition the deeper significance of Fröbel's educational idea, an organ in the press was above all required. My proposal that the Frauenverein should take in hand the establishment of a periodical was declined by the majority of its members, on account of the cost. For this reason I undertook personally to prepare the way for the appearance of a periodical, by drawing up a program, arranging with a publisher, and liquidating the costs myself. Dr. Karl Schmidt—then still a teacher in Cöthen—whom I had won over to the Fröbel cause in 1860, undertook at my request the edit-

ing of the paper, which appeared, in 1861, under the title: '*Erziehung des Gegenwart*,' published by Enslin, Berlin. Besides Dr. Karl Schmidt, many important men, such as Professor Virchow, Dr. Wichard Lange, and others, took part in the work. (Diesterweg promised every possible assistance.)"

Dr. Karl Schmidt writes on this point, in 1860:—"The hope of being able to contribute to the recognition and further development of Fröbel's great educational thoughts, allows me to undertake with joy the work of editing offered me by you. . . . All the superficial prating, all the chatter connected with the 'Cause,' which is raised to the clouds without a suspicion of its real significance—all of this must come to an end if Fröbel's work is to be placed in its right position. And we especially have to proceed with determination against all these abuses and to make those people withdraw, who understand nothing of the matter and only pursue their own object. . . . You are right in saying that, if the kindergarten is to take root among the people, it must be represented and spread by the people themselves. But this can only be effected with success, if the educational principles and the real essence of the 'Cause' be made intelligible in a scientific manner by men who understand the subject thoroughly."

In this periodical a series of most important articles now appeared, many from my aunt's pen. (In her book "The Child and the Child's Nature," she published a collection of these articles later.)

After Dr. Karl Schmidt's early death in 1863, it was impossible for the moment to continue the periodical, and it only reappeared in 1873 as the organ of the Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein. For ten years (until 1883) it appeared, edited by W. Schröter, the director of the well-known Institute for Imbecile Children in Dresden, published by the

Burdachsche Hof-Buchhandlung. Then my aunt's true friend for long years, Dr. G. Wittmer, Altmorschen-Hessen, became the editor, and it was published by G. Wiegand, Cassel; and latterly, Herr Kühne as editor, and Albanus publisher and printer, have continued the work. Dr. Moritz Schuster in Leipzig draws attention to this organ in the preface to his translation of Locke's "Thoughts Concerning Education," 1873, page 54:—"The Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein, created in 1871 by Frau Baronin von Marenholtz-Bülów, the noble woman, who for a quarter of a century has represented the Fröbel ideas with such astounding energy, indefatigableness, and self-sacrifice, set itself the task of developing Fröbel's principles theoretically, and of making them of practical value. The organ of the Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein, known as the 'Erziehung der Gegenwart,' deserves the liveliest interest."

Shortly before my aunt's death, the Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein again let the periodical fall through. It had principally represented the theory, though also the praxis of the Fröbel method, as well as the cause of education in general, and this partly in highly scientific, partly in simple, popular articles and essays. My aunt herself had made annually, as long as her strength allowed her, the most valuable contributions, and nearly all her pamphlets and articles from 1873-1890 appeared first in the "Erziehung der Gegenwart."

In "Labour," page 168, my aunt says:—"Dr. Karl Schmidt's proposed treatment of the Fröbel educational idea in a comprehensive work (for which object I had given him several notes), *has been thwarted unfortunately by his sudden death. In the same way, the material collected by him and myself for a theoretical and practical hand-book is lost.*" (In 1860, in the same unknown manner, a translation initi-



ated by my aunt, of the "*Manuel pratique des jardins d'enfants*"—which was not ready for publication—was lost in manuscript!)

13. In 1866, appeared a collection of single articles under the title: "*Die Fröbelische Erziehungsmethode*" (Fröbel's method of education") in which, among others, the treatise "*Der Kindergarten*," by Baronin von Marenholtz-Bülow, known and popular in a very short time, was again printed.

14. In 1866, the important work for the "*Cause*," namely, "*Die Arbeit und die Neue Erziehung nach Fröbel's Methode*" ("Labour and New Education after Fröbel's method"), was published. Berlin, Habel II. Edition 1875. Cassel-Wiegand.

My aunt wrote this book partly on the Schlossberg during her stay in Carlsbad in the summer. At the back of the "*Herzog von Edinburg*," in the wood beyond the garden on the Hirschsprung slope, lies a large stone covered with moss and hidden by the branches of overhanging birches. Here, with a little inkpot, fitted into a practical wooden case, she created this magnificent work. She often showed me the spot later. This book was translated into Russian and Italian (Palermo), and into English by Mrs. Mann (in America). "*The New Education by Work, according to Fröbel's method.*"

The preface to the first edition is the following:—"This book does not purpose to give an exhaustive representation of the Fröbel educational system. Its object is rather to give a review of the chief thoughts, and to indicate the principle underlying the endeavour, in the hope of inciting a more profound spirit of inquiry into, and a more exhaustive working-out of the subject. It is dedicated to all who regard a new idea for the amelioration of human conditions, as more profitable than the stored-up knowledge of centuries." Berlin, February, 1866.

In the preface to the second edition, my aunt writes:—  
“ My intention to abbreviate the information in the appendix, was not carried out, on the advice of discriminating friends, who regard the same as important documents for the ‘ Cause ’ and its recognition. Dresden, March, 1874.”

Table of Contents: Introduction; 1, Labour and the Volkskindergartens (Free Kindergartens); 2, Introduction and management of Volkskindergartens; 3, Training of Kindergartens and the science of the mothers; 4, Fröbel's intermediate class; 5, The Kindergarten method and the industrial school; 6, The schoolgardens and youthgardens; 7, The objections; 8, The Educational Association.

Appendix: 1, Fröbel's educational principles; 2, Concerning the introduction of Kindergartens in Germany; 3, The Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein; 4, Notes on the introduction of Froebel's educational method in foreign countries, and extracts from letters and periodicals from different lands:— 1, France; 2, Belgium; 3, Holland; 4, Switzerland; 5, Italy; 6, England; 7, Russia.

I will only quote the following from the many reviews and critiques of this book.

Dr. L. Chevalier says in the “ Neuen Zeit,” 1875, No. 2, page 85:

“ It is most fortunate that great men in the kingdom of knowledge, whose whole being forced them to represent important truths in their totality only, without descending to the investigation of the smallest details, find able interpreters, who, with loving sympathy and faithful adherence, draw out the threads of thought more clearly, and perfect the single parts with greater skill, so that the work of the pioneer gains quite a different aspect, without in any way injuring the spirit which penetrates it. The same merit is deserved by such a work when the master himself, as was the case with

Fröbel, is not fully competent to give literary expression to his thoughts. The authoress of 'Labour and New Education,' has not sunk herself at all one-sidedly into the depths of Fröbel's thought. There is no merit in merely following in the footsteps of an acute and logical thinker, whose fundamental idea is still quite undeveloped, although other true observations are to be found in plenty.

"The authoress has examined the matter far more exhaustively. She consults the teaching of other great men, and her point of view is essentially modern in spirit. Hence she is successful in clearly explaining the real essence of the Fröbel doctrine, where the master himself,—what even his biographer Hanschmann, did not always accomplish. Accusations have been raised against Fröbel on many sides, that the lawful process or method, whereby he determines the natural following one of the other of his play-occupations, is never possible in strict sequence—that nature herself, whose rules of which he wishes to follow, becomes unnatural if the attempt were made to confine her within stiff limits—the sequences in which would develop into a system in opposition to free creative nature. The authoress proceeds against this accusation in the most convincing manner, and those who read her arguments cannot remain insensible to the harmony of the Fröbel conception, although, on account of their preconceived opinion, they may at first resist it. The first section in particular, with its clear and temperate proofs, is the pearl of the whole book. Expression is here given, in the most attractive manner, to that which even the unprofessional pedagogue would dimly forebode, were he to sink himself lovingly into the age of childhood. With what difficulty does the simple natural development of man make its way in the educational system—how many skilled and unskilled hands bungled it, until, at last, the right master, who dared to exercise the spirits, appeared in Fröbel. If the law of the

Talmud be anywhere of value, namely: 'I have learnt much from my teachers—more from my comrades—most from my pupils,' it is of value in regard to the discovery of this 'New beginning, in accordance with nature,' in which Fröbel expresses a new truth with reference to the knowledge and treatment of the human mind—*i. e.*, that 'the child operates after the law of his own being.'"

"Professor J. H. von Fichte says in his excellent work, 'Die nächsten Aufgaben für die nationale Erziehung der Gegenwart' ('The immediate problems for the national education of the present day'):"—

"As well in the theory as in the praxis, creative spirits must fructify anew the fundamental principles of Fröbel, must promote the cause independently, and must spread it throughout the great field of education and instruction. *Such a creative spirit is the gifted authoress*—a shining star in the world of women—who has given us this book, who upholds with all fervour the development of the Fröbel ideas in all directions, and who is called upon to assist among the first in laying the foundation stone in the work of reformation. With regard to the praxis hitherto pursued, the women are the most guilty, and the word of the poet:—'May God protect thee, delicate blossom of humanity,' often holds good even of the tenderest mothers. The rich experience in all fields of child education, and among all classes of the population, which is at our authoress' command, the difficulties and the hard struggles connected with the introduction and carrying through of the principle, the steadfast enthusiasm combined with an energetic will—all deserve the fullest recognition. The second section of the book, 'The introduction and organization of Volksskindergartens,' is of great interest. If only half of the firm virile words, directed by the authoress to the mothers in the third section, were to fall on good ground, much, very much, would already be gained for

the purposes of a better education. Could the material instinct really suffice? Even for *physical* care? Would then a third of the children die before the tenth year, and would the majority of the rest be weak, sickly or crippled? And nevertheless how much easier is this physical care than that of the mind, which has to do with the hidden kernel! Numberless persons are conscious that they would achieve quite different results in a moral or intellectual respect, if so much had not been missing, and so much neglected, in their education; and if their treatment had not been so preposterous. . . . A decisive factor in the whole book is that of the introduction of the Fröbel idea into the full, living praxis. Suggestion streams out like rays, illuminating and kindling on all sides, and an able historic schooling allows the authoress to expose the weak spots in the past. Consequently not only the pedagogue, but also the philosopher of the schools, will have to lend his consideration to the book. The book has gained by the additions in the second edition. This proves how powerfully Fröbel's great thought makes way a success which—winged by such an able spirit, such as the authoress shows herself to be—was to be anticipated. True to Uhland's words:—'Let us too be the proclaimers of a young brotherhood, whose structure and growth shall be greater than ours was,' may she inspire many new apostles of this new gospel of education."

Professor Dr. Paul Hohlfeld, Dresden, writes in the "Erziehung der Gegenwart," 1875, No. 1:—"This well-deserving book may be designated as a *further development of the Fröbel ideas*. It is no mere 'collection' of Fröbel's maxims, nor is it an 'extract' from Fröbel's work, but an *independent product*. The progress, which is only possible through an intimate acquaintance with Fröbel's educational and fundamental ideas in general, consists above all in the detailed treatment of the grade of development following

earliest childhood." (Compare section 4, Fröbel's intermediate class; 5, The Kindergarten method and the industrial school; 6, The Schoolgartens and the Kindergartens.)

The schoolgartens and the school workshops, for which Professor Dr. Erasmus Schnabe, in Vienna, is well known to be active in a remarkable degree, will not disappear from the order of the day, until they are realized and are placed in logical connection with the other school organizations. The same will take place with the youth-gardens in which the physical and mental development and recreation of both sexes will be assured. The book in question is not only meant for kindergartens and the female sex, but just as much for teachers, economists, and philanthropists in general who occupy themselves with the educational question as a means of universal civilization. *It is at the same time an important contribution to the solution of the "Social Question."*

In the supplement to the Württemberg "Staats-Anzeiger," 1875, October 20, are the following words:—

"The book before us is the first which further develops the psychological foundation of Fröbel's educational ideas, as well as their execution, and this, moreover, in the degrees following the kindergarten, which are only indicated in Fröbel's own work. The authoress, as the intellectual *alter ego*, and as the interpreter of Fröbel's words, often most difficult to understand, is extraordinarily fitted for the production of such a work. It is not exactly a hand-book of instruction for the Fröbel method, but it gives in a clean, popular, explanatory manner, a review of Fröbel's chief thoughts, together with the means for their execution, and the principle on which the whole system rests. The contents of the book may be summarized in the following sentences: 'Education, according to the demands of the *present day*, has to lay the greatest stress on the *development of character*, and must above all prepare the way for *deeds and actions*. For this

object, learning, in the age of childhood, is to be combined with *creative activity*, and is to be attached to concrete things in general—to experience and facts—*i. e.*, to unite thought and action, theory and praxis. The latter will be demanded to a certain extent for the grade of riper youth also. The necessary educational institutions for this purpose are, *a*, the kindergarten; *b*, the intermediate class; *c*, the schoolgarden with school workshops and play-grounds; and *d*, the youthgarden. Further information concerning these institutions is given in the book itself. The first condition for the complete carrying out of this mode of education, is the preparation of the female sex for its general educational calling, as mothers and educators, and the above-mentioned institutions should then be established by educational associations, which should spread themselves everywhere.”

In the “Hessischen Morgenzeitung,” 1875, April 14th and 15th, the following words are contained in a report by Dr. Wittmer:—“Frau von Marenholtz-Bülow in Dresden, Fröbel’s intellectual friend and pupil, has made it her life’s problem to work by her *words and writings*, and no less by her *deeds*, for the spread of the new idea, and has taken upon herself this work with an unparalleled enthusiasm and self-sacrifice. In nearly all European countries she has preached Fröbel doctrine, and *attempted to realize it, although opposed by indescribable difficulties*. The doctrine was also spread by innumerable written articles. But its most exhaustive exposition and *development* has been given by Frau von Marenholtz in the above-mentioned work, to which we refer all those who wish to make themselves acquainted with Fröbel’s idea. This is represented here in such a convincing manner, and at the same time with such true enthusiasm, that no susceptible reader can be insensible to the impression which is always made by a work inspired by the fulness of a vital idea. The chapter on the school and youth gardens

belongs to the most brilliant parts of the book, in which, as a matter of fact, the *extended application of the Fröbel doctrine to the later degrees of age, is, for the first time developed and established in a pedagogic manner*. In Fröbel's writings themselves, indications only are to be found on this point, so that the work in question *may be considered* not only as an exposition of Fröbel's doctrine, but also as its natural *continuation and completion*, and, moreover, quite in the same spirit. Whether, and in what manner, the school of to-day is to be transformed according to the higher views of Pestalozzi and Fröbel, can only be a question of time. It *must* happen some time, and *will* happen. There has long been an agreement in opinion that the unnatural and accumulated mass of instruction which threatens to crush the still undeveloped intellect before it has even learned to think, is to be considerably simplified, if the growing generation is not to be injured in soul and body."

15. In 1868, my aunt's second work, "*Das Kind und sein Wesen*" ("Child and Child's Nature"), was published. 1878, second edition, Wigand, Cassel.

In the preface to the first edition, my aunt says:—"A part of the following essays has already appeared in the periodical founded by me and edited by the late Schulrath, Karl Schmidt, namely the '*Erziehung der Gegenwart*,' Berlin, Enslin, 1862. They are nevertheless out of print and therefore can be republished. Another part has been added lately. Berlin, May, 1868."

In the preface to the second edition, she says:—"The same appears unaltered, and will arouse, I hope, the same degree of sympathy as the first edition, principally within the circles of the kindergartens. Although since the first appearance of this work, the spread of the kindergartners had made considerable progress, the same has not been the case with reference to the understanding of Fröbel's fundamental idea.



On the contrary the latter has rather retrograded on account of the ever-increasing numbers of incompetent people who represent the cause, and for this reason repeated expositions of the idea are required. The second edition of this work is dedicated also to this purpose. Dresden, May, 1878."

Table of Contents on New Education: The Child's Nature. The First Manifestations of the Child. The Educational Demands in General and Fröbel's Educational Law. First Childhood. Fröbel's Method and the Novelty of the same. The Kindergarten. Fröbel's "Mother and Cosset Songs." The First Development of the Limbs. The First References of the Child to Nature. The First References of the Child to Man. The First References of the Child to God. Conclusion. Man and His Educator.

Countess Krokow used to call "The Child and the Child's Nature" my aunt's "May-book," as both editions appeared in the month of May. A charming designation it is—for it is in truth a sunny, poetic book, breathing of spring, and into which my aunt has put her whole soul. From all sides her love for mankind and the child-world, and her pure, real and deep religious feeling flow out to us. For this reason also has the book become the very book for the kindergartners, and as my aunt desires, in the preface to the second edition, it has been everywhere the principal basis of the instruction in Fröbel's educational doctrine in those kindergarten seminaries where Fröbel's doctrine of education is in any degree taught, and where attention is given not merely to the praxis of the method. The book was translated into Spanish by Professor Santo del Rios, and again in two editions by Professor Sara C. Eccleston, and in America by Frau Mathilde Kriege, New York—(in English)—and appeared once more in England later translated by Miss Emily Schirreff.

The greater portion of this book was written in Cöthen in

the summer and autumn of 1861, where my aunt was staying for several months in order to discuss preparations for advancing the Fröbel cause, and for the "Erziehung der Gegenwart," with Dr. Karl Schmidt. (At the same time, she consulted the well-known homœopathic doctor, Dr. Lutze.)

Diesterweg says in the "Rheinischen Blättern," 1862, second part, page 12:

"Fröbel's friends and pupils try to work in his spirit and to popularize his profound thoughts. How this is done can be read and enjoyed in an excellent essay of a splendid woman in No. 8, of the most highly to be recommended periodicals, 'Erziehung der Gegenwart' of 1862."

The "Deutsche Schule," 1878, page 128, says:—"The most attractive book, a splendid psychology of the child-soul, was translated into many foreign languages and has lived to see over seven editions, especially in America. The book is so strong through and through, that it requires no further recommendation—it recommends itself. No teacher or educator should leave it unread; they will without doubt be indebted to us for our recommendation."

In order to characterize this book, I will quote the first pages of the section "The child's nature:"—

"Who would be able to speak worthily of the fullness of childhood." Goethe.

"The child is born! He enters the world struggling. A cry is his first utterance. His destination is *activity*; he has to conquer the world for himself through his *own* effort, in whatever sphere of society his cradle may find itself.

"A thick veil still envelops the young being, which, like the closely folded bud, does not betray what sort of flower will unfold itself.

"Can the mother have even an idea of the fate which is assigned to her new-born child? She does not know whether a future benefactor of humanity, or whether a future miser-

able delinquent, rests on her knee. Can she further one of these fates, or avert the other? Who would wish to doubt that she is able to do *something* in both directions?

"Let us presuppose the natural abilities of a Goethe, Beethoven, Raphael or Franklin—the cradle of the new-born child in some den of misery and vice—the age of childhood spent without loving care, without guidance, in an immoral atmosphere—youth passed among drunkards, thieves and deceivers—what will be developed from the given abilities? *Practically nothing!* And that talent will become, permanently, a dangerous weapon in the hand of the wicked.

"Or suppose the cradle of the child thus endowed stands in a palace of wealth, and weak and thoughtless parents bring up the young child in extravagance, luxury, and pernicious over-study, but in a state of practical inactivity, will the talent in this case mature to its full completion? Hardly! Although some miserable blossoms may sprout.

"Let us now reverse the case. Let it be a child with only a very minor degree of talent, who grows up neither in want and vice, nor in luxury and sensuous good-living, whose parents and surroundings fulfil every condition which the human being can command as a means of development and education. Will, in this case, a creature of excellence appear? A great artist or great character, who marks his place for ever in human society? *Certainly not!* A *great* talent and a *great* character bring their greatness with them into the world with their abilities. Roses are not cultivated from thistles.

"Or even the most talented, brought up under all the conceivable influences of a better education, whether after the principles of Fröbel or of another, would this latter stand before us as a quite perfected man? *Certainly not.* If we wished to answer this question unconditionally in the affirmative, we should have to grant in general that human

conditions, in whatever direction, are able to mature something thoroughly perfect. But this we may not do. For the defects of birth, as well as the defects of the whole surroundings still exist. We are not able to determine how much belongs to natural endowment and how much belongs to the external influences of the education which is given, and to the education of self. Every one of those influences has its share in that which the child becomes as man. Nevertheless the more science teaches in the recognition of the nature of man, and the more this nature is correspondingly treated by education, the more perfectly will it undoubtedly unfold itself. The *nature of man* has not yet reached its *full* development—no one yet knows to what heights it may rise even on this earth. Once only has mankind seen its own first image in Jesus, but we know that man is of divine origin, and that his destiny is to become the image of God. *Eternal development* alone can solve the problem of his existence."

16. In 1876 appeared the first volume of the "*Gesammelte Beiträge zum Verständniss der Fröbelschen Erziehungsidee: Erinnerungen an Friedrich Fröbel*" ("Collected contributions toward the understanding of Fröbel's educational idea. Reminiscences of Friedrich Fröbel"): Cassel, H. Wigand. In this first volume, my aunt describes her acquaintance, her intercourse, and her discussions concerning the theory of education, with Friedrich Fröbel, and erects in these "Reminiscences" a splendid monument to the great master's memory.

In the preface to the first part she says:—"The following 'Reminiscences' of our great teacher are dedicated to 'my pupils far and near,' and to all who accept Fröbel's teaching through my words. Many of these often urged me to record the reminiscences of that time which I spent with him in learning and in mutual activity, and which I often recalled in the instruction which I gave them, so that they also might

preserve the picture of the life and work of the man, who, his whole life long, had thought, worked, and toiled for them all, and for our whole sex; and to *whom the world will one day be indebted for the raising of womanhood to be the conscious educators of humanity.*

"For a long time, more urgent work prevented the fulfilment of this wish. Meanwhile a Biography of our teachers has been given in a far more exhaustive form ('Friedrich Fröbel,' by B. Hanschmann) than the sketches here before us can lay claim to attempt. Notwithstanding this, the promise made by me must not remain unfulfilled before I depart this life, although it can be done in a limited way only. The notes on Fröbel's life published by me earlier in 'The Kindergarten, the Child's first Workshop,' are to find their completion in the 'Reminiscences.'

"That Fröbel's own peculiar mode of speech, often most difficult to understand, has not been completely adhered to in the conversations with him which are quoted, will hardly require an excuse. The aphoristic records which guided me did not allow of it. Beyond that, it was necessary to elucidate, by commentative additions, the more profound thoughts which are given here, in order to make them appear in greater clearness, and also in order to reach the purposed object—that of elucidating and enlarging on the thoughts which were but imperfectly apprehended in my instruction.

"May these reminiscences become a cry of admonition to my *former* as well as my *present* pupils, to faithfully fulfil their duty in their chosen educational profession, and may they awaken anew that enthusiasm for the 'Cause' with which the majority of them were fired at our discussions on Fröbel's educational idea.

"This cry of admonition touches the *mothers* also, and all those, to whom the education of the younger generation is intrusted, so that they too may not neglect to derive the

necessary knowledge and enlightenment for this sacred and difficult task, given by Fröbel's new doctrine. Dresden, February, 1876."

17. In the following year, 1871, the second edition of the "Gesammelte Beiträge" (Zum Verständniss der Fröbel'schen Erziehungslehre), followed.

The preface runs: "Every 'New Idea' is a ray of Truth, which first finds an entry after it has been brought into the most manifold connection with the sum total of Truth, hitherto recognized, and its consequences have been weighed on all sides. For this reason, it requires a repeated exposition in the most various forms.

"The essential point of Fröbel's educational idea is still little understood in spite of manifold expositions, and is not generally known until it is seen in praxis and then only very imperfectly. For this reason a repeated exposition of the idea is urgently demanded. The new edition of the following little 'Contributions' is to serve this purpose. The given *Aphorisms* were taken from my manuscripts years ago by the late Schulrath Dr. Karl Schmidt, and were intended to be published by him in order to contribute towards the better understanding of the Fröbel idea—just as the painter uses his sketches. The treatise on Fröbel's law has been newly added. Dresden, May, 1877."

Table of Contents: Preface—1, The Child's Impulses and the Significance of the Child Play; 2, Three Lectures on Fröbel's Theory of Education at the Congress of Philosophers at Frankfurt a. M. 1869; 3, Foundation of the Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein; 4, What Does the Present Age Demand from Education? 5, The Educational Beginnings According to Fröbel; 6, Aphorisms (not yet printed); 7, Fröbel's Law, "The Connection of Opposites" (not yet printed); 8, Extracts from the Lectures in the Fifth Annual

Meeting of the Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein at Wiesbaden, 1876.

The "Tageblatt und Anzeiger für die Provinz Hessen," 1876, September 10, and the "Erziehung der Gegenwart," 1877, page 11, contain the following critiques on this work:

"The authoress, Fröbel's pupil and friend for long years, who, among his contemporaries, has penetrated most deeply into his ideas, and who has most contributed by word and deed to the spread of the 'Cause,' not only at home in Germany, but also abroad, *gives in the FIRST volume* a picture, as instructive as it is attractive, of the life and work of the late master, as well as a review of the deep significance of his new doctrine. With regard to the 'Reminiscences of Friedrich Fröbel,' these rest entirely on the experiences of the authoress herself. . . . Many a word and judgment of Fröbel, opportunely uttered, is recorded with such a fresh originality, as could hardly be the case in a systematic exposition of his doctrine. . . . Without entering further into the contents of the book, we must not leave the fact unmentioned, that a hundredfold proof of the infinite love which Fröbel lavished on the child-world, are also given in it. Special stress must be laid upon this in its reference to the groundless reproof, resting on absolute ignorance of the method, namely, that Fröbel spoils the children's joy in their play, and torments them with premature reflection. The latter is precisely that against which Fröbel struggles, and for which he criticises the school." (Here follows the table of contents of the second volume—then it continues:) "The valuable and many-sided elucidations of Fröbel's doctrine, which are contained in this second volume of the 'Gesammelte Beiträge' are well suited to draw general attention to the same, and this work may therefore be recommended to those who recognize in an education in accordance with nature, which,

at the same time, trains for *work*, the most effective remedy against the faults of the age. They deserve special recommendation from the fact that they are written by a woman, the literary products of women being treated, as a rule, with a certain mistrust in our country. But if the women have anywhere the right to add their word also, this is without doubt in the field of the education of youth, which is altogether inconceivable without the women. But beyond that, the works of Frau von Marenholtz-Bülów, contain a view of the world and a depth of thought, which might be envied by many a professor. It must not be forgotten, that the history of the German people can point to many glorious names of women in ancient and modern times, the bearers of which nobly helped in the work towards the spiritual progress of the nation. It would be to think very meanly of the present race, if that which was possible earlier, were not possible to-day also. We do not think we encroach on the rights of an historical judgment if we join to those names the name of the authoress of this work on Fröbel.

“When a woman in the service of an idea, little known and protected, not only gives up goods and possessions but also a brilliant position in life, making her own life one great uninterrupted sacrifice for this idea—does not this command more than the greatest admiration? Readers must not allow themselves to be deterred from reading this book by the above-mentioned prejudice.” (G. Wittmer.)

Stiftsrath Dr. Konrad Bayer in Stuttgart writes in “Zur Fröbel Literatur in Deutschland,” 1878, No. 107: “The intellectual interpretress of Friedrich Fröbel, the first and, in the original instance, the only representative of his idea, the secret benefactress of all true workers, Bertha von Marenholtz-Bülów, a woman of refined classical education, has lately enriched the Fröbel literature by several books, which as *pearls* for the understanding of Fröbel, must command



the impartial consideration and interest of every educated man. The first of these books 'The Reminiscences of Friedrich Fröbel,' treats of Fröbel's residence in Liebenstein from 1849-1852, and gives a picture, as instructive as it is attractive, of the life, the work, and the new doctrine of Fröbel, leaving far behind it all the other superficial sketches on the same subject, inasmuch as the explanatory information given in the book rests on the experience of the authoress herself, lending it an interesting originality."

Ludwig Schindler in Vienna, editor of the *Oesterreichischen Kinderfreunds*, 1878, page 213, writes on the *Gesammelte Beiträge zum Verständniss der Fröbelschen Erziehungsidee*:"

"Few only of the great authoresses of our woman-world have understood how to handle the *serious topics of the age and questions of culture* with so much mental acumen, and with such command of language, as the most deserving and intellectual authoress of this book. In the whole course of Fröbel literature we could not mention a single work more suited to initiate into the depths of the Fröbel idea, and this, moreover, in such an attractive way, than Frau von Marenholtz's 'Reminiscences.' . . . In the form of spontaneous conversations intermixed with reflections, the Baroness describes her meeting with Fröbel, the great child-friend—with his memorable associate Middendorf, and with the great Diesterweg. A whole diary kept with the greatest conscientiousness seems to strip itself before our eyes in this book, bringing joy and sorrow, light and shade, to our sympathetic hearts and to our mental vision.

"We only regret that we are not in the position to offer to our readers the portrait of the most noble authoress, who, though born in splendour and wealth, sought and found happiness and inward satisfaction, only in sacrificing service for suffering humanity. Untroubled by the many, if old, and

sometimes even insolent and immeasurable enmities of certain egoists, she wrote the acknowledged motto: '*True and Good*' on her banner, and with undaunted courage unfurled this banner, making it float far and wide throughout all the countries of this world. The word of the poet: 'If good were requited, it would be easy to do it; but it is a merit to do that for which you will be blamed,' is true of her."

18. In 1878 and 1879 an epoch-marking pamphlet, which was soon out of print, appeared first in the *Erziehung der Gegenwart*, then, as a pamphlet: "*Die Erscheinungen der Zeit und die Aufgabe der Erziehung ein Mahnruf zur Bethätigung der Erziehlichen Aufgaben der Gegenwart* (The apparitions of the age, and the problem of education—a cry of admonition to carry out the educational tasks of the present day): Königl. Hofbuchhandlung Bundach. The authoress attributes the miserable social conditions of the present day to the immaturity of the lower classes and to the neglected education of the female sex of all classes.

The *Mecklenburgische Tageblatt*, 1879, May 31, gives an outline of this work and says in conclusion: . . . "We recommend this book to all who interest themselves in the woman question, and who desire the education and welfare of the human race as it offers on many sides a particular enlightenment on, and incitation to work for, these objects."

In Stötzner's *Anzeiger für die neueste Pädagogische Literatur*, 1879, No. 7, are the words:—"The authoress of this little work, well-known to be greatly interested in the educational question, after describing the general social condition of women, discusses and indicates how their real field of activity is the one of education and how the highest aim of the kindergarten is to be the school of the mothers."

Dr. Wichard Lange, in Hamburg, writes in the *Rheinische Blätter*, page 368:

"The indefatigable apostle of Friedrich Fröbel, Baroness

Bertha von Marenholtz-Bülow, having regard to the circumstances of the age, again urges the earnest study and the general consideration of Friedrich Fröbel."

19. The nineteenth work appeared under the title of "*Die Erziehlichen Anfänge nach Fröbel.*" ("The educational beginnings according to Fröbel.")

20. The twentieth work was:—" *Die Schulwerkstätten.*" ("The school workshops.") This important pamphlet was translated in America into English by Miss Susan E. Blow.

21. The twenty-first:—" *Fröbel's Grundidee.*" ("Fröbel's fundamental idea.")

22. The twenty-second:—" *Die Erziehliche Arbeit für die Kindheit und Jugend.*" ("Educational work for childhood and youth.")

These were followed by a series of smaller articles and pamphlets, among which I will only name the "*Verbes-serung der häuslichen Erziehung.*" ("Improvement of domestic training.") The "*Fortbildung unserer Töchter nach den Schuljahren.*" ("Education of our daughters after leaving school"), and the "*Ausbildung von Kinderpflegerinnen.*" ("Training of nursery maids.")

23. Finally, as the twenty-third work appeared, in 1886, the "*Theoretische und praktische Handbuch der Fröbelschen Methode.*" ("Theoretical and practical hand-book of the Fröbel method"): Cassel, George Wigand.

*This marvelous book offers, at the same time, the quintessence of my aunt's thoughts on the Fröbel method, and an exposition of her conception of the new educational doctrine, and how she wished it to be taught. . . . This work is her legacy to the adherents of the method, to her pupils, and to all kindergartners.*

My aunt was seventy-three years old when she dictated to me the theoretical part of the book (I shall return to that later). The magnificent, clear, convincing thoughts of this

philosopher can only be read with admiration. From the height of her mental ripeness, once more she explains here the doctrine to which she dedicated her life, in a marvelous, classical mode of expression—yet at the same time so simple and so comprehensible to every educated person. She had felt for years the necessity of producing this handbook of the *real* Fröbel method, and, as we have seen, it was prepared several times over without being brought to completion. With fervent joy my aunt looked at the first copy, saying: “I believe everybody *must* understand this. I repeat that the whole of Fröbel’s method has never before been written down in detail, and as a connected whole, as it should be taught in the seminaries, I am glad to have accomplished this. I only wish the book were cheaper!” (On account of the many illustrations, the price is certainly rather high.)

My aunt says in the preface:—“A theoretical *Hand-book* on the Fröbel educational doctrine, elucidating its chief principles, has not yet appeared. Indeed, the Fröbel fundamental idea has not even yet been formulated. For this reason, the present book might be regarded as a necessity for the ‘Cause,’ until more exhaustive works on Fröbel’s educational system will be in existence. A small portion of the contents has already appeared in print in the organ of the Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein, the “*Erziehung der Gegenwart*,” and other passages in my other books. Some repetitions were unavoidable in order to make the contents more intelligible.

*“The practical part of the book is written by my pupils, and consists in the working out of the Fröbel games and occupations, as they were discussed in regular meetings.*

*“The more or less childish form has purposely been retained, in order to make the contents more easily intelligible to the kindergartners and mothers, than the expositions,*

hitherto made have been, on which account many complaints have been expressed. For the younger generation of the female sex, Fröbel's writings are for the most part unintelligible, for which reason they require elucidation and explanation on the practical side. But for those who are hindered by their business and professional employments from devoting their time to a more exhaustive study, a short comprehensive account of Fröbel's essential educational thoughts is required. Fröbel himself has only given short indications in his writings, with reference to the fundamental idea of his educational doctrine, and therefore has not sufficiently elucidated it. For this reason a commentary is required to facilitate the study of the idea. To supply this, is the endeavour of the present book, the object of which is also to induce such a general and more profound study of the matter as is necessary for the understanding of every new idea. Notwithstanding the frequency with which the human being has always been and still is, the object of scientific investigation, the first beginnings of human development have been imperfectly known and illuminated until now. *Fröbel's inquiries concerning the nature of childhood, and the means to promote a development in accordance with nature, deserve, for this reason, the greatest consideration and most careful examination.*

"He who learns to understand childhood, learns to understand humanity, and he who understands humanity, is able to create an education of man corresponding to his own nature.

"The importance of that which Fröbel has offered for this object will be recognized when his writings, in form still imperfect, will be honoured as the source of fresh knowledge. To lead to those sources is the purpose of this handbook. Dresden, 1885."

Table of Contents: 1, Introduction; 2, The Fundamental Idea of the Fröbel Education; 3, Fröbel's Law of the "Con-

nection of Opposites;" 4, Fröbel's Method; 5, The Child's Nature; 6, Education Through the Mother, and Fröbel's "Mother and Cosset Songs;" 7, The Child Impulses; 8, The Kindergarten and its Organization; 9, The Discipline in the Kindergarten; 10, A Review of the Fröbel Games and Occupations; 11, The Schoolgardens and the School Workshops; 12, The Training of Kindergartners.

Part I.—General Survey of the Fröbel Gifts:—I, The six Fröbel Gifts. The first gift, The Balls; the second gift, Ball, Cube and Cylinder; the third gift, The First Fröbel Box of Bricks; the fourth gift, The Second Box of Bricks; the fifth gift, The Third Box of Bricks; the sixth gift, The Fourth Box of Bricks.

II. The Fröbel Means of Occupation: 1, The Planes of Wood; 2, The "Slats" in Wood; 3, The Sticks; 4, The Metal Rings; 5, The Thread Laying and Chains of Paper; 6, The Peaworks; 7, The Linear Drawing; 8, The Paper-Folding; 9, The Paper-Plaiting; 10, The Paper-Twisting; 11, The Paper-Cutting; 12, The Pricking and Embroidery; 13, The Clay-Modelling; 14, The Gymnastics and Games; 15, The Care of Garden-Beds in the Kindergarten.

III. Appendix:—1, Some Examples from Fröbel's "Mother and Cosset Songs," and Finger Plays; 2, The Physical Care of the Child; 3, The Object Lesson in the Kindergarten, and Telling Stories; 4, On the Training of the Sense of Sound; 5, Different Occupations Which are Added to the Occupations of the Kindergarten for the Older Children in the Schoolgarden and in the Family; 6, The Christmas-Festival and the Summer Treats in the Kindergarten.

*It can be asserted with justice that no side of the new educational doctrine has been left unexamined and unexplained in my aunt's works. But for the thinking readers, I will quote some profoundly philosophical and most interesting*

extracts from the Gedankenbücher of the years 1864-1874. Among others, I will quote some philosophic amplifications of the Fröbel law, the "Connection of Opposites," as my aunt could not give them, and did not wish to give them, in her books, in which she always endeavoured to represent the "Cause" in a way generally comprehensible.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE GEDANKEN- BÜCHER

1864. " People do not believe that they can ever succeed in penetrating the secret of their own being. But granted that this is denied in earthly life, is for this reason the knowledge of mankind not to progress, whilst everything else created is more and more deeply investigated and fathomed? Even the law governing the movement of the heavenly bodies is known. We know the disposition and the coherence of the spheres; and is the law by which the human being exists and acts to be alone unfathomable? . . . The state requires a 'constitution,' as the regulator of all the different laws governing the different domains of social life. The region of creation also possesses a fundamental law as the regulator of the universe, and of all contained in it. If the laws ruling the various domains of creation are to be found, the *fundamental law* has to be sought after and applied to the particular domain. The heavenly bodies have their individuality as has every single person; the law which rules them, rules—though in another form—man also, who, as a spiritual being, is the highest result of all creation. Thus the cosmic law has to be referred to the domain of the spirit, and has to recognize the law of the human being. It is not a question of the degree which it might be possible to attain.

" When a new epoch of the world dawns, and mankind rises from one degree of completed development to another,



the *day of judgment* always takes place, the sentence on the past. All the fiends and caricatures, created by abuse and prejudice, all the devils, sinners and transgressors will be driven away, and pursued by the new spirits, who make their entry. The new must always judge, conquer, and vanquish the old. This is called *Revolution* in the world, but it is the genius of humanity, which spreads its horrible wings over all the refuse and rubbish piled up by every age, and which must always be swept away at the beginning of a new era. For this purpose, the genius requires the tempestuous wind, which is known as revolution. This is followed by the organization and building-up of the new which is to replace the old, and this is *reformation*. Reformation comes after every day of judgment, and the world becomes new—at least receives a new raiment. Before such epochs take place, the destruction of the world is always predicted. The prophets and seers, or those, sensitive to the *constellation* of the “world-weather,” feel and see that the old is breaking up and is perishing, and that the piled-up refuse brings death. They think that the world will become out of joint, and that everything must fall together. But it is only a new order of the world, following the old disorder of the world, and the order must always pass judgment on the disorder.

“When all the grades of development are once reached by the child of the universe (mankind) here on earth, the real *day of judgment* will take place in the *last grade of earthly development*. Then it will be the perfected, *conscious* humanity, the genius living *in all*, which judges all its own members, every individual as well as every nation, according to their sins, and according to all they have neglected as a part and a servant of the whole. The history of humanity, as well as the history of the individual and the history of one single nation, is, at the same time, free spontaneity and higher destination. On the whole, in its (mere) outlines

and in its final aims, everything is ordered and fixed by God, every epoch, as well as the whole development of earth and humanity. But within these wide limits of space, time, and events, man as well as humanity, or its various generations, has *free scope* for action. Thus every individual, and every generation is able to shape its epoch in this or that way, and, in some measure, all are able to help or avoid the intentions of Providence; and, according to this, the next step (progress) will be promoted or retarded in order to reach, sooner or later, in this or in a somewhat altered form, the final aim of their development on earth. (Relatively taken—the final aim does not exist in reality; it is only a transition from one epoch to the other.) But nobody, whether an individual, or a whole nation, or humanity itself, can escape the destiny planned for him. *Fate must fulfil* itself in this or that way, because it is so willed by God. It can not be avoided; but its details can be altered by *free choice*—for good or for evil—according to whether the final destination be worked for or against. This may be the real signification of 'Fate' (among the ancients.)

"History is the narration of the fate of nations; how they have grown and developed according to providential destiny, and at the same time according to self-chosen, self-created forms, as well as their mutual agreement in, and their relation to, the development of the whole, or the development of mankind. A clear conscious survey of history is impossible to-day, in spite of all the philosophy of history, for only fragments can be surveyed, and the beginning and the end are hidden. The '*wherefore*' is unknown, and therefore a completely right judgment of details is out of the question. Thus, the different individuals, the types of mankind who make history, are not to be judged according to their personal merits or demerits, because it is hidden how much they were driven consciously or unconsciously by fate, or if they

acted according to *free choice and will*. This union of free will and necessity, the two poles of existence, sets the whole organism of the development of the world in motion, *i. e.*, here also prevails the law '*of the connection of opposites*,' by which everything, great and small, moves. Universal history can first be surveyed and understood, and everything can first be justly judged by its results, when earth, and mankind with it, have become what they are meant to become in their next great degree of development. This will be the *real 'day of judgment.'* Every strong true feeling seeks its own expression; every real great idea struggles to form or realize itself. Everything pertaining to the spirit must find its expression—every force its outward form, its visible appearance—whether in one human spirit or in generations, and this is the universal law. Merely to adopt formation is *common to everything*—universal—but the full (true) expression is the *form*. It is the idea brought to evidence and worked out to full clearness, and it has, like art, to deal with forms as the expression of beauty, not only with shapes, whether they be ugly or beautiful, rough and unfinished, or finished and full of expression. This striving of the inner power after expression, and after externalization, is the *striving after the opposite*. 'The inner will become outer, the invisible, visible,' Fröbel says. The thought takes an external form and the word becomes flesh. God's inner (His Being) becomes the universe from all eternity; and, consequently, only *one* substance can exist—for if the world arises out of God's Being, it must contain His Being, and it is compelled to express it. The opposite consists in the mode of existence, not in the being. But the mode of existence of everything existing (God), consists in the rising from the *lowest* form and power of thought to the highest expression and external appearance; for example, the seed and the tree (which again bears seed). However different their external appearance

may seem, they have nevertheless been *created* by the same Being, and are made out of the same matter. The combination of thoughts, or of the different degrees in the application of power, transforms shapes, and forms matter differently, and the difference in the development of every form during life, produces the manifoldness of the one substance in question. God manifests Himself in the universe, and consequently the universe is the opposite, inasmuch as form is the opposite of the idea, and the body the opposite of the spirit. But the opposite can never be conceived as a contradiction, an opposing second being (the doctrine of Satan). If the law of the eternal connection of all opposites be once generally understood, the dualism between God and the world, spirit and body, will be overcome, and the harmony in God's world will be truly recognized in its eternal and harmonious wisdom. But this cannot be effected through *verbal teaching*, nor through Philosophy; it can only take place through intuitive observation of the things themselves. Only *childhood* observes intuitively when it sees things *for the first time*. If childhood be guided *to observe* in the right way, *i. e.*, if it receives the right things, which bear the mark of their cause in their appearance, it will then be possible for the unclouded eye to see what is natural and original. The general idea of things, their real cause, is the *law* of their existence, of their genesis, of the mode of their development, the law which is God's own law of life which is reflected in everything. If now this law demands that Godlike humanity must *develop and form* itself in all its attributes, in all directions, and must also manifest itself as the universe, its whole substance must be placed as the opposite, as material form and phenomenon. Consequently, if this law be the 'Law of Opposites,' which makes connection (intermediation) conditional, inasmuch as one opposite proceeds from the other—this *law* must be *seen in concrete*

*things*, in order to gain thereby the view of the world (Weltanschauung) of the Trinity, instead of the Duality (dualism). The present view of the world only sees the opposites as such, but not their *connection*, and thus remains at separation, disunion. When that which is lacking, the *connection*, is added, a *third* is given with the two opposites, thus three instead of two. The intuitive perception, that this is so, that this eternal connection takes place in the constant movement of the adjustment of the opposites (which again and again renew themselves), if this knowledge exists in every child's mind, as self-evident, the principle of the same, or the *mode and manner* by which this connection proceeds—and for this reason how the whole process of the development of the Universe, and of every single organism, takes place—will be easily understood, and thus become *science*.

"To produce concrete forms through spirit, and to again produce spirit through concrete forms, this is the problem which is solved by the law in the *eternal transmutation* of matter; and this produces an eternal individualisation, through which everything becomes *personified* (self-conscious). Only *personified*, can God's idea (*i. e.*, the things) form itself to its final destination; because He is an individuality, *i. e.*, unalterable, eternal self-consciousness; inalienable individuality or immortality can never be comprehended save through the recognition of this law, the law of life of all things and beings. Infinite totality and unity consists of single individualities, which all bear a common stamp—the stamp of their origin. This common stamp connects them one to the other among themselves, and by this connection (cohesion) of *all* things totality subsists as a whole—as the expression of unity—*God*. The chemical process which effects the connection (amalgamation) of the opposites (mind and body), through the thousand connecting links in eternal movement and fermentation, can only be seen in the visible

world in *nature*. To see with the unclouded pure look of the child, to imitate what is to be found there as a concrete force, to apply the law of this formation to its own formation, and thereby to penetrate the secret of the 'to be' of creation, *this* is purposed by Fröbel in his method of production and formation for childhood. From one generation to another, the *intuitive* perception of things is changed, and everyone, who attains to independent thought in the course of his personal development, will clearly recognize the contradiction of his intuitive, and thereby incontestable, perception—and will recognize the conception of dualism forced upon him by school and education. He will then transmit his perception to thought and will irrefutably understand the progress towards truth. For centuries may still pass before dualism is conquered, and before man will free the truth, that the opposites are to be found everywhere, from the error, that these opposites are *irreconcilable*, and therefore a *contradiction*. Before the recognition is gained, that because God only can disclose the truth *piece by piece* to the blind eye of man, that we cannot grasp it all at once in its totality, and can only be led gradually to the comprehension of the whole from the most simple, and the most easy (as children are led), it became thereby a necessity to show the whole, first as *one* (Unity, Pantheism), then to show it in the existing eternal opposites as the *second* (dualism and monotheism, *i. e.* Mosaism, Christianity), and finally to add the *third*, the *Synthesis which unites the two phases in one, the absolute truth! . . .*"

"How many human spirits will still have to labour in all directions, how many generations will have to pass away, before the bonds of error will be completely broken, in order to recognize the *old* truth through the *new* truth; the beginning *will* ALWAYS HAVE TO PROCEED FROM FRÖBEL'S METHOD, in order to make way for the triune view of the world as the

experience of each individual (as the 'idea,' as the philosophy, as the abstract of single individuals, it existed long ago). But what pain, what torment will civilized and philosophising mankind be spared, if a definite clear certainty can take the place of the present scepticism and indefinite conjecture. Fed from youth upwards with the highest, but uncomprehended, truths, wandering from one system to the other without having understood any thoroughly, accustomed to regard truth as an article of luxury which is changed according to fashion and to new ideas, referring everything to the kingdom of hypothesis, and, either content with leaving the truth to itself and accepting only the world of the senses as milestones and as the norm and purpose of existence, or to shift from one view to the other in negatory scepticism, without ever attaining satisfaction—this is the condition of the thinkers (the minority) among the men of to-day.

“Only children’s eyes are able to see; only *intuitive* perception leads to truth. This Jesus means when He says that the Kingdom of Heaven can only be inherited by those who become as little children. Truth can only be gained by *self-work* and effort in the course of development for the individual as well as for mankind. Truth cannot be given, nor taught with words. It is madness to believe it possible to initiate youth in the universities into all the philosophy of universal history, before even the certainty of one side of human development has become *theirs*—has been understood, and without having gained by intuitive power, one first link—like a first ring in the chain, to which the other links can be joined. At the present day this intuitive power is murdered by foreign truth being forced upon it, but it will be saved by Fröbel’s system and through the preserved and *developed* instinct of truth in the child. His sure sight for the manifestations of the exterior world, is left intact, and is able to distinguish error and false appearance from truth

in the teaching communicated to him and does not allow itself to be led astray. . . . The sound *view only sees as true, what is clear* and leaves all *other things* alone. Whether much or little does not matter. The mind will only take in as much as it is able to take, just as the healthy child does not take more nourishment than he requires, and will not be forced to take more. But if this be the case, there can no longer be any question of doubt and uncertainty. Every one takes from truth (which is both faith and knowledge) that which is necessary for him in the progress of his development, and that which he takes becomes his own, well acquired by his own labour and his own activity of thought. The truth recognized, now becomes firm faith, with which the truth still to be recognized is not in disagreement, for the recognized truth and that still to be recognized correspond, and do not contradict each other. One certainly creates another. One must first exist and we may have all the following. This first certainty rests on *experience*, experience of the visible sensuous world, and this real sensuous world contains the lowest grade of truth and can therefore express it; but hitherto it has not been used for this expression; it has not been prepared for the unfalsified eye of the child, so as to be able to be really clear to his intuition and so that he could see in it, as in a mirror, his own being, his own undeveloped being, *i. e.*, could accept it as an impression and image of the elements of all organisms—the human included. But those who have received the beginning of the thread which leads through all the labyrinths to truth, have received with this everything necessary to prevent them from missing their way, although they may not be able to penetrate into every part of the labyrinth. Armed with this talisman, youth will not be led astray in the midst of the confusion of the innumerable systems of human philosophy, or religious opinions, and therefore will not become a



doubter, it will be able to work on them objectively, and with sure eye to measure and judge the truth, according to its worthiness or unworthiness.

"But who will allow this prophetic view of a *seer* to be acknowledged in our days? Who will acknowledge the intuition of the child's soul? Who will really discover in Fröbel's clumsily and awkwardly expressed predictions, in this chaos of deep knowledge and innocent ignorance hidden by rubbish and ashes, the pure source of Fröbel's truth. . . . Must it remain concealed according to the decrees of a higher will, until new generations, *with unclouded sight* have with the help of the applied process grown up, and until other spirits have found and manifested the hidden truth in their provinces? . . ."

1864. "Why have I gained the insight and the understanding? What can I do with them? Truth is not taken from a *woman*! Who believes in the intuitions which made her see without being taught and without the learning and wisdom of the sage? How can she make intelligible that which intuitive perception taught her, and that which Fröbel's doctrine brought to consciousness? To those who do not understand, it is but pretention, imagination, and eccentricity; and where are the understanding who will allow themselves to be instructed by the child-spirit, and who will bow their learning proudly before the unlearned? . . . . *Silence* only is possible. Silence concerning the very foundations of the instruction of youth, which still in good faith blindly accept that which lies on the surface—Fröbel is right: 'The last word must be taken into the grave.'

"All those who ever wished to concentrate themselves and to review life in thought, always withdrew to the *desert*, because the senses were not excited there. The world of the senses falls into the background so as to give place to inner

concentration and meditation. If the exterior world is shut out, the inner world opens itself. When mankind, in its first childhood, was satiated with the luxuriant pictures of nature, in India, Persia, and Greece, pictures which had characterized themselves as religion (symbol) in their sacred writings, in order to represent the human God as nature, and to manifest Him in His creation; the need of resting from the wealth of image had of necessity to show itself; the over-satiated senses wished for peace. The spirit longed to reflect (in thought) the received impressions as recognition and as knowledge. The necessity of *reflection* and of new creation through reflection, led into the desert, and God allowed His new revelation of truth to pass into lands, which, instead of the luxuriant, fiery nature of the south, invited concentration earnestly and often indigently. After the family histories of primitive man—in the earliest sacred writings—came the dark and rigorous Jehovah of the Jews, and struggles, physical and mental, between nations and prophets. But all these writings again and again represent human life, and the action of humanity as clothed in the history of single individuals. *The view of the world* of every successive age marks an epoch in the existence of humanity, and from this existence proceeds its relation to the highest author, and to its final destination (union with Him), or religion, the religious grade which was reached. Not the images of these sacred writings, or the value of their poesy can judge concerning the degree of human development; only the thought, the reason, and the extent of what was recognized of the eternal truths. As the bud is always more beautiful or promises more than the blossom fulfills, the first childlike perceptions also are more beautiful, more powerful, and therefore more refreshing in their primitiveness than the fruits which follow, or the seeds, which bring ideas, instead of images, and thereby demand work and effort be-

for possible enjoyment. Nature and images are for childhood, and to childhood belongs the enjoyment of the world of the senses. Thought and observation are for the ripper intellect, and, from this intellect, work and effort are demanded. The same difference exists between the poesy in the earliest and last sacred writings of mankind, and between the joyous gods of the primitive age, and the one God of the Jewish-Christian Bible. Imaginative people are more attracted by the figurative, the poetic, and, in their childlike simplicity, the great religious poems of the earliest books on religion. Thinkers take the Bible of conscious humanity. But the *Bible of the future* will bring the truth of *all times* in a new garb, and will satisfy *all* sides of the human soul, because each of its strings gives a sound. The great work of the world-spirit is always to connect the created and necessary laws and to compose the great harmony of truth from all the sounds which ever streamed forth from the human breast. All the sacred writings as *one* can alone give the full truth! This great Hymn of Humanity, composed of all the primitive poems on sacred writings of humanity, can only be created when all the phases of *human* life are again lived through, and when a generation with the fullest and profoundest definiteness and clearness repeats, from first childhood, all the impressions and all the epochs and experiences which lie at the basis of those different poems, and when the interpretation achieves a new great *result* which must proceed logically from life-experience, and from the harmony of the sum-total of the knowledge which has been acquired, as a new result. Fröbel's educational idea shall lay the foundation for this and shall, for future times, make possible one generation from one mould. But our age does not yet seem to have grasped the educational thought in this direction. *The immediate intuitive perception and receptivity* for this purpose are lacking. The sub-

ject of knowledge prevents it and the culmination of criticism blinds. . . ."

"There must first be children again, children who see with children's eyes, who receive intuitively as children's souls receive, before the whole importance of this thought can be grasped, which itself is but the first small seed of a new tree of knowledge. To let children be children, to let them live as children, as children in their child-world—this is the first work that should ensure the growth of the tree; this is the work of our kindergarten 'Cause'!! Only one spirit, pure and great enough to grasp this thought wholly and unfalsified! May God send such a spirit in this generation in order that it may not be buried, to be again fetched from its grave for later generations."

"'In a world of rascals, everyone must perish who strives to act justly and to do right,' says Macchiavelli. That is true! The apparent ruin must not be dreaded if truth and righteousness, or even beauty (through art), are to be struggled after—beauty, which is to be realized in life—or if redemption is to progress a new step forward. For this reason, nothing but death remained to Jesus, because He had to show that redemption (or the development toward perfection) is only possible when the individual sacrifices himself for the whole of humanity. Because martyrdom is so dreaded, for this reason there are so few consequent characters in all the provinces of life, whether in politics, in science and in art, or in moral life; and yet the Ideal, placed by God for human society, cannot be reached, and the banner of the world system cannot be planted, before all, who have received, as a dowry, an idea or an ideal, are ready for this martyrdom. As soon as all will be ready for the martyrdom in this sense, this martyrdom itself will have passed away from earth, and the banner of victory will no longer bear the emblem of the cross, but the palm of eternal peace. The

inner martyrdom, the misapprehension of good intentions, the misinterpretation of sacrifices, the being trodden under foot—even the spiritual side,—this is, at one moment or another, experienced by everyone, everyone who feels, thinks, and strives. But the martyrdom to the utmost degree, to the manifest ruin on earth—from this martyrdom men withdrew, without reaping anything else from it but disunion with self and with God. It is so inexpressibly hard to accept the cup of bitterness as long as it can be refused, and to say: 'Thy will be done.' These words express for me the most profound thought of the Christian doctrine. To understand them to their depths, is only possible to those, who have again worked through in themselves the whole of the intellectual work which has gone before them in order to find the quiet essence of the thought as their own. It is a thing that cannot be given, and no truth is gained through mere teaching on the part of the authorities! It is only ripened by facts, and mental anguish. Those who desire the diploma to become a part of humanity, must walk the Saviour's thorny path. Those who with full consciousness, become fighters for humanity, whether great or small, will belong to the Head and Master, as is expressed by Jesus in the words:

" ' Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am.' "

" The mass belong as members to the head, until a new transformation will have accomplished itself in higher regions."

1865. " Everything living nourishes itself spiritually from something higher than itself, for the lower and subordinate has not the power to give to the higher, since this is far richer. Just as the young shoot of the plant is nourished by all the forces of the earth and air (forces which have wealth of nutriment in them), in the same manner the hard granite and metal in the womb of the earth suck in the con-

tents of the surrounding elements, and, in their turn, give back all that which they worked on as invisible fluids and as the humus of the vegetable world. The plant takes all that is necessary for its life from this nourishing matter of this lowest grade (which is now subject to it), but only after this has been transformed and refined through its own labour, and after everything coarse and unrefined has been ejected. The essence, the spirit of the plant, serves the soul of the plant, which itself breathes out in order to nourish something higher. Thus it goes on. The animal, also, must first work on the matter which it receives from the vegetable world (and with this that of the lowest grade—of stone and metal—); before it can pass into the blood. It must eject everything still too unrefined for that purpose, just as the lungs of all living creatures are destined to renew the substance of the blood, and to improve it by the addition of the air, which is breathed in. Man absorbs all the matter of the lower order, in order to transform it again into higher substances, to the highest—brain—the substance of will, feeling, and thought! This is the process of the redemption of nature. And the spirit?—The spirit is in every drop of blood of man and beast, in every breath, in the odour of every plant, in the exhalation even of the inorganic, but it sleeps there the deep sleep of unconsciousness. If it is to be awakened as ‘Self,’ *the divine spark from Heaven must awaken it.* This electric spark is added, and kindles there where man is born through the union of the great opposites in the universe, the male and the female—or the two fundamental powers which penetrate everything. *Earthly* ether does not possess this highest potency of creative power. This comes from higher regions (just as the sunshine—the fructifying spark, earthly and spiritual—comes from the heavens) but quite pure, inflamed by pure love, otherwise it is mixed, and becomes quite impure through mere desire. The atmosphere in which the

growing germ has to live, and the influences of its education, will now decide how much it loses its original impurity, and increases in purity, or loses original purity, and increases in impurity.

“In every human soul slumbers the germ for heaven or for hell, but as the spark of God, which is stronger than earthly forces, lies in the germs for heaven, the moment must come for everyone when this conquers, and all beings blossom upward into the higher element of life called ‘Heaven.’ However many transformations, life epochs, and moments of death may have to go before, the moment must come when the creature is *reunited* to the Creator. He lives and His preparation for this moment is called *Religion*. No prophet of higher truths can *give* religion. Religion is prepared for *by each and every* higher nourishment which the spirit takes in and transforms into the essence of the higher world. This is the eternal regeneration of the world-spirit, its circuit always beginning anew. But this circuit turns as a spiral upwards and thereby reaches one new place in the universe after the other, and thus proceeds from one new and unknown region to the other. The spirit in nature rises to the human spirit, and the spirit of mankind (the human spirit) ascends to God, the Father of the world, and the eternal Son (man). Thus new creations begin with every new grade that is reached. In all the grades of minor development on earth, science has confirmed the eternal circuit, but it can not admit of an inference being drawn from the known to the unknown! According to this, earth and her mankind must proceed in this circuit, and again and again tread in the same footsteps, not ascending to clearer regions. There lies the breach which allows of no reconciliation with religion and Faith, which, with their inner impulses can only *strive* upwards, to unknown heights, heights which the spark

of God forebodes *as its real home*, and foresees in clearer moments."

1868. "The life of Jesus is the most wondrous example of human development. Without the predestination of God and His immediate guidance, there could never have been such a complete image of every single existence, as well as of all existence in general, corresponding so absolutely to the idea of Christendom or humanity. It is the representation of the everlasting idea of humanity—the development from the lower up to the divine; the bloody struggle of the human soul to free the divine spark from the bonds of unspiritualized (material) nature, and *to vanquish the world through victory over Self*. 'Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' A divine word! This could only be said *after* the deed, not before. Darkness always persecutes light, the unjust crucify the just, the good love to sacrifice themselves for the bad, and the oppressed succumb to the oppressors, until the holy blood has prepared the soil, and the seed of the tares and poisonous plants is rooted out. Then the great victory is won, which makes the good to rule, and gives them also, as an earthly power, the predominance over the rough masses, in order to draw them up gradually to themselves. The marvelous life of Jesus is a grand epic of the *whole history of the suffering of humanity*. What Jesus suffered *all* must suffer after Him, although in another form, although in another degree—the characteristic feature of real human consciousness awoke. Mocked, struck, spitted at, we all are, who wish earnestly to serve the welfare of humanity. However great the cleft may be which separates us poor sinners from Him, the great Ideal of purity, the sensation of martyrdom and of suffering remains the same, only in a different degree, and without the highest satisfaction of martyrdom, as He must have felt



it. . . . The martyrdom of our day is like a great analogy in opposition to the universal thirst for pleasure and materialism in all forms, and has almost the appearance of ridicule. Imagine Huss, Galileo and other great men, compared with the great men of to-day, and yet all suffer the same pains, feel the same despair as in their time, perhaps even more intensely. . . . 'I would have saved my idea, even if I had been shut up in a dark tower for a whole life-time,' Fröbel said in the certainty that his idea would be persecuted. *He had thought* much and long about this eventuality, so sure was he that he would have to atone for the presumption of being the bearer of a new idea, but he had only to suffer from the mean, secret and unworthy manner of modern persecution. Rats, snakes, and other vermin bit and tormented him, and regarded him only as an old fool, instead of as a martyr who boldly sacrificed his life for his idea. . . . The stake of Joan of Arc—this love of the fatherland personified in the form of a woman, has a nimbus which will not be extinguished in thousands of centuries. (Even as a child this always shook me to the depths of my soul and aroused in me keen aspirations for the same fate.) At the present day it can only be used as a theatrical decoration. The exterior of the magnificent human phenomena disappears, and the great dramatic events now take place in the hidden depths of the heart. Human feeling is no more apparent in the outer phenomena of life (it has shrunk to pigmy form in the midst of all the large machinery of our age); and the single gigantic souls sprung from the generations of the dim times of yore, hide themselves under the cloak of everyday life, so as not to be exposed to ridicule, or to have to die the death of pinpricks. . . . But this misery cannot last. The hearts, growing to maturity under this degradation, revolt and let the glowing streams of lava burst forth from the craters of revolution, forcing the slumbering, the carousers, and the un-

fortunate to arise in order to save themselves. There must and will come a nobler generation, *able to fight and die for the idea and the truth*. The childhood brought up in Fröbel's kindergarten on the milk of truth and the images of beauty, and which recognizes activity and effort as the law of its existence, this childhood will open out new paths, in which the filth of the miserable thirst for profit and pleasure can not penetrate. It will create new heroes and new martyrs, who will proceed against the dragon of wretchedness which buries everything to-day in ashes, and which only allows Sodom's apples to ripen. . . . Spirit of Fröbel watch over thy work! !"

1869. "The characteristic feature of our age might be called the *domination of matter*. For the greatest sum of human powers—physical and mental—serve this purpose, in order to create marvels of industry, of technics and of mechanics. Science prefers to investigate the province of nature, in order to analyze matter in the multiplicity of her phenomena, and to recognize organic life from the lowest to the highest grades of development. In the same way, realistic interests predominate everywhere in the domains of civil and social life. Politics and national economy are the ruling forces. Religion, ethics, philosophy and the ideal forces of human existence in general are driven back into the dark corners, into the studies of some few individuals, and into the little esteemed works of their intellect. The genius of the epoch is of an absolutely realistic nature, the contrast to the last dualistic past; the reaction from the spheres of mentally-active, creative life to the common reality of life, expresses itself more and more on one side as materialism, naked realism, and unbridled thirst of pleasure demoralisation, irreligion, whilst on the other side unsatisfied idealism takes refuge in the labyrinths of pietism, spiritism, and pessimism of the most various kinds. . . ."

1872. " Everything general and purely human, everything which is in accordance with the *fundamental* conceptions of morality, beauty and truth, finds an echo in the unfalsified—and even less developed—soul of man, of whatever age and to whatever race he may belong. The pure enjoyment of art has different grades, from the original, indefinite feeling in consequence of the impression received through the medium of the senses—up to the definite, clear apprehension of an intellect developed in every direction. But it remains pure and genuine in every grade as long as that which is *original* is retained and the strings of the soul remain in tune. The *original* is the genius, the creative force, drawn from the very source of human nature. *This* finds reception and echo in all the souls which are naturally related, in whatever form it may appear and whatever grades of intellectual development these souls may have reached. Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, Beethoven, Raphael and any other real creative spirits who have existed, will always make an impression and will elevate, although the garb of their work may be changed in future times and a progressed culture will be able to point to greater and more perfect achievements. Creative power is *related* to God in every form. For this reason the education of man is *wrong* if it does not awaken and develop creative power in the human soul—now it is even often suppressed.

" This crime is committed by our conventional education, which, in the latter generations, has for its almost exclusive object the training of the intellect. The consequence of this is the lack of really truly creative work, and the surfeit of reflection, of criticism, and of negation, in our day. But knowledge rests on experience, *i. e.*, *objective experience* through the things themselves. The elements of all conceptions, which are the result of thought, are to be found in the concrete things of the universe. A theory of life—Philosophy—which does not *know* and understand the visible world,

is built in the air. The intellectual faculties of man can only develop themselves truly and rightly through and by these things (by experience and facts), and therefore cannot find the lawful sequence in themselves. The mere *instruction by word* received from others, must come to the assistance of that which has been *self-found*, and must clarify and enlarge it, but must *never* be its *basis*. This must not be subjective, but *objective*. But the objects, which are not deceptive, are the *things* created by *God*. In them are found the elements, the A B C of the truths, or of their roots—which elements work on the *human spirit* and elevate it to the blossom of pure thought; but the great mass and multiplicity of things does not serve for this purpose. First, the simple, genuine *representations* of the higher truths must be made use of—the *fundamental* types of creation. The general lawfulness of creation, the *symbols* in the material words, which have a spiritual meaning, are found in them. This lawful and universal in the material world expresses, through *analogy*, the universal in the world of spirit, and is consequently philosophy. This one true formation of all philosophy has been lost (has only existed unconsciously), and must be found anew, if a new and real philosophy, corresponding to the age, is to arise, a philosophy freed from the hypothesis of the scholastic systems. Only in that manner can it become a popular philosophy such as is demanded by the present day (or the future). Hence, the old systems can only serve professional scientists and investigators as intellectual gymnastics, but cannot penetrate and determine general culture. . . . *Fröbel has given the first beginnings for this philosophy of concrete forms with his 'Gifts,' which make childhood acquainted with the types and symbols of nature.*"

1874. "How is it possible to deny the *oneness of substance*, if we accept *one* God? Where should the *second* substance have its source if not in God? But the Divine

Substance can only be one in its final cause, although it manifest itself in a thousandfold manner and in the multifarious degrees of development in life. It is an inconceivable error of dualism to derive the creation from God, and yet to suppose different substances in the *source*, whilst this difference has its cause only in the *degrees* of development. If but *one* grain of sand existed from any other substance than that of God, the Divine Presence would cease in this grain of sand, and the supposition of *Satan* would become necessity. If the *Trinity* had in truth been understood, these cross errors would no longer be committed and all would learn to understand the different modes of existence of the one God in nature, and Divinity (law?)—God *is* not His work and His creation. He does not live in His world, but *He penetrates His works* and His creatures with His spirit (breath). They live and exist from *His* substance, since everything which is, is from God. There cannot be a greater contradiction to many passages in the Bible, than to suppose two different substances. The Bible says: 'In God we live, move, and have our being.' But the Apostles and their exponents, the *Church*, have still held fast to *the dualistic theory of life, in spite of the monotheism*, which is the most pronounced contradiction to this supposition of *two* substances, and which *opposes* the heathen idea of two or three Gods. Actual knowledge of nature, of the works of God, can alone free from the error of dualism. As long as the *spiritual* man has not emancipated himself completely from the natural man, has not become complete master over nature, *i. e.*, has not raised her lawfulness to an ideal height, and thereby developed it to the lawfulness of freedom, as long as the necessity of nature dominates, man, according to his highest purpose, is still immature and undeveloped on both sides. For this reason, it is impossible for the two sexes to achieve a true and absolute *unification to one being*. The lower man

and woman stand in the development of their whole being, the more their functions remain within the bonds of natural necessity, the nearer they stand to animal nature and principally with reference to the union of the sexes. The woman, still mentally undeveloped, can hardly fulfil any other destiny than that of becoming wife and mother in the earthly sense. This destiny even, as the beginning for the higher destiny, brings with it a higher dignity than is attainable in the fettered and unconscious condition of nature and the animal world. 'Marriage is law,'—a universal law for life in nature, as well as a law for the life of spirit. Neither form of existence can bear individual isolation, both demand the *amalgamation* of the different parts among themselves and with the whole, and thereby the preservation of the whole through the units, and thus propagation in everything, consequently in mankind also on all the heavenly bodies. Marriage is at the same time the spiritual continuation of the individual on earth (not only materially or naturally), in as far as it is a spiritual union or a spiritual amalgamation, joining two spirits, one completing the other to one higher being. Without this amalgamation at first of two, and further of many different beings (friendship), humanity, as the sum total of the consciousness of all the units, cannot be achieved. For this reason, marriage has its great and holy importance, quite apart from the propagation of man on earth. The natural process is the root and foundation of the great spiritual process, and thereby it receives dignity and sanctification, if animal desire does not prevent this. Nature is as holy as spirit if she remains true to her purpose and never appears in mankind *without* spirit, that is to say, the Divine Spirit. The separation of the two is dualism, which can only be a transitory movement in the development from the lower to the higher degrees, but which does not exist any longer in the perfect harmony of truth

and the higher forms of existence. The union between nature (matter) and spirit (God), is even in the oldest religions (for instance the Egyptian), the foundation and the object of everything. The process of the harmonious amalgamation of all the existing contrasts, and that of everything individual (or apart) to the whole without taking away the individual character. This is the universal law. It finds its expression in the union of the two sexes, and this expression is apparent (in the present race of men) only as a rare exception, yet it is the aim of perfection and of progress. The more the woman is still a natural being only, and thereby dependent upon her physical condition, different from that of the man, the more is she obliged to take a *subordinate* position in the community, and to be dominated by the man. The physical strength and energy of will make the latter the master, and consequently for the most part, the oppressor, as long as this force operates in the world as a ruling force. Only when the woman, as the one sex, has risen to the same mental height as the other, can this subordination cease, and thereby can both sexes participate in equal rights, and union in truth be effected. At the present day, the women who have reached this height of development, are an exception to the rule, and for this reason are condemned to the martyrdom of non-recognition, and are regarded to a certain extent as abnormal."









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